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MASADA.

FROM A DRAWING BY W. TIPPING, ESQ., ENGRAVED IN TRAILL'S JOSEPHUS.

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DIARY of a JOURNEY IN THE EAST

VOL. II.

AN ARAB SHEIKH.

DIARY OF A JOURNEY

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TO

THE EAST,

38063
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IN THE AUTUMN OF 1854.

BY

WILLIAM BEAMONT, ESQ.,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF JERUSALEM

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VOL. II.

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1856.

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DIARY.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17.

I DEVOTED to-day, in company with several friends, to a visit to Neby Samuel, the place where that prophet is supposed to have called all Israel to witness his integrity, and to have challenged the assembled multitude to name the sins of omission, or of commission, of which he had been guilty towards them, a challenge which none since, but One, with whom no mortal can be compared, could have given with equal fearlessness. Mounting our horses at eight, and leaving the city by the Damascus gate, we rode through the olives beyond it, among which I observed some of so large a size that they must have been the growth of many centuries; one of them which I measured was thirty-three feet round the stem. We saw at the distance of half-a-mile

from the present city, what appeared to be the foundation of its ancient walls towards the north. Then passing some of those tombs, which I have before described, we passed little more than a mile from the present gate, a Roman millarium lying prostrate near the road. Here meeting a fellah woman with a water jar poised on her head, we asked her the way, when instead of answering our question, she threw up her hands, and exclaimed, "Mashallah, you must not ask me, don't you see I'm *only* a woman," than which hardly any thing could be more oriental. Another of her sex, however, whom we met shortly afterwards, and of whom we made the same enquiry, had a juster idea of her sex's dignity, and not only gave us the information we sought, but let down her pitcher into a neighbouring well, and gave us water to drink. If these two women may be taken as types of the past and the present, there is hope in store for the future of this country.

For about half-a-mile we now followed the bed of a mountain torrent, over some loose shingle, probably the brook Cherith in its infancy, for we are here a long way from the river Jordan; and then clambering up a steep hill side, through some olive grounds, and crossing the dry bed of another mountain stream, we saw before us the object of

our search, the hill of Neby Samuel, known by the lofty minaret standing upon its summit, and then passing over the celebrated hill of Scopus, we shortly afterwards arrived at our destination. Upon its summit there once stood a Christian church, built by the crusaders. To find this church a ruin did not surprise me, but had I not seen everything in this country hastening to decay, in which, as I think, I can perceive "the beginning of the end," it would certainly have surprised me to find, as I did, the Mahometan mosque in ruins like the church. A portion of the mosque, roofless and ready to fall, has been converted into an olive-press, and I saw lying in it the stones with which they carry on the rude operation of crushing out the oil. But other useful works are as ruinous at Neby Samuel as the mosque. There was a large reservoir excavated in the rock, the lime and lining of which had fallen in, and which, had now been converted into a threshing floor, for which it was not ill adapted. From holding water it now held grain, but a thrashing floor is more easily made than a reservoir. To my surprise the people made no objection to our entering the mosque, and we ascended to the top of the minaret, and then gained an extensive view, which well repaid us for our labour. Near to us the country had that ruddy hue derived, in a

great measure, from the colour of the soil which I have noticed in my remarks on Mr. Seddon's picture. The prospect towards the east was confined and shut in by hills higher than Neby Samuel, but towards the west our view of the country was open and uninterrupted. We could see Lydda, or Lod, as the prophet Samuel calls it. Modin, whence sprang the Maccabees, and he, the great leader of their name, who vindicated Jewish liberty, and founded that feast of the dedication which our Lord honoured by observing.* We saw that wide plain of Sharon, over which I had so lately ridden; still further we saw the rock of Jaffa, and finally beyond both the deep blue waves of the Mediterranean, in which, as the great highway that brought me here, and was in due time to convey me home, I felt a peculiar interest. An extensive prospect always gives pleasure by the sense of power which it implies, but our view from Neby Samuel to-day was remarkable for the distinctness with which every object is seen in this clear atmosphere. The country lay before us like one of those raised maps on which even the smallest object has its proper outline and distinct shape. As we stood gazing from the minaret of Neby Samuel, I saw at a

* John x. 22.

short distance a column of sand rolling round and moving along the plain. This was the phenomenon of the sand-whirl, in which the wind having caught up the sand, curls it round in eddies until it floats for a time through the air like a column. The Arabs call it zobah, and say that it is raised by a ginn who rides upon it, as on a horse or in a war chariot.*

From Neby Samuel we rode to Er Hamet, the hill which had intercepted our view, towards the east from the former hill. Having lately seen the "great sea" from Neby Samuel, we now saw from Er Hamet the river Jordan and the Dead Sea, the waters of the latter hardly deeper in colour than was the green verdure of the valley of the Jordan, so inseparable are greenness and fertility from the presence of water in this country. Beyond the Jordan and the Dead Sea, as if to shut in the scene, ran a long unbroken line like a mountain wall—

> "From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
> Of southmost Abarim."

My eye made out the valley by which the stream of the

* Isaiah probably alluded to this phenomenon when he said "the nations shall be chased as chaff before the wind, and as a rolling thing before the wirdwind." ch. xvii., 13.

Arnon discharges its waters into the Dead Sea. But the scenes of nature, however beautiful, lose their chief interest without their history, and when we look back through the memory, *that telescope of time*, and bring up from remote ages those events, which are calculated to ennoble, to instruct, or to warn mankind, the fairest features of nature become invested with double charms. Here to-day we beheld Gibeah of Saul, the place where that monarch was born. Anathoth, the birth-place of the prophet Jeremiah, and Gibeon, and Ajalon, the two places so wonderfully connected in the command—"Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."*—And singularly enough both those great lights of heaven were visible in the firmament above us, as we stood remembering this passage on Er Hamet to-day. As we passed through one of the neighbouring villages on our way home, the fellah inhabitants, from no worse motive, I believe, than curiosity, came round us in great numbers, and one of them, whom I took to be the sheik, put his hand on the horse's bridle of one of our party, who very inconsiderately resented the act, and struck the sheik with his whip. This very naturally roused the anger of the villagers, and

* Josh. x. 12.

one of them drew his sword; upon which the party who had given the first blow prepared his pistol to defend himself. "But," says the sagacious Partridge, "one man with a pistol is a match for a hundred without; for though only one man may fall by its discharge, none of them knows but he may be that luckless individual." Upon seeing the pistol, the young swordsman and his fellow villagers retired, and we proceeded on our way. No sooner had we turned our backs however than they rallied, and sent a volley of stones after us, one of which nearly struck my son, who was in the rear, and who, like me, had taken no part in the affray, except to regret it. "Oh," said the party, whose fear or over hastiness had caused the mischief, on my riding up to him, and telling him what had happened, and that another volley might take more effect, "Oh, never mind it. They dare not hit you, and if they do they can be punished for it." This which was very safe counsel for one who was at the head of the party, seemed for those who were still within reach of the battery, very like the consolation given by a fiery author to his printer. When the former having finished a piece a little too highly, his cautious printer objected to the danger of ushering it into the world. "Why, I shall be hanged," said he, "if I print this." "Aye, aye,"

replied the author, "let them if they dare, I want to bring the rascals to that! If they do hang you, by Jove I'll write your case, and see what the mob will say to it."

After this disagreeable rencontre we returned in safety to Jerusalem, having been on horseback for seven hours.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18.

To-day I made a pilgrimage to the Garden of Gethsemane. Leaving the city by St. Stephen's gate, so called because it is near to the place where that saint is supposed to have been stoned, I passed just beyond the city wall a Mahometan cemetery, within the limits of which there was a well from which I saw an Arab drawing water at the time of my passing it. A little further down the hill, toward the valley of the Kedron, there is another well, now in ruins, called St. Paul's. Is it so called because here, at the stoning of Stephen, "the witnesses laid their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul?" Above this well there is a stone with an inscription, which has become faint with age, but if I made out as I thought the Latin word "vixit" upon it, some Roman soldier had here

probably found a grave. From thence, crossing the now dry and dusty channel of the Kedron, and climbing for a short distance up the ascent of the Mount of Olives, I soon reached the place I came to see, the sacred scene of our Lord's bitter agony. The Garden of Gethsemane contains about half an acre of land, and is enclosed by a high stone wall, through which we stooped low to enter by a wicket gate, which was opened to us by Antonio, the Franciscan friar, who comes here, from the Latin convent in the city, every morning, remains here all day to tend the garden and admit pilgrims and strangers, and then returns into the city at sunset. The garden does its attendant, apparently a devout and good man, great credit by the manner in which it is kept. There are in it eight olive trees of a large size, and evidently of great age. Their boles are made up of a congeries of those anastimose processes, which I have before described as peculiar to the olive, and which give the large trees an appearance of extreme antiquity. But when I recollect that Titus cut down great numbers of trees to make his banks and engines, and recollect the havoc that has gone on round Jerusalem since, I cannot think that any of these trees are as old as the days of our Lord. Besides, some of the trees I saw yesterday on the north of the city greatly exceed

these in size, so that if these are eighteen hundred years old, the others must go back to the time of Solomon, which is impossible. Round the garden, and under the olives, are parterres of roses and flowers, and against the inside of the wall, are placed fourteen porcelain tablets, representing the fourteen stations of our Lord's passion, and over one of these was a small cross of a dark colour, like stained oak, said to be made from the wood of the true cross. This garden, there is every reason to believe, was the real scene of our Saviour's agony, where the weight of the accumulated sins of the whole wofld, and of every age, bowed his sacred soul with agony unutterable, and forced from him great drops of blood. The stone where the disciples slept when they should have watched, (would it were the last time, and they the last disciples who have so offended!) is just above the garden, and near to it is the place where, with love upon his lips, like many a false friend since, the traitor betrayed his Lord, and gave him up to his enemies.

Returning from the garden, we went with brother Antonio into the chapel of the tomb of the Virgin, where he was going to trim the evening lamps. The place, from its being subterranean, had an agreeable temperature, which made it a pleasant retreat from the sun, while its dim but

ever-burning lights gave it a solemn and devotional air.—I do not suppose, however, that this cave is more than a memorial chapel; for the church legend relates that the body of the Virgin never rested in the tomb, but was translated at once to heaven, and that when her tomb was opened to satisfy the incredulity of St. Thomas, it did not contain her body, but was only filled with roses. But are we not warranted in inferring from the Scripture, which says that the beloved disciple took our Lord's mother "unto his own home," that she died at Ephesus, which was that disciple's home? Before we left the chapel, brother Antonio, sprinkled us with rose-water in memory, I suppose, of the legend to which I have before alluded.

We returned towards the city by the bridge over the Kedron, and as we skirted portions of the eastern and southern wall, we met several fellah women, spinning flax or wool as they walked along, much as I have seen Welsh or Irish women, spinning or knitting as they walked, at home; and, I believe, the practice is common. We entered the city after our walk by the Zion gate.

It was mentioned at Dr. Macgowan's, the excellent chief of the medical department of the missions, with whom I dined to-day, that upon an average, ten thousand pilgrims visit Jerusalem every Easter, and that one with another, each of them leaves behind him five pounds in the place.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19.

To-day I accompanied Mr. Sim, the surgeon of the Jewish mission, and three other friends, to visit the cave of Adullam, where David twice found refuge, once when fleeing from Saul, and a second time when hiding himself from the Philistines.* Our way lay across the plain of Rephaim, and past the tomb of Rachel, near to which latter we saw in a cave the bones of those eight hundred Bethlehemites who were slaughtered here by Ibrahim Pasha in 1834. These bones after bleaching so long in the sun and wind have lost all traces of flesh, and on many of them it was easy to trace the wounds which had proved fatal to their owners; several of the skulls were shattered by bullets. In the middle of the road near to Mar Elias we passed a large well now dry and in ruins, which is called the Well of the Star, because as it is said, the wise men, having lost for a time, the star which was leading them, here regained its guidance by seeing it reflected in the water as they paused and looked down into the well. From Bethlehem—that city upon a hill

* I Sam., xxii., 1, and II Sam., xxiii., 13.

which for all time will never be hid—we descended a steep hill, and after an hour's riding arrived at a narrow and deep ravine, with walls of precipitous rock which have a character of savage grandeur, between which, in the winter, a mountain torrent rolls its waters to the Dead Sea. At the head of this ravine were the foundations of a large square building, probably a work of the Maccabees or of Herod, and intended as a fort to defend the ravine. Still higher up, and commanding its whole length, was a tower or turret, evidently for observation in connexion with the large fort below. Having picketed our horses near the fort, and climbed to a narrow ledge of rock on the western face of the ravine, we proceeded along it with the caution which its narrowness, precipitousness, and slipperiness, rendered necessary, until we came to the mouth of a cave in the native rock, with an entrance so small that, although we knew it was hereabouts, our eyes had failed to discover it, on the most attentive scrutiny from below. Passing through this entrance and crawling almost on all fours for about one hundred yards through a narrow passage, we came into a large vestibule vaulted by nature, where as in other vestibules, we took off and left our hats and coats, and also the arms of the party, without any fear of their being molested, since the natives, even if there were any in

the neighbourhood, and we had seen only one man since leaving Bethlehem, we knew would be prevented, by their superstitious fears, from crossing the threshold of the cave. To penetrate further into these recesses without a guide would be dangerous, but Mr. Sim had been in the cave before, and trusting ourselves to his guidance, and each holding a lighted taper, we crawled along another low passage, from which at various points other passages led off on each side, and then dropping down a perpendicular descent of six feet, we came to a series of chambers, and from these into a vast saloon of two compartments, communicating by a natural arch in the middle. Each of these compartments was about forty-five feet long by thirty broad, and forty high, and nature had vaulted its roof ages before architects were able to show their boasted discovery of the arch. Here, in the many chambers and passages of the cave, David and his four hundred followers, or twice or treble that number if necessary, might have been amply accommodated without crowding or incommoding each other. In the inner recesses of the cave, the bats on the roof, in moody discontent at having their darkness invaded, every now and then made a swoop upon our lights, for they love darkness rather than light, though not for the same reason that bad men have a similar preference. The

contingency of all our lights being extinguished at once was not pleasant, for with our coats in the vestibule we had unintentionally left our whole stock of lucifers, and to guide us back in the dark would have defied even Mr. Sim's skill. To avoid this danger, therefore, each of us now took the precaution to carry several lighted tapers instead of one. We passed on to the extreme end of the cave, several hundred yards under the mountain, and there, with that innate feeling which prompts men to leave memorials of themselves in inaccessible places, which is not vanity, but rather instinct struggling againt oblivion, one of the smaller indications of man's immortal nature, we chose a smooth portion of the wall, wrote on it a full record of our visit and its date, subscribed it with our names, and then enclosed the whole in a cartouche, like the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt. We now returned to the great saloon, where, lighting all our tapers, of which the monks at Bethlehem had given us a great store, made for other and perhaps better purposes, we stuck them at intervals round the walls, and made a sort of illumination in the place, which gave its spacious chambers a look of gloomy and mysterious grandeur. As we gave a last look towards them on turning to retrace our steps, we saw none of the ginns and efreets returning to resume possession; but to-night,

for in these subterranean abodes it is always night, the ball-room of these fabulous beings of the Moslem creed was lighted up at our expense. We found our arms and clothes safe and undisturbed where we had left them, and I saw written up near the entrance the names of other travellers, with the dates of their visits, amongst which were the names of Messrs. Irby and Mangles, who I believe were first modern discoverers of the cave. Standing near the entrance, as we emerged from the cave, the character of the ravine struck us as peculiarly wild and savage. Bare and rugged rocks rose precipitously from the torrent's side, but not a house, nor a building, nor a tree, nor anything alive, was in sight. There was not a trace of civilization or cultivation, nor a blade of grass to be seen. When we returned to the fort, where our horses had been picketed, we found a mounted Arab, Mahomet el Hateeb, the sheik of the Tamariah, a fine old man, who had escorted Robinson, keeping watch over them. He had followed us from Bethlehem, with the double hope of being useful to a party of Englishmen and to himself. It was a great disappointment however, not to find there also the two skins of water which we had dispatched from Bethlehem, and of which we now began to feel the want. But we set off for the Frank mountain, though not in the

best humour, without them. This well-known mountain appears from Jerusalem like a small hill placed upon a larger one—a sort of humble Pelion upon Ossa; Josephus, who describes its exact shape by comparing the summit to a teat of the female breast, informs us that here Herod the Great built the fortress which he called Herodium.* After an hour's ride we reached the mountain and climbed to the summit of the cone-shaped mound upon the top, which, but that its interior is lined with masonry, against which soil has evidently been heaped to protect it, might be taken for the crater of an extinct volcano. This, no doubt, was a portion of Herod's great building, upon which, and in conducting water to it, he expended such vast treasures. But we saw nothing of the stairway of two hundred steps of the whitest marble by which he made the ascent easy to his palace upon this hill, on whose splendour the Jewish historian so enlarges. The palace and the tomb, for here also Herod was buried, have shared a like fate and are now a mass of undistinguishable ruins. But the sun and the sky were as bright to-day as in the time when that Djezzar of ancient Judea laying deep his foundations upon this mountain, stamped it with his name, and never dreamed

* Wars of the Jews, b. I. c. i.

that a future age would destroy both, and ignorantly and without reason ascribe the glory of his works to nations from the west, of whom he had scarcely heard, and whom, hearing of them, he would have despised. From the summit of the mound the prospect was extensive but dreary, and here with neither trees nor cultivation, nor any living object in sight, but for two objects, one that plain where once the angels' voices startled the "shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night," with the joyful tidings of the Saviour's birth; and the other Bethlehem, where they found those glad tidings true, one might have exclaimed—

> Sad are the scenes Judea's plains disclose,
> A dreary waste of undistinguished woes.

Towards the west, upon a grey mountain, now bare of trees and verdure, were the ruins of the village of Tekoa, the birth-place of the prophet Amos, where he received his call whilst a dweller amongst its herdsmen. And now turning our faces homewards, we began to retrace our steps to Jerusalem. Before reaching Bethlehem we saw two bony and athletic Arabs, naked all but the waist, watering a large flock of goats and sheep which stood round. They

drew the water from the well in skin buckets, which was a work of considerable labour, poured it into stone troughs, and then the flock with the greatest order advanced three at a time to drink it. Each party, as it was satisfied, retired to make way for others. At a little distance beyond the well we rode through the ruined village of Tamariah, the inhabitants of which, having been driven out by some recent feud are now houseless and homeless, and are fast sinking into the character of wild Bedouins. The two men whom we had just seen at the well were of their tribe.

Having again passed Bethlehem and Mar Elias, I noticed on our approach to Jerusalem a new mode of quarrying stone, one of those ingenious arts which from time to time necessity teaches her apprentices, and in which two soft bodies, wood and water, are made to cut a third which is harder. Longitudinal channels being made in the face of the quarry, poles of green wood of the proper size and dimensions are inserted, which being repeatedly wetted, swell, and bring down the stone in masses.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20.

From the day of my landing at Jaffa until to-day, there has not been a shower, nor with the exception of two days, a cloud in the sky. It has been almost unclouded sunshine, with an atmosphere so transparent, that objects more than twenty miles distant appear almost close at hand. The mountains of Moab, more than thirty miles off, have been visible every day, and even the valleys which course down their sides, are distinctly discernible. But last night there was lightning upon the northern horizon, from which native observers predicted that we should have rain to-day, and this morning, with very little previous warning, clouds gathered in the sky, and shortly afterwards poured down torrents of mingled rain and hail, while a violent storm of thunder and lightning raged just over our heads. At the consul's encampment at Tarabæa, where it was said, a water-spout had burst, a stream rushed through the tents with such violence as nearly to wash them away, and the inmates took warning that they must remove into Jerusalem immediately. In little more than an hour,

after cooling and refreshing the earth, the storm abated, the sun re-appeared, and the atmosphere, as if washed and purified by the rain, revealed the distant objects even more distinctly than before, and gave if possible increased brilliance to the sides of Moab.

We walk on leather in the west, but here it is trodden on before its time, for the leather sellers spread their skins and hides in the streets for the passers by to walk upon, supposing that it makes the skins more pliant and flexible when wanted for use; but the leather resents this anticipation of its fate, and becoming slippery after rain, moves under the tread, and often lays the passenger's feet higher than his head.

In the evening I bent my steps towards the village of Siloam, on the other of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and just opposite the south-eastern corner of the city. The road leads to it by a rapid descent from the Jaffa gate to the western side of the lower pool of Gihon, where it crosses the valley by the embankment at the lower end of the pool, and passing opposite the house of Annas, below the hill of Evil Counsel, comes directly over against the village of Siloam. Just above the village is that mount of offence where the wise king, listening to the seductions of the Evil

One, forgot his wisdom and was led

by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill.

Just below the village where the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat join, are the king's gardens, a plot of land cultivated by irrigation for the growth of vegetables, and whose rich verdure, greener for the recent rain, was very refreshing to the eye. From the gardens I turned to the fountain of Siloam, the source of their fertility. The waters which supply this fountain are brought by an underground channel from the fountain of the virgin, which is higher up the valley of Jehoshaphat. They formerly flowed into a long pool, lined with stone and cement and ornamented with pillars and carving, but this, although it is that Siloam where at our Lord's command the blind man "went and washed, and came seeing," is now without water and a ruin.

It has been arranged that to-morrow, I shall set out with Mr. Hunt the artist, and two other friends, my son, who has another engagement, not being of the number, upon an excursion to the Dead Sea. Horse dealing, which is often

a tiresome, and sometimes a provoking business in England, is quite as troublesome here, and "Jockeying" either belongs to the calling, or seems inseparable from it. As we were to take a tent and servants, we required seven horses and two mules for the journey, and after a two hours' talk with the solemn, long-faced Turkish "master of the horse" who swore by his father's beard and his own, almost as many oaths as he uttered sentences, we agreed for the required number of animals, and that three of them should have European saddles. The bargain was struck, the earnest paid to bind it, and everything, as I supposed, was now arranged; but immediately afterwards, when Mr. Hunt, who for the purposes of his art, was desirous to be in Hebron to-morrow, proposed to set out with the tent this evening, the horse dealer, even with the offer of a compensation for it, objected to let one portion of his horses go without the rest, Mr. Hunt, therefore, had to hire other horses, and the bargain, which had taken so long to make, was unmade in a moment. It now took a second two hours to make another bargain, but in the meantime Mr. Hunt set out with the tent, and we promised to follow him to-morrow. The difficulty in bargaining for horses had well nigh exhausted the patience of my two companions and my own.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

When I arrived in Jerusalem, its pasha was a Turk from Anatolia, an old man of 86. As although so old he was known to be very rich, I could not but consider him a kind of social phenomenon; for a man who can live to such an age in this country and not lose his wealth, must either have wit in equal abundance, or the most singular good fortune, or both combined. He paid a good large sum for the purchase of his place, and of course, he abuses it by selling his protection, and every thing that he *ought not* to sell. He maintains his position against the complaints from time to time made, or likely to be made, against him, by keeping a clever Armenian banker in his pay at Constantinople, who anticipates any complaint that is likely to be made, by a timely present to the Sultan. Not long since the bin-basha, or military commandant of Jerusalem, made a complaint that its streets were in a dirty condition and required cleansing, and very shortly a firman arrived, and was read in the bin-basha's presence, ordering that the work should be done. But do not suppose that this order swept the streets. The firman was placed under the divan, one half of the sum it would

have cost to cleanse the streets was sufficient to blind the eyes of porte, the rest was put in the pasha's purse, and the streets remained as dirty as before.

Abder-rahman, a late mutselim of Hebron, who had agreed to pay the pasha, for a piece of service which ought either to have been rendered unbought, or not at all; and who, with not more principle, affected more sense of decency than the pasha, enquired of him, how he wished the backsheish to be brought to him. "Oh," said the pasha, "send it me on a tray. I am not ashamed, if you are."

While I was at Jerusalem, the pasha died in the actual possession of his great wealth, a proof that here at least the age of miracles is not passed. His interment, as usual, took place the next day, when the fellahs, instead of regretting, rejoiced over the event, and uttered many a wish that the effendis, the ministers of his oppression, might shortly follow him.

Our long bargain for horses, concluded yesterday with so much difficulty, and loss of time, fell to pieces again this morning, for the horses, when they appeared, had not the promised European saddles, and the two friends who were to accompany me, after wasting several hours in the vain attempt to bring the owner of the horses to reason, were at length fairly tired out and gave up the intended journey in

despair. But Mr. Hunt was already expecting us in the tent at Hebron, I and my son, therefore, who, under the circumstances, obtained a release from his former engagement, procured such horses as we could and set out to join him. So much time had been wasted that it was evening before we set out, but we rode, with a short interval, nearly the whole night, and early in the morning we found Mr. Hunt under Abraham's oak, very glad to see us, and not unnaturally wondering why we had not arrived before.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22.

This morning we made our tent a tabernacle, and had prayers read in it to our congregation of three. On this site, venerable as the former abode of Abraham, within walls of canvas such as he dwelt in when a sojourner in Mamre, with a fruitful soil before us and around us, and amid the natural beauties, and still more wonderful associations of the country, it was impossible that the service should be otherwise than impressive. Our tent, which is circular, and four yards in diameter, rises to a point in the centre, from whence radiate the twenty-two

stripes of canvas, alternately blue and white, which compose its roof and walls. In the afternoon we strolled through the vineyards into ancient Hebron. There are no Christians in the city, and as the day was no sabbath here, either to Jew or Moslem, its dark bazaars were all open, and its merchants in their stalls. In a cemetery which we passed, a number of natives were seated round a grave as if to bewail, or to pay respect to the dead.

In the course of our walk we encountered the sheik-dervish, a native who lives in Hebron, whom my son knew, and at whose house he had once been a guest. The sheik, who recognized him before they actually met, greeted him with great cordiality and kindness. After we had been introduced, the sheik begged us call and visit him at his house. He is a tall, handsome Arab of about fifty, in a turban and Turkish robes, and with the air and manners of an English gentleman, one of nature's nobility. Availing ourselves of the invitation in our way home, we found our way up a steep hill, and over the heaps of dirt which everywhere encumber these towns, to the lofty house where the sheik lives with his brother and nephews, and a numerous household. The humble entrance led first to a dark stone stairway, up which we ascended to the uppermost room, passing on the way the apartments of the women, who,

with the natural curiosity of their sex, I saw peep at us through a half-open doorway. The sheik had not yet returned from the bazaar, but his brother, who also knew my son, was at home, and received us with great cordiality. Coffee and chibouques were ordered, and we discussed both on a divan, whence we had the whole of the ancient city spread before us like a map. At first the conversation turned on the all engrossing subject of the war on which he was anxious for the latest news, and from the war we got to the provision for the poor in England, of which he appeared to have no idea; but when he heard that, despite such provision, people sometimes died there of hunger, the thought seemed to horrify him, and, lifting up his hands with a saddened look, he exclaimed, "Mashallah, oh, never sure, God forbid!" and, no doubt, inwardly congratulated himself that he did not live in England, but in Hebron. After sitting some time with him, we rose to take leave, when his nephew, a fine young man of sixteen, volunteered to accompany us back to our tent. After keeping us waiting a short time, he made his appearance with two friends, each, like himself, carrying a gun upon his shoulder. Under this formidable convoy, at which I felt some surprise, we set out as the sun was sinking, to walk back from Hebron to Baluta, which we reached in safety a little after

dark, when our escort prepared to return home. My son gave our young friend and his two attendants a pocket-knife as a memorial of our pleasant acquaintance, and then, with mutual expressions of good-will, they took their leave and we parted. As soon as they had turned their backs to go home, I heard them discharge their fire-arms, and I at once saw that his fear of the efreets at night was the reason why he had detained us, and why he would not come alone. But now the explosion had cleared the air, and effectually scared the efreets.

We found our tent lighted up with a fanouse, a sort of shaded lamp suspended from the pole in the centre, whence it threw a sombre light upon the inmates as they sat on the ground, with their arms, and baggage, and camp furniture disposed about them in order, and gave a picturesque air to our new and singular home.

This evening and all night, the wind sighed mournfully through the branches of the giant tree above us, a large screech-owl, which had her abode in it, hooted and whooped in concert with the wind, and complained to the moon that we disturbed her solitude, and the lightning which was abroad, played in flashes, without thunder, incessantly about our tent. Were not these circumstances a fitting prelude to our entrance to-morrow, on the journey towards that strange mysterious sea which was its object?

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23.

SOUTHEY, I think, remarks that the first night in a strange bed is seldom a night of repose, for that we are not sufficiently acquainted with the pillow to be quite at ease upon it, but my first night under canvas, with the canopy of Abraham's oak overhead, proved one of sound repose. The taking down and packing of the tent being always a work of time, we were roused this morning long before the appointed hour of starting. We waited, therefore, with some little impatience until the necessary preparations were completed, and with minds eager for the strange scenes, sights, and sounds of the wilderness, on which we were now for the first time to enter, when the signal was at last given to mount and set forward, we obeyed it without delay. As we passed through Hebron, where we were detained half-an-hour in the street, whilst our servants made some purchases, curiosity, as powerful here as among more civilized people elsewhere, brought about us numbers of men and boys and some few girls, who were good-humoured and respectful in their behaviour, and asked and answered questions freely. One of the men was a joiner, and had a strange looking door-key, and a

picturesque saw in his hand, of which latter Mr. Hunt made a drawing, while the owner told us the Arabic names of both, and we told him their English names in return. One of the party desired to have our names, upon which we handed him our cards, the first English cards probably ever left in Hebron, and I taught the receiver to pronounce my name. This caused some merriment, but a portrait which Mr. Hunt had taken of the joiner, in the few minutes he stood by us, excited such interest that it made the whole party absolutely joyous. Let it not be supposed that we were trifling this while, for it is likely that some future traveller may on this account experience more kindness than was formerly shown to visitors at Hebron, or than all of them experience even now. Our servants now coming up, we bade adieu to Hebron, and in less than half-an-hour had passed the boundaries of settled population, and were travelling in the territories of the roving Bedouins, who despise houses, dwell in tents, and subsist either on their flocks and herds, or by plundering their neighbours. Nominally, subjects of the sultan, they refuse him his tribute or his taxes when they please, and that portion of them on whose territories we have now entered, own the sway of Abou Daouk, the Sheik of the Jehalin, who with a thousand subjects, occupies as a prince,

a territory not less in extent than the whole county of Chester. To this chief, whose name is a patronymic, meaning the son and not the father of Daouk, although the latter is its literal translation, we were charged with an autograph letter in Arabic from the English consul at Jerusalem, but to find even the monarch of the territory, in a country which is without a house, a road, or a guide-post, might have sorely perplexed us, if we had not fortunately fallen in yesterday at Hebron with Suleiman, a stray Arab of the tribe, who willingly undertook the task of guiding us to his chief. In about an hour after leaving Hebron, we were in that wilderness of Ziph, where David fleeing from Saul, "abode in strongholds and remained in a mountain."* A cave with a portico and two pillars before it cut out of a hill side in the limestone rock in which I saw flints imbedded, may have been one of the strongholds of this wilderness, which once sheltered David, and has doubtless sheltered from his enemies many a persecuted man since. When we entered the cave to-day we saw that it had lately become a place to which the Arabs resort for gun flints which are here easily chipped out of the rock. But this country must have greatly deteriorated since David's time,

* I. Sam. xxiii. 14. 15.

when as the Scriptures tell us, there was a wood in Ziph, for there is hardly a tree, much less a wood, within many miles from this wilderness now. Far away on our right, upon a high hill, I saw the ruins of Yutta, which was formerly that Juta or Juda where Elizabeth was residing when Mary came to visit her, and where John the Baptist was born, for the passage recording the visit ought to be translated that Mary came "*into* the hill country with haste, into *the* city of Judah," and not as our authorized version has it, "into *a* city of Judah."* At a short distance further, we passed on our left the ruined castle of Carmel, and then, for eight hours along roads of nature's making, but still the best I have seen in this country, and over gently swelling hills, which are only wilderness, because they are uncultivated, not because they are naturally infertile, we rode on without seeing a house, or a tree, or a human being except two Arabs watering their flocks at a spring which issued from the face of a bare rock, who at our request milked some goats and gave us the milk. At length, when it was near sunset, and we had almost begun to despair of discovering the chief or his tribe to-night, we suddenly beheld their encampment before

* Luke i. 39. Jutah is also mentioned in Josh. xv. 55.

us in rising over the shoulder of a hill. The tents which were long, and formed of black cloth woven of goats' hair, were arranged in an oblong form, to the number of more than a hundred, on a hill side, which shelved gently down towards the valley of Tellarat. Our guide, Suleiman, proceeded straight to the sheik's tent, while we rode up the hill side to pitch ours just above and opposite to the Bedouin encampment. It was evident from the stir in the camp that our arrival excited some interest among its inmates, and we saw one man mount a steed that stood ready saddled and picketed near the camp, and ride off at full gallop along the steep hill side, where an English horse could hardly have kept his feet. Our guide now returned with some of the Jehalin, and in the meantime, we had spread our carpet, and were seated upon it in Turkish fashion ready to receive them. They expressed their friendliness towards us, partook of coffee and pipes, and informed us that the sheik was absent, but that the man we had seen riding off, had been dispatched to fetch him, and that he would probably return at midnight. We bought from them a goat and some fowls, and they made us a present of a lamb.

Nothing can surpass the beauty of the swelling hills that enclose this valley, which has however on all sides a

character of unmistakeable neglect. There is neither olive, fruit tree, nor timber tree, nor, except a few stunted shrubs, a plant, or a blade of grass to be seen either in the valley or on any of the surrounding hills.

In the short remains of daylight, whilst our tent was being pitched, Mr. Hunt and I climbed to the top of the highest hill, which overlooks the encampment, he to make a sketch of it and the valley and its border of mountains, and I to admire in quiet the magnificence of the evening sky. The eastern hills of burnished violet and purple, were clad in hues so brilliant, that even his magic pencil must fail to transfer them to canvas, while the pen would attempt to paint them in vain. The whole sky glowed with a softened rosy light, such as fancy may imagine for the canopy of the happy valley in Rasselas.

As night closed the flocks were brought in, and placed within the circular enclosure made by the tents, that being the fold, where these "shepherds pen their flocks at eve." There was a great bleating of the flocks as they were driven in, and each arrival was greeted by a still louder barking of the dogs.

When this was ended, there was a long funeral lament by the women over one of the encampment, whose interment had just taken place.

To-day I seem to have seen society in its two extremes. At Hebron, where I began the day, Abraham once dwelt, and cities may almost be said to have had their birth; while the wilderness where I now am, is still inhabited, as in Abraham's day, by those who dwell in tents, repel civilisation, and affect to live like the patriarchs, though they are not the sons of promise, but of Ishmael.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24.

THE bleating and lowing of the flocks and herds as they left the encampment this morning for their several feeding grounds, and the grand chorus of dogs which accompanied each successive departure, a noise which seemed more natural here than when it made night hideous in Alexandria, Ramleh, and the other cities, where I had heard it, awaked me at an early hour. I had hardly dressed, however, when it was announced that Abou Daouk had returned, and was about to wait upon us. We therefore hastened coffee, spread our best carpet on a divan outside the tent, seated ourselves upon it, and shortly afterwards the chief approached. He was a tall swarthy personage of about

sixty, and his walk was majestic and stately. He wore the caphia, with its double coil, on his head, a white shirt, and the flowing Abbaye cloak, but his figure was gaunt, his beard coarse and grizzled, and his features harsh. He had lost a fore tooth, had grey cat-like eyes, and his whole expression was unprepossessing. We saluted each other by shaking hands, after which, on our invitation, he took a seat beside us. When he was seated many of his people came up to join our conference, and such of them as either by absence or from other causes had not seen the sheik for some days, affectionately and respectfully saluted him by taking his hand, and then kissing him on both cheeks. In a few minutes not fewer than thirty of these sons of the desert, all armed with guns, dressed like their chief, and wearing sandals on their feet, were gathered round us, some crouching on their haunches, others kneeling on one knee, and the rest standing behind and bending in graceful posture over the others. All of them had dark bronze complexions, and two of them had negro features. Between some of them, as they arrived, similar salutations to those which had greeted the sheik took place. After coffee, having informed the sheik that we were the bearers to him of an autograph letter from the consul, we delivered it into his hands, and he placed it respectfully in

his bosom. In the desert, as in the city, it would appear that they who most need prayers are those who know them least. The sheik does not even know the usual Moslem prayers, for in his reply to the consul's inquiry how they managed their devotions in the desert, "Oh," he said, "we only attend to them in Ramadan, and then we have a mollah from Jerusalem to teach us, and say them with us and for us." How different these interrupted prayers from the practice of faithful Abraham, who walked with God, and dwelt in tents in these wilds! Inferring from his ignorance that he could not read, we gave him the substance of the letter without its compliments, but at his request the letter was read to him at length. Whilst it was read, his circle of armed followers, resting their chins upon the stems of their pipes, showing rows of teeth faultless and whiter than ivory, and, with flashes of wildness from their cat-like eyes, formed a scene which a Salvator or an Allan might have studied. After the letter had been read, we informed him that it was our wish to visit the Dead Sea, and to have from him three of his followers to guide us as far as his territories extended. He lent a ready ear to our request to send men with us, but he could not, he said, answer for our safety if we took a less number than five, for which we must pay after the rate

of fifty piasters for each. When we had agreed to this and thought the business settled, the sheik called one of our servants aside and informed him privately that he should require from us two hundred piasters for himself. There occurred a few small protocols between our servant and this great prince, and in the end he accepted from us one hundred piasters as a backsheish, and shortly afterwards we mounted and set forward attended by our five Jehalin. Our way lay up the bed of a mountain torrent, by a somewhat steep but not difficult road; near the summit, where the wady ended, an Arab, naked all but his waist, was filling some watering troughs for his flocks of sheep and goats, and we got him to fill our water-skins and then went on our way. At the summit, we came upon a plateau of rich table land, capable of yielding crops of wheat and other grain, for which, small parts of it were now prepared. Upon this plain, which we crossed for an extent of five miles, I saw a few camels browsing the stunted netsch, but no other animals, except one or two wild hogs, which owe their safety to their being unclean in Moslem eyes, a hawk, a covey of red-legged partridges, and a few gazelles, the harts of Scripture and the *antilope Arabica* of natural history, beautiful and elegant animals, like deer, with short horns, curving slightly backwards, with which

both we and our attendants would have been glad to make a nearer acquaintance. We did not see the medjin, or wild goat *Ibex*, remarkable for the size of its horns, fifteen or sixteen inches long and curved backwards, and which is met with near the Dead Sea. There is no timber, nor any shrub large enough to make a walking stick, on this plain, but there are misembrianthemums, some with pink, and others with yellow flowers, and squills, and thistles, and snail shells, in such numbers, that in some places the ground looked as if it were salted. Where the few animals that inhabit these wilds get food perplexes me greatly. One shelving hill side was covered with boulders like a beach, the retiring traces perhaps of some ancient glacier. Having passed the plateau, we began to descend very gradually towards the Dead Sea, having the mountains of Moab before us, and swelling hills with a beautiful outline on either hand.

Through scenery of this kind, we continued to descend for some time, and at length on reaching the edge of the table land, which had hitherto intercepted the prospect below, we saw all at once, as if a curtain were suddenly raised, the lower extremity of the Dead Sea, its waves as green as the ocean, and its margin of white salt glittering in the sun, and bordering it like a frame of pearl. Before

us lay the wild gorge of the wady Zuara, probably the Zoar of Lot, by which we were to reach the shores of this wonderful sea; while high on a spur of the mountains beyond it, was seated the city of Kerak, so inhospitable to travellers. Into this gorge, the descent at intervals was over the face of the bare rock, here and there forming inclined planes of polished marble, which were both slippery and steep. Down these, it was not safe to ride, and we therefore dismounted to save ourselves and the horses; but the poor animals even without our weight, were unable at all times to place their feet safely, and more than once, I saw them lose footing and roll down from one ledge to another. On seeing this, I did not think their owner quite so unreasonable as I once thought him, in hesitating to trust them upon this journey. He, no doubt, feared that they might not, if alive, return from the Dead Sea with limbs as sound and skins as whole as they took there. Here, according to M. de Saulcy, is Souck et Thamieh, the ancient Admah; but as he was unable to discover the site of this city of the plain, so neither could we, although I sought it diligently, both with my own and the sharper eyes of Mr. Hunt. There was not a blade of grass nor a tree upon these hills, except a few stunted tamarisks, some sweet-smelling acacias

now in flower, and a number of scattered *nubbocks** or thorns, the trees of which our Lord's mock crown was made. Its spikes are very strong and very sharp, while its leaf resembles the ivy of which crowns were once woven; a circumstance by which our Lord's persecutors thought to aggravate the mockery of their bitter irony.

Descending from the higher to the lower portion of the wady, we saw perched on the top of a precipitous rock the ruined castle of Quasr es Zuara, described by the travellers Irby and Mangles, and which was built to defend this valley when it was one of the entrances to Edom. In this part of the valley the hills were white and chalky, and their precipitous sides, marked with weather stains and channels so exactly resembled courses of masonry, that imagination required no effort to convert them into the gigantic structures of a race of Titans. In remote ages a mountain torrent had evidently rolled its waters down the lower end of this valley, and perhaps in the winter it may form the bed of a considerable stream even now. When we had passed the castle, the southern end of the Dead Sea, in its wonderful setting of rocks was most distinctly

* *Rhamnus Nebeka*, or *Zizyphus spina Christi*.—It bears a pale strawberry-coloured berry, about the size of a gooseberry; and is called also the Jujube.

visible before us, and we halted for a moment to admire its grandeur. The mountains beyond the sea, looking bolder in elevation from this level, under the light of the evening sun, shone in a livery of crimson and gold, except where a floating cloud cast its shadow on their sides. On our right were the rocks of Usdam, and then as if to complete the magnificence of the scene, a lofty and most perfect rainbow, with one foot upon Usdam and the other upon Kerak, spanned the wide but desolate space of intervening sea and land—the symbol of God's covenant of mercy above the most memorable scene of his wrath. And now quickening our pace to select a site for our encampment in the short remains of daylight, we soon reached a place among some tamarisks, a quarter of a mile from the shore, which was fitted for pitching the tent; and here, while the Arabs dragged up a withered tree for firewood, and our servants were raising the tent pole, we ran off to the sea to bathe our limbs. "Neither man nor beast, nor anything that hath life" says Sir John Maundeville, "may die in that sea; and that hath been proved many times by men that have been condemned to death, who have been cast therein, and left therein three or four days, and they might never die therein, for it receiveth nothing within that breatheth life. And no man may drink of the water on

account of its bitterness. And if a man cast iron therein, it will float on the surface, but if men cast a feather therein, it will sink to the bottom; and these things are contrary to nature." But in our anxiety for an ablution after our long and heated ride, we were not to be deterred by this marvellous story, from stripping and plunging into the sea, where I had soon a proof, not only of its buoyancy, but of its nauseousness, for throwing myself down to swim, and my feet not sinking as I expected, I got a mouthful of the water, whose acrid bitterness I shall not soon forget.

Returning from the shore, after our bathe, we had a difficulty in finding our tent; and it was only by shouting to the Arabs, and their shouting in answer, that we at last made our way to it.

In the first part of to-day's journey, the country, though infertile by man's neglect, was not barren by nature, but the latter part of it was indelibly impressed with sterility. Both illustrate the truth, that "a fruitful land is made barren, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." In our ride of ten hours to-day, we have seen neither a house nor a man, since leaving the well of Tellarat this morning.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25.

I SLEPT soundly last night in my canvas home, on the shore of the Dead Sea. Here, no dogs barked, as they had done in every place, savage and civilized, before, and no other sound broke my slumbers. But we arose at four o'clock, and at six, having sent off the Arabs with our servants, and the tent, towards Sebbeh, we set off in the opposite direction towards Usdam, the ancient Sodom, at the extreme southern end of the Dead Sea. Half-an-hour's ride over the loose shingle which covers the embouchure of the wady Zuara, brought us abreast of the hill of Usdam, along which we rode for three miles, until we reached the cave which is called by its name. The sun, as yet hidden behind the mountains of Moab, now began to send up faint streaks of light which showed the outline of the hills, but cast them into deeper shade, and now they looked as mysterious in their gloom, as yesterday evening, they had looked glorious in the light of the setting sun. The dawn was at hand, and as the sun's rays rose higher and higher, the tops of the mountains caught his light, and cast their reflection upon the sea. Between us and them the sea looked black as ink, while the hill of Usdam on our right,

bare of life and vegetation, white as chalk, and scarped like a wall, with salt and sulphur protruding from its face in masses, made the picture of ruin and desolation complete. In the course of our ride along it, there were numerous fantastic pieces of rock, which imagination had no difficulty in converting into the figures of men or other animals, or into the ruined abodes of the former, but except a Jehalin Arab with a few camels, who greeted us very kindly, and except three small birds and myriads of troublesome flies, we saw no living thing throughout our whole ride. There was not a ripple on the sea, nor, except the call of some crickets, a sound to be heard. But though we saw no signs of life, we saw other signs of death besides this mysterious sea, itself a great memorial of death, for on the shore there was a sheik's tomb, and the bones of a camel whitening beside it. It is not to be wondered at that nothing that has life loves the place, for the mephitic smell of sulphur and bitumen, from the mountain sides, tainted the air, and made even the early morning close and oppressive. In the cave of Usdam, which we entered, and where we gathered some of the stalactite salt, to be seen there in every form, from the resemblance of a finger to the form and figure of the human body, this smell was even more oppressive than in the outer air. In one portion

of its length the hill has a remarkable echo, and the Bedouins with their faultless teeth, are not more distinct in their articulation than this hill side, which, though it has neither mouth, nor tongue, nor teeth, yet speaks with a "most miraculous organ." I bade it remember Lot's wife, whereupon this image of the voice syllabled the last words for a second or two along the face of the cliff, with a distinctness that would have put to shame that mumbling vicar whom his churchwardens reported to the bishop as being "*illegible* for want of teeth." On the shore I picked up a seed vessel of the *Colocynthus Indica*, which had probably grown on one of the hills, and been rolled thence by the wind. It had the form, size, and look of an apple, but, except a number of shining black seeds, which are used as a strong cathartic in medicine, it contained nothing within. This is one of the fruits which some have supposed to be the apples mentioned by Josephus in prose, and by Milton in verse.

"Which grew,
Near that bituminous lake, where Sodom flamed."

As we passed by the site of our late encampment, where under canvas walls we had made our first night's

home on the banks of the Dead Sea, there was nothing to mark the spot, but some ashes still smouldering on the hearth around which our Arabs had slept.

There was now an entire change in the character of the mountains forming the western margin of the sea, along which we rode. No longer white, like the cliffs of Usdam, the colour had changed to a dark red. Fire and volcanoes, had had something to do with their formation; but they were still bare of vegetation, and without a sign of life. To have followed every bend of the winding shore, even had it been practicable, would have greatly lengthened our journey; and we therefore now entered upon a route which leading over the shoulders of these iron hills, was alternately either a continual climb, at a foot's pace over steep slippery crags, or as steep a descent to the bed of streams, which in winter roll down these hills to the sea. Across the wady, the path was strewn with great dangerous stones; in other places it was so steep and narrow that weak nerves would have been tried by it. The sun too, now high up in the heavens, was burning hot, and after being six hours on horseback we began to feel thirst. I knew that my two companions felt it still more than I, but as our water-skins were with the baggage, and as we had neither water, nor knew where to find any in this

uninhabited and inhospitable region, we forebore to talk of our mutual wants lest it should aggravate them. Meanwhile, beginning to feel my mouth clammy, I picked up and put into it a very small pebble to assist the secretion of the saliva, and prevent it becoming still more parched and dry. Below us lay the dark sea, tantalizing us with the sight of water which we could not drink, and on our left was the lofty wall of rock, along which we were riding, which sent back upon us the sun's rays with reflected heat. Almost the last thing I had read in Jerusalem was the inscription on a traveller who had lost his life upon these shores in consequence of wanting water, and as "present ills are less than horrible imaginings," so my present thirst was greatly aggravated by the fear of its continuance, and my eye kept anxiously sweeping both rock and shore for any point that might give promise of a well or spring. After employing myself thus for some time in vain, and longing for one of the old divining wands, which were wont to indicate the presence of water by reverently bending towards it, as I could have done now, and when at length I was almost in despair, I discovered a bright track running towards the sea, where, from its greenness, I thought there must certainly be water. My two companions now dismounted, and from the path where we were riding, high up on the

mountain side, hastened down to the place, when they found a thin stream of water, clear as crystal, delivering itself into the sea. But they very quickly returned, for upon tasting the water it proved to be, if possible, even more salt than the sea. There being now no hope but in overtaking our servants, who were at some distance before with the baggage, but were not yet even in sight, and might be some hours in advance, we pushed forward as fast as a road like this, not the place for quick steps, would let us, while the heat, which was great, became greater in idea, from the streaky and tremulous appearance of the sea as it reflected the objects on its shores. At length, however, we were gladdened by the news that our servants were waiting in the wady Embarrheg, only a few miles in advance, and that there we should find water. This news, and a fresh breeze which we caught on rounding a promontory, nerved us with energy, we therefore pushed forward, and in a short time gained the wady Embarrheg, where I am not sure that some of us were not guilty of drinking to excess, though I wish excess in water drinking was the only intemperance in England.

At the wady Embarrheg, there were the ruins of another castle, built to guard the pass in old time. There is little need to guard it now, for some camels and their driver

were the only living things we had seen since we left our encampment this morning.

All along these rocks are beach marks, at a higher level than the present shores of the Dead Sea, and it is quite evident that its basin has formerly stood much higher than now. The rocks of the opposite shore, grander in elevation, and indebted to the sun for the beauty of their rich colour, and to nature for their grandeur of outline, seem equally treeless and barren as these. After riding for several hours more, over roads similar to those I have already described, we reached at length the flat shore opposite to the mountain of Sebbeh, and there pitched our tent for the night.

A few hours after nightfall I strolled from the tent. Over head and around me nearly to the verge of the horizon, the stars were shining with a brilliance unknown in England, but no sound of life, no heaving surge of the heavy sea, and no murmur of the wind broke the deep stillness of this solitude; the very waves pillowed themselves on the beach noiselessly, and without a sound. There is something awful in the silence of these shores at night.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26.

At five this morning, having given directions to our servants to proceed with the baggage and the tent to En Gedi, we mounted our horses, and leaving the camp set out towards the foot of the mountain of Sebbeh, with the intention of ascending to its summit. For more than a mile, as we proceeded up a ravine, with no light but the stars, its appearance struck us with wonder and surprise. Its lower stratum of rocks was of the dark iron-stone we had seen yesterday, its upper was invariably the white chalky clay which we had noticed in the wady Zuara, and nature who, in her playful moods, creates objects which man may admire and imitate but cannot surpass, had carved this friable and plastic material into the resemblance of a great city. As we rode through its silent and apparently deserted streets there were detached altars, spacious squares, domed temples, battlemented forts, palaces decorated with friezes, cornices, and pilasters, and theatres with tiers of seats and rows of columns, but no spectators. There reigned the most profound silence, and the city appeared wrapped in slumber, or, like the court of king Arthur and Guinevor, fast bound in the enchanted cave,

waiting in a trance for the enchanter, and presently HE came, for as we passed the last portal the first rays of the sun struck it, and the magic city, without a rustle, a whisper, or a sound, then vanished and was gone. With this illusion ended, which was all we saw, either of ancient or modern times, in the dim light of the morning, we were at the foot of Sebbeh, which stands near two miles from the sea. Its eastern face, which we saw first, is a mass of dark-looking iron-stone, with a rugged cone-shaped summit, as precipitous as Beeston, and more than six times as high, not a very promising prospect for our ascent, at least if we were to attempt it on this side, but we turned towards its northern face where there was a hollow, which, though less forbidding, had no very inviting aspect. And now, dismounting from our horses and giving them to an Arab, with directions to lead them a short distance on the way to En Gedi, we addressed ourselves to the ascent of the mountain. Proceeding up a rocky and very narrow ravine, down which, probably, a mountain torrent falls in a series of cascades in the winter, we toiled upwards slowly and with difficulty for about one hundred yards over great stones, the surface of which was slippery, and to surmount which required a persevering effort, and found ample occupation both for our hands and feet, and we soon

became conscious that if we were to ascend the mountain, it must be by escalade, for one natural wall, each six feet high or more, succeeded another, up which it were a wonder if bipeds without wings, and with neither claws on the arms nor suckers on the feet, should climb without an accident. Our progress was as slow as a snail's, but we wanted his power of clinging to the face of the rock. For a time my son, who was at the head of the party, was able to render us some assistance, but even with his help the labour made us gasp, while, to increase our difficulties Mr. Hunt was encumbered with a fowling-piece, which it was neither safe to leave nor easy to carry up these steep and dangerous ledges. In these circumstances, casting my eyes round to discover, if it were possible, some path less dangerous than this break-neck steeple course, and perceiving a narrow ledge running along the hill-side above, I climbed to it, and though steep, and far from being either safe or easy for weak nerves, I found it less trying than the ravine. When I had reached the ledge, and had traced with my eye the course before me, I saw that by following it to the place where it broke off, I might by then descending another portion of the hill-side, attain to a steep but safe path that led to the top. I therefore called out to Mr. Hunt to follow me, and shortly afterwards my son was

heard hailing both of us, with the news that he had reached the summit, and giving us directions how we might best follow him. Above us we saw a vulture soaring, and doubtless expecting to make a meal at our expense. Although not a nice feeder, the bird has a distaste to eat his food out of a Dead Sea pickle, for yesterday I saw the carcass of an animal lying untouched half in and half out of its waters. But our late immersion was not sufficient to season us, and he would not have disdained to make us a repast. Determined, however, to disappoint the bird, and encouraged by my son's voice, we pushed forward with renewed spirits, and after skirting several precipices where a false step would have hurled us down a chasm a thousand feet deep, we reaped the reward of our toil, and after an hour's climb passed through the entrance gate, and found ourselves, with some pride, standing on the summit of Sebbeh, the fourth party from the west who have scaled its heights since Robinson first identified it with Masada.

Mr. Wolcott, an American missionary, and Mr. Tipping, an English gentleman, were the first to ascend it. The second were Dr. Anderson, Mr. Dale, and Mr. Bedlow, three of the associates of Lieutenant Lynch, the commander of the American expedition to the Dead Sea. Monsieur De Saulcy, the French traveller, with four of his countrymen,

made the third ascent; and we have now made the fourth, so that out of the thirteen persons who have made the ascent, four only have been English, and three of these are natives of Warrington. The summit of Sebbeh, nearly a mile in circumference, and containing many acres in extent, has been enclosed with a wall, which is now in ruins. The lancet-shaped door-way by which we passed into this enclosure, and which is of good masonry, has no mouldings. Upon it, and about it, rudely scratched by modern hands, are the signs used by the old alchemists as charms to preserve their crucibles from evil influence in the moment of projection, and by the modern chemists on their show jars from an adherence to ancient custom.* Here, where these signs were first used, they are still in use by the Bedouins for marking their cattle, probably because they are supposed to be signs of good omen. I saw nothing either on the gate-way or elsewhere of those rude crosses and *taus* marked with red paint, which an American traveller found in one of the subterranean caves of Sebbeh. At one corner is a large fortress, which has a small outwork before it like a barbican. In the opposite corner there is a castellet; and there are various other

* Lieutenant Burton says the Orientals are given to this scribbling on walls. II. 246.

buildings, and remains of wells and excavations scattered about. One building, well worthy of observation, resembles a basilica. It is about nine yards long by six broad, the plaster still covers its walls, and into it small pebbles have been inlaid in mathematical forms, making a kind of rude mosaic, which looks wonderfully fresh and new. The building has an apse and a round-headed window at the east end, and on the outside of this window there is some plaster remaining on the walls, as if the window at that end might originally have had a small building attached to it. Could there have been an oriel there, or a verandah, or a lattice to exclude the eastern sun? Southey, under his assumed name of the Spaniard, Don Manuel Espriella, was very merry when he first saw a verandah in England, where, he says, they have no sun; but on Sebbeh his rays are sometimes so brilliant as to make a screen not only a luxury, but a necessity. Two square chambers, one on each side, communicate with the main building at its westerly end, and have their walls ornamented like it. The entrance to this building has had an architrave, and probably pilasters of white marble. I picked up a piece of the former, which had shallow mouldings in much the same style of art that I saw in other parts of Judea. Could this building have been a proseucha or place of

prayer, or was it the prætorium or court of justice of Masada? Another small building, near the centre of the enclosure, had its inner walls on every side honey-combed with cells from the top to the bottom. These cells were excavated out of the wall, but did not extend through it. Each cell was large enough to hold a pigeon's nest, or a small urn, for which reason I called the place a columbarium.* But it may be asked why we took all this pains to ascend Sebbeh, and the answer will be found in the following

SHORT HISTORY OF MASADA.

Masada, or "the fortress," which nature and art combined to make almost impregnable, owes its origin to the revival of Jewish liberty under the Asmonean princes, and Jonathan Maccabœus, the high priest, was probably its first founder, during that contest which he is recorded, in the first book of Maccabees, to have carried on with Bacchides, about the year 161 B. C. But, if Jonathan

* Josephus tells us that Herod built dove cotes adjoining his palace at Jerusalem. Thrupp. 19. And in Morier's second journey to Persia, p. 140, we have some Persian dove-houses described near Ispahan which seem to resemble this.

was its first founder, it is to Herod, its second founder, who converted the fort of Jonathan into a city with walls and fortifications of great extent, that we must principally ascribe the glory of Masada. Herod, we read, enclosed the whole summit of the hill, seven stadia in extent, with a wall of polished stone twelve cubits high and eight cubits thick. This wall formed the curtain to thirty-seven towers, each fifty cubits high, which at intervals flanked and defended it, and which communicated with the buildings and abodes of the garrison and inhabitants running along the inner side of the wall. Within the fortifications, and over against its western entrance, but looking towards the north, where the face of the rock was a precipice, he built himself a palace with high and solid walls, protected at the angles by four towers, each fifty cubits high. This palace, which contained many spacious apartments, porticoes, and baths, and was adorned or supported with handsome columns, each formed out of a single block of marble, had its walls and pavements inlaid with mosaics. There was a communication by a covered way not to be seen from the outside, to the most commanding part of the citadel, in which he had laid up arms for ten thousand men, and large stores of unwrought-iron, brass, and lead. The large space which the walls enclosed, and which Herod said

"had a fat soil, and was better than any valley for agriculture," was reserved for cultivation, in order that the garrison in time of peace might not be inactive, and also that they might hold out the longer if pressed by a hostile force from without. But the garrison were not to depend upon supplies of their own growing, for they had an immense quantity of corn, wine, oil, dates, and seeds laid up in vast magazines excavated in the rock, where the dryness of the atmosphere and the extreme purity of the air, served to keep them fresh and uninjured for a century. All these precautions, however, had been of little avail, without the first requisite of this country, water; Herod, therefore, took the greatest pains to supply the place with this essential, and accordingly, on the esplanade around the palace, and about every house, as well as before the walls, he made immense cisterns in the native rock, where water was stored and preserved in almost as much abundance as if there had been natural springs. As we had abundant evidence to-day, the natural approaches to Masada were difficult and almost impracticable. The steepness of its precipitous face debarred all approach on the east, although, as we shall afterwards see, there was once a road there that a goat might travel. The south and north sides, from their

extreme steepness, were a defence to themselves. There remained, therefore, no approach but from the west, and as this was by a narrow and steep avenue, Herod built across it, about a thousand cubits from the citadel, a strong tower, which effectually intercepted the isthmus, and rendered the fortress almost impregnable. But it was not without reason, that Herod with so much pains prepared and strengthened this fortress, for more than once it received and sheltered him from his enemies. In the year 41 B. C., when Felix, the Jewish leader, raised up a party, and in revenge for the death of Malichus, who, having poisoned Herod's father, Antipater, had afterwards perished by Herod's means, intended to take and kill Herod, the latter assembled and took the place, which was even then the strongest of the Jewish fortresses, and found in it a refuge from his enemies until the danger was past. In the following year, when Jerusalem was taken by the Parthians, Herod again escaped to Masada, and leaving his family in it with a garrison of eight hundred men, and all necessary provisions for a siege, he hastened first to Petra, and failing to obtain assistance there, he proceeded on to Rome, whence he returned with succours to raise the siege of Masada, where his enemies, sitting down before it, had shut up his family during his absence. At Masada also,

it is said, Herod escaped from the intrigues of Cleopatra, in which she tried to prevail upon Antony to put him to death. But after Herod was firmly established, Masada is not again mentioned until some Jews, struggling against the Roman power, obtained possession of it by treachery, under his great grand-son, Herod Aggrippa II., about the year A. D. 60, when they slew the Romans whom they found in it, and placed some of their own party to keep it. Very shortly afterwards, Manahem, who was one of that faction, retired to Masada, followed by Simon, the son of Gioras, one of his partizans, when the former breaking open Herod's armoury, furnished arms not only to his own people, but to others whom he used for a guard, and then returned in kingly state to Jerusalem. After the death of Manahem, his party still kept possession of Masada, and harassed the country with predatory incursions. In A. D. 68, they made a sortie against En Gedi, slew seven hundred of its inhabitants, and returned laden with booty to Masada. After the final fall of Jerusalem, and its capture by Titus, the only Jewish fortresses that held out were Herodium, Machærus, and Masada. Herodium and Machærus fell an easy prey to the Romans, but Masada was held by a party of Jews under Eleazar of the tribe of Judah, a brave and able commander, who, hating the

Romans with a hatred truly national, denounced as enemies of his country all who submitted to their yoke. Flavius Silva, who succeeded as prefect of Judea on the death of Battus, determined that his first step should be to march against and take Masada, while its brave and able commander was equally resolved that if it must fall, its fall should cost its assailants dear. Silva at the head of a large Roman force now marched against Masada, and having possessed himself of the neighbouring country, and established garrisons in the most convenient places, he encircled the fortress with a wall, and placed troops to watch it and prevent the escape of the besieged. His camp was pitched on the most commanding point in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, but he had great difficulty in bringing up his supplies, for the country was desolate, and the place difficult of access, while not only was there no spring in the neighbourhood, but water and every other necessary had to be conveyed from a great distance. According to Josephus, the fortress is inaccessible except in two places, one on the eastern side from the Dead Sea, and the other, and the more practicable, on the westward. The first, on account of its narrow breadth and numerous windings was called the serpent. In fact, it is little more than a broken ledge on the side of the rocks,

overhanging a precipice, which often returned into itself, and scarcely anywhere formed a connected passage. Whoever ascended by that path, must tread cautiously and stealthily, for as the rock is nearly vertical, its appearance strikes the eye with terror, and a single false step will lead to certain death. When you have ascended to the height of thirty stadia, the remainder of the ascent is quite perpendicular.

As soon as Silva had completed his leaguer, he adopted the utmost precaution to prevent the escape of any of the garrison, and commenced his assault upon the fortress, at the only point where it was assailable. About three hundred cubits below the summit, and outside the tower which guarded the approach to its western entrance, there was an eminence of some extent called Leuké, or the White Hill, upon which the besieging forces began the construction of an earthen mound, which they raised with great labour to the height of two hundred cubits. When the earth was sufficiently settled and solid, they built upon it with large blocks of stone, a platform fifty cubits square, on which they placed their battering engines, and raised a tower, cased with iron, sixty cubits high, from which the soldiers with slings and cross-bows were able to drive away the defenders whenever they showed themselves upon

the walls. Silva next erected an enormous battering ram, with which, assailing the wall without intermission, he succeeded in throwing a good portion of it down. But as fast as any part of the wall fell, the garrison raised an inner rampart, which they endeavoured so to construct as not to be easily damaged by the engines. This rampart, not solid, like the wall, but softer and more yielding, that it might better resist the battering ram, and break the violence of its strokes, was constructed by placing parallel rows of timber, each beam being secured at the end to that next to it, and having strong tie beams to keep them together, while the interval was of earth filled in and rammed well together, until the whole rampart, although made more compact and solid by each stroke of the ram, was yet sufficiently yielding to lessen the violence of its shock. At the command of their general, who saw at once the advantages and disadvantages of this new defence to the besieged, the Roman army hurled against it great quantities of lighted firebrands, when taking fire from end to end, it threw up a tremendous flame, which, blown by the wind directly in the direction of the besiegers, for some time threatened the destruction of their own engines. After a time, however, the wind suddenly shifted to the opposite direction, when the flame, now blown directly

upon the rampart, burnt it entirely to the ground. The Romans, willing to read in their favour the hand of heaven in this event, now determined the next morning to storm the fortress, and, in the meantime, they remained on their post, with redoubled vigilance, to prevent any of the garrison from escaping.

They waited with impatience for the morning, and with the first streaks of day issued out of their intrenchments, and having planted their scaling ladders as if prepared for a deadly conflict, rushed forward to the assault. To their amazement they met no where any enemy to encounter, nor did they find in any part of the fortress anything but fire, solitude, and silence. Suspecting, however, that these appearances foreboded a feint or an ambuscade, they rent the air with a great shout, and called upon their adversaries to quit their hiding places and come out and fight like men. No response was made to this call, but as its last echoes died away, two females, pallid and woe-begone as spectres, emerging from a hollow in the ground, approached and related to them this story:

"After the burning of the last rampart Eleazar," said they, "assembled the bravest of the garrison, set before them the consequences of a surrender, drew a dark picture of the misery of bondage, and apprized them what

he had resolved to do. 'When to-morrow's sun shines,' he said, 'his beams will only shew the darkness of your fate; and the privilege of dying with those who are dearest to you will then be no longer yours. The enemy whom we can no longer resist, and who already glories in the hope of taking you alive, cannot yet prevent your escaping him by a self-inflicted death. Jehovah, who has ceased to love our nation, has visibly declared against us. We are condemned and accursed, else would he not have suffered Jerusalem to fall, nor us, the last of our race, to be crushed under the feet of the destroyer. As soon as we sought its protection this impregnable fortress became no longer impregnable. Its arms and stores, heretofore so serviceable, have failed us. Even the flames which threatened our assailants, were miraculously turned upon ourselves. It is evidently not the enemy—not man, but heaven that has vanquished us.'

"'But if it be our guilt that has brought upon us these woes, let not the Romans be the instruments to execute the Divine wrath, let our own hands offer the sacrifice. Thus shall our wives escape outrage, and our children servitude; while we shall die like freemen, and win a glorious sepulture. But to disappoint the cupidity of our enemies, let us first destroy the fortress and every thing it

contains, except the provisions which we will leave untouched, to show that it was not famine which reduced us, but that we died because we preferred death to slavery.'

"When Eleazar had ended this speech, many of his hearers at once appoved of his resolution, and were ready to share it, but others moved with compassion for the objects most dear to them, showed by their silence and tears, their hesitation to take part with their commander. Eleazar observed this, and fearing that the hesitation of some might infect the rest, he enforced his appeal with more energy and greater eloquence than before, reminding his hearers of the glorious immortality of such as died for their country; and with a look of reproof towards the waverers, he said 'we are born to die, but let us at least so die that we may live for ever.' This second appeal so aroused the general enthusiasm, that the whole assembly burst into loud acclamations approving Eleazar's resolution; and instead of shrinking from the cruel sentence on those most dear to them, each now in fear of being anticipated, seemed only anxious who should be the first to execute the dreadful purpose of their commander. Husbands were now seen one moment embracing with the utmost tenderness, their wives and children, and the next moment stabbing them to the heart. A sad necessity seemed to

impel them to this dreadful step, as the only means of escape from still greater miseries. When this scene was over, its actors ardently longing to rejoin their slaughtered victims, heaped all their riches together, and setting them on fire, consumed the whole in one great pile. After which the garrison having chosen by lot out of their number ten men who should kill the rest, each of these last grasping the bodies of his slaughtered family, bared his throat to the executioners, and fell dead by their swords. When these ten had slain all the rest of the garrison, they chose by lot one of their number to kill the other nine, and this man having accomplished his task fell upon his own sword and perished, the last survivor of nine hundred and sixty persons who thus immolated themselves at Masada. 'And we,' added the women, in conclusion, 'with five children, who are still in that drain, whither we all fled to conceal ourselves, when the scene of confusion was at its height, have alone survived to tell the fate of our companions.'"

The Romans for a time refused to give credit to this extraordinary relation. They discredited the exalted patriotism it implied in their Jewish enemies, and they suspected that the whole story was intended to cover a surprise. But after they had extinguished the fire and penetrated into the palace, they no longer doubted its

reality, for there they actually beheld the bodies of the victims, grim and ghastly, ranged in long files, and each lying where he fell. Such a conquest, and such a spectacle checked the pride of victory, and raised in the minds of the victors instead, an admiration of the valour, heroism, and contempt of death, manifested by the vanquished.

The walls, forts, entrenchments, and other siege works, which the Roman general, of whose name I find no mention elsewhere, threw up around Sebbeh must have been of great extent, as is evident from the remains of them which may still be traced. How long the siege endured we are not told, but as Masada did not fall for three years after Jerusalem, and, as we have seen that its strength was great, its garrison resolved, and that its circumvallation must have been tedious and extensive, we may probably infer that the siege lasted for at least more than a year. The fall of Masada happened on the fifteenth of the month Xanthicus, (which answers to our April) in A. D. 73. History is continually reproducing herself. "Go thy ways," says Florus, writing of another ancient city of the west, which encountered a similar fate to Masada, "go thy ways, O thou most valiant city of the world, and in mine opinion most happy withal, in the very worst that happened upon thee, seeing that for protection of thy

friends, thou didst defend thyselfe, with thine own hande, and for soe long a time, against that people which had all the earthe to backe them, and to lead them on. To conclude, the city which was thus taken by Scipio, the greatest captaine under heaven, left nothing of itselfe for the enemy to rejoyce in over it. For there was not a man of all Numantia left alive to be trayled in chaines; spoyle and booty there was not any, their armour and munitions were burnt, and so all the tryumph which could bee had was over a name alone."

And writing of another western city, which in our own days in some sort imitated Masada, the poet sings —

"Then Zaragoza blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honour due,
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung
Of faith so fully proved, so firmly true.
Mine, sap and bomb thy shattered ruins knew;
Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe withdrew.
And when at length stern fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

Shall we admire the heroism of Saguntum and Numantia,

and withhold our admiration from the Jewish defenders of Masada?*

But it is time to return from this digression. As I looked from the top of Sebbeh, in the direction of En Gedi, which was to be our next halt, and which was still four hours distant, the place in this clear atmosphere seemed quite near. We therefore set off in good spirits to descend the mountain, and after a detour, which occupied an hour or more, along narrow and dangerous ledges upon the shelving sides of the hills, we emerged upon the plain, and regained our horses, whose backs we found an easy seat after our late climb and subsequent descent. After we had ridden for several hours, and when I thought we must be near our halting place, I dismounted, and giving my horse to the mukary who was waiting for Mr. Hunt, whom some partridges had drawn astray, I walked forward alone. On my left were the frowning rocks of En Gedi rising to the height of two thousand feet or more without a blade of grass, and steep as a wall, from which the sun's rays came

* In 1826 there was published in 12mo. a vol. of poems called The judgment of Babylon, the siege of *Masada*, and other poems. but I have been unable to meet with the book.

back, reflected with tropical heat, and loaded with a most disagreeable odour of sulphur and bitumen. To escape from this atmosphere I retreated as near as I could to the shore, but here I found no relief; for while the smell was not less, the slippery shingle shifted under my feet, and the withered stems, roots, and branches of trees which the sea had brought down from the Jordan, lay like rack upon the beach drying and blistering in the sun, and only encumbering my path. There are neither algæ nor shells on these shores, which have consequently neither the look nor the smell of the sea. Tired of my walk I determined to await the coming up of my horse, and for that purpose and to avoid the heat, I retreated towards a cave on the hill-side, possibly that cave in the wilderness of En Gedi, where David found shelter when retreating from Saul.* But the cave burning like an oven, drove me back again to the beach, where I sat down by a tamarisk bush, and imagined myself sheltered by its shade. This is the only tree on these shores which the traveller may approach without fear, for every other plant and shrub, from the withered netsch to the nubbock with its ivy leaves, is armed with thorns and spikes, that tear and rend the

* I. Sam. xxiii. 29.

flesh. Once as I rode without stooping under an acacia tree, which was now in flower and giving out odours, its double thorns caught my head, and I was glad to compound for my scalp with no worse loss than a few locks of hair. This I think is the Shittim or Shittah tree of Scripture, which was used in building the tabernacle. It is certainly the tree in whose branches a pigeon is said to have made its nest and laid its eggs, and over which a spider wove its web, to mislead the pursuers of Mahomet, when he was hid in the cave on Mount Thor.

En Gedi which had seemed so near, still mile after mile mocked us with hope. We knew that water was abundant there, and untaught by yesterday's experience we had neglected to bring any with us. In this tropical climate evaporation is rapid, and thirst sudden; I tried in vain to allay the latter by thinking of the fountain at En Gedi. I had been told that this fountain was among a tuft of trees high up on the mountain side; and I had determined after my repeated disappointments, not to believe it until I saw the water. What then was my delight, when upon coming within two hundred yards of the foot of the mountain, the sound of a running stream coursing and careering over a bed of pebbles, struck upon my astonished ear. Such a sound would be grateful in a rural scene in England;

it was perfect music here. Men and horses quickened their pace at the sound, in a few moments the horses were in the stream with their bridles on their necks, and we were stretched on the bank and drinking the water as it flowed. For a time the sound and sight and taste of water *intoxicated* us. Well indeed does this stream, the first that we had seen — not merely in the desert but in all Judea — deserve the name of the Diamond of the Desert, which has been applied to it by the Arabs, and adopted by Sir Walter Scott in the "Talisman."

But the real spring of En Gedi, which was on the hill-side, had still to be reached. And towards it we now set out up the bare and desolate side of the mountain, by a narrow path whose steepness prevented us from going fast, while a file of camels ascending before prevented us from going faster. Some of us dismounted in order to let the horses toil up without a rider, but not appreciating this self-denial as they ought, they occasionally wandered from the path, nevertheless our servants, by talking to them in horse Arabic, managed to recal them without using chastisement.

"But time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

And after toiling up the steep ascent of En Gedi for more than six hundred feet, we came instantly, and as it were by magic, from a desert to a grove of tamarisk and butm trees, near which the fountain of En Gedi, or the spring of the kid, welled from the earth clearer than crystal, and then leaping forward in its rocky channel, gladdened both the eye and the ear, and the imagination more than either. Our carpet was quickly spread under a large butm tree, and we ate our repast to the music of some song birds, which here, in the oasis of the desert, we heard for the first time in Judea trilling their melodious lays. The songsters had their home in the trees above us and around us, and in the belt of tall reeds and water plants which fringed the brook by which the water hastened on its course. When an Arab calls his love "a tall reed" and "a rose of the soul," the allusion is to these reeds, which resemble bamboos, are sixteen or eighteen feet high, are very graceful when in flower and are used by the Bedouins for the shafts of their spears. When Rabshekah arrogantly bade the ministers of Hezekiah warn their master not to trust in Egypt, for that it was the staff of a bruised reed "on which if a man lean it shall go into his hand and pierce it," he must have alluded to a reed of this

giant kind.* That mock sceptre which the soldiers placed in our Lord's hand was probably of the same kind. There were growing amongst the reeds the two other fruits which dispute with the *colocynthus* the right to be called the apples of Sodom. One of these was the *Solanum melongena* or mad apple, a fruit which resembled very much, only that it was larger, the apple of the potatoe, and the other was the osher *Asclepias gigantea*, a splendid looking fruit, in shape and size like a lemon, but filled with nothing but silken fibres, brighter and more slender than needles. It grew in clusters of three, upon a tall graceful plant with fleshy leaves, and had certainly good looks to recommend it.

Our Jehalin guides being to leave us here, we allowed all of them to return home, except one, who remained to guide us to the Rascheidah, whom contrary to expectation we had not found encamped at En Gedi. We gave a small backsheish to each of them; but to Suleiman who had accompanied us from Hebron, and had won our esteem by his good temper, good humour and forbearance, I gave a clasp knife, with which I saw him shortly afterwards at the brook-side shaving the head of one of his companions—a purpose to which a clasp knife was surely never applied

* II. Kings, xviii. 21; Isaiah xxxvi. 6.

before. When Suleiman had done shaving his friend, I saw him resort to the brook and use a tooth-stick, so that the Bedouins take some pains to keep their beautiful teeth clean.

En Gedi, which was once a flourishing city, has now neither house nor inhabitant.* Where the Bedouins advance, houses, the landmarks of civilisation, disappear like footprints on the shore before the advancing tide. But I saw in and near En Gedi fragments of walls and masonry which showed where the city had been. From En Gedi we saw the Dead Sea in its whole extent, with the river Arnon entering it on the opposite side, and the scene, with the verdure of the *oasis* for its foreground, though desolate, was grand. After a convenient rest we set forward towards the tents of the Rascheidah, leaving Mr. Hunt to follow under the guidance of one of our servants as soon as he had transferred to canvas the glowing hues of the evening landscape. If these should in due time be reflected on the Academy walls, it will be only one of a thousand testimonies to the magic of his pencil. As we proceeded for some time after setting out over the

* The vineyards of En Gedi are mentioned in Solomon's Song, c. i. v. 14., and in the same place its clusters of camphire, supposed to be the henna plant *Lawsonia alba*, are also commemorated.

shoulder of the mountain, I imagined that we were again about to descend to the shore, but to my surprise we soon afterwards made a sudden turn to the west and proceeded up a gorge, with a mountain of fifteen hundred feet in perpendicular height towering directly before us at the end of it. "How," thought I, "shall we escape from this defile?" and I looked every moment to see some narrow outlet open to allow us egress, but my surprise and astonishment were extreme, when on arriving at the foot of the cliff, I beheld some camels hanging on its sides, almost directly over our heads, and the thought flashed across me that where they were we were to be. Happily the southern wall of the gorge threw its shadow over us as we began this dizzy ascent. We should have fared ill had the sun's rays, now enriching the opposite hill with light, fallen upon us. As it was we saw his radiance without suffering from his heat. The narrow track where we now found ourselves wound its sinuous course like a serpent in a multiplicity of short turnings up the mountain's face. Here and there a crazy wall of stones alone protected us, and our animals from a false step, which would have plunged us down a thousand feet below, a depth which it made us dizzy to think of. But at length we gained the summit, which was still bathed in light, and then riding on for an hour or more until the sun

had set we pitched our tents in the midst of a wilderness, without inhabitants, where in the course of an hour we were happily joined by Mr. Hunt.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27.

At seven o'clock this morning we were on our way to the tents of the Rascheidah, Salim, our remaining Jehalin leading the way as our guide. As he moved, with agile gait and airy step before us, he looked to us, who saw only his back with his kerchiefed head, and his sheep skin mantle, more like the elegant figure of a woman than a man. After riding four hours through the wilderness without meeting either a man or an animal of any kind, we came upon the camp of the Rascheidah. One of their tents was immediately prepared for us, the inmates were cleared out, and we seated within it, with Sheik Hello, the acting chief, and a number of his tribe crouching around us. They were disposed to be hospitable, baked and brought us hot unleavened bread, butter of a greenish yellow colour, cheese white as chalk and nearly as hard, and water in the rudest of wooden troughs, and we purchased from

them some fowls and eggs. Whilst we were in the tent, the children crowded about us with respectful deference: and one little negro boy, with three segmental cicatrices on each cheek, and with hair cropped close every where but on the crown, taking my hand stooped down and reverently kissed it, upon which I drew him gently towards me and stooping down kissed his hand in the same way, which sent almost all the tribe who witnessed it into convulsions of laughter. There are strange fashions prevailing in the world, some people pierce their noses, and some their ears, some slit their lips, and some tattoo their faces; but this poor little negro's gashes were the marks which bondage had put upon him when he was made a slave.

We were upon the very point of concluding a bargain with the tribe to conduct us to Jericho and the Jordan for two hundred piasters, when Sheik Nusrallah, the real chief of the tribe, suddenly returned from an absence, and as suddenly made his appearance in our little parliament. He was a remarkably handsome dark complexioned man of thirty-five, with a Grecian face, an eagle eye, and rather a savage expression of countenance. He was richly dressed in a silk robe, stood much upon his dignity, and seemed fully conscious of his personable appearance. Our negotiation now re-commenced, and while it was going on

Mr. Hunt sketched the sheik's portrait as he sat before us. His followers, who instantly recognised the likeness, were in exstacies with it, but the sheik standing upon his dignity merely took the portrait in his hand, looked at it for a minute, and then, to my great satisfaction, handed it back to the artist, who brought it away with him as one of the spoils of the desert. The sheik valued his services like himself at a high rate, and demanded six hundred piasters instead of two for conducting us to Jericho and the Jordan. When he saw that these terms would not be listened to, he afterwards intimated his willingness to reduce them, but there seemed to us such bad faith in his repudiating the bargain, begun and so nearly concluded by his vice-sheik in his absence, that we thought it only justice to future travellers to decline his services altogether, and, mounting our horses, we therefore bade Sheik Nusrallah adieu, and, with Salim for our guide, rode on to seek the tents of the Tamareh. We rode for another five hours through the wilderness, and in the afternoon found the tribe encamped in a valley with a circle of low hills surrounding it. It is better always to go to the fountain-head than to the stream which flows from it; here therefore we went at once, not to the deputy but to the true sheik, and with him, after the usual waste of words, we agreed for three hundred piasters

to conduct us with as many or as few men as he pleased, not only to the Jordan and to Jericho, but to Jerusalem. When the bargain was concluded, he sent us a lamb as a present, which we shall remember in the backsheish. The Tamareh have much fairer complexions than the other Bedouins. The legs of these want calves, and taper gradually from the knee to the ancle. I once knew a poor man in Cheshire with the same peculiarity, who went to the charitable lady who used to knit his stockings, and desired her not to knit them with calves, because he had *none*. This considerate hint might have been adopted by the Jehalin and the Rascheidah, if they ever wore such articles, as stockings. But the Tamareh have well formed calves, and if the other Bedouins are more agile and active, the Tamareh, who are said to be the braver, must I think certainly be the stronger men. To account for their fair complexions, they have been said to be the descendants of king Sihon's ancient people, and certainly they inhabit the district where the Amorites may with most probability be placed.*

There was a great noise in the camp to-night, evidently the result of a violent quarrel among some of its inmates.

* Well's Geography, I. 141.

There is no place where discord and dissension will not intrude. I once observed to an old lady in Cheshire, that her beautiful village must be a happy place to live in. "It would be," she said, "if we could only keep the devil out of it." I suspect that there were other cloven hoofs besides their flocks and herds in the Tamareh encampment to-night.

When the quarrelling was over, the children sang or chaunted some Bedouin airs in chorus, which they probably meant for music, but if so it was certainly monotonous and melancholy.

Every Frank is a hakim in the desert, and not a few cases curable and incurable were submitted to us during our stay with the Tamareh. One man had been shot through the body with a musket ball in a fight with a neighbouring tribe. We gave him a recommendation to the hospital at Jerusalem. For some of the others we prescribed, giving them medicines, which, if they did no good, would at least do no harm.

The saying that "the poor shall never cease out of the land,"* is as true in the desert as in the city, and we had several sufferers by this social disease, who came to ask alms of us, in the camp of the Bedouins.

* Deut. xv. 11.

The Tamareh women were grinding corn during our stay, and all night long the low grating sound of their hand mills was constantly heard in the tent. Their curiosity to see strangers overcame their usual eastern repugnance to be seen, and many of them who came within a little distance from us without any covering either of the head or the legs, resembled the Arab women whom I had seen in Egypt.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

When we assembled this morning, we found the sheik and his party mustered and waiting for us. He and four of his people were on horseback, while five others were on foot, and all of them were armed. The sheik had a sword, and pistols, with a tufted spear sixteen feet long; and all the others had matchlocks half that length. As we had not bargained for so formidable an escort, and should have paid the same sum if it had been smaller, it was evident that the Tamareh really intended to fulfil honourably the bargain they had made, and meant to *guard* as well as guide us. The mounted

party galloped their Arab horses along the steep hill sides, where there hardly seemed room for a sheep track, turned and wheeled them suddenly round as easily as on a level plain, and all the while brandished and quivered their weapons, as if an enemy were in sight and they preparing for the onset. The whole party, both of foot and horse, although many of them, men of mature age, might have been taken for boys with beards, for they were "as full of spirit as the month of May;" talked, laughed, and acted, like lads released from school, and would have infused their spirits into us; but our morning's ride over the mountains of Judea, beneath a bright sky, and through air that invigorated like ether, needed no such contagious influence. Our escort wore turbans and not the Bedouin caphias. The mounted portion of them wore abbayes of blue, or striped blue and white; the footmen had merely white shirts and leather girdles, and the whole party wore sandals. Our first halt after leaving the encampment, was in a valley at the junction of several wadys, which was shut in by high hills, where the soil seemed very fertile, and would doubtless have yielded a grateful return to cultivation. Here there were large flocks of sheep and goats waiting their turn to be watered, and nothing could be more pastoral than the scene. The hard work of

drawing the water from the well was performed by a half-naked Arab, while the easier task of receiving it from him and pouring it into the rude stone troughs from which the cattle drank, devolved upon two women dressed in long blue shirts with capes depending from them behind. A little talk and a little gossip sweeten labour even in the desert, and there was not less talk or fewer talkers when we and our escort arrived, to increase the party, at the well this morning. We took a supply of water, and then bent our steps directly towards the Dead Sea. The road, which was at all times hilly, sometimes coursed along the steep and slippery sides of a flinty cliff, and at other times descended a hill side by a narrow path where a goat could hardly walk. But with all its disadvantages this ride was far preferable to our recent clamber over the rocky stairs by the Dead Sea. In half-an-hour from the well we came suddenly upon a small cemetery amongst the lonely hills, and our sheik halted for a few minutes before one of the tombs to commemorate or pay respect to a deceased friend. From the tomb we passed over a series of hills, from the highest of which the country, for a great distance round, looked like a billowy sea, where the giant waves caught at their greatest height, had been petrified before they could subside. Archytas, the great enumerator, would have been

puzzled to tell the number of these hills in an hour. Riding through one of the valleys, after we had been seven hours on horseback, we saw an antelope, *Antilope Dorcas*, the roebuck of Scripture,* at a little distance from us. Taking a matchlock the sheik galloped after it, and very shortly returned with the dead animal and presented us with it. Except that it had horns and not antlers, and that the horns diverged at the top like the sides of an ancient lyre, it had very much the resemblance of a deer. Unfortunately in compliance with Bedouin usage, originating out of that Jewish precept, "not to eat the blood of slain animals," he had entirely separated the head from the body before he brought it to us. If I had been near him when he killed it, I dare say I should have seen him comply with another precept from the same source, "by pouring the blood upon the earth as water, and covering it with dust."† Both precepts were designed to preserve the Jews from lapsing into idolatry; but while that people were strictly enjoined, for the same reason, not to slaughter their domestic animals intended for food, except at the door of the tabernacle, they were allowed,

* Duet. xii. 15. † Deut. xii. 16, and Levit. xvii. 13.

from the necessity of the case, to kill wild animals elsewhere, if only they observed the precaution to which I have alluded. When we were about to emerge from the mountains towards the shores, the sheik and his party halted, and each of them, as if to prepare for danger and enable him to wield his arms more freely, girded his flowing abbaye closely round the waist with a broad red leather girdle. Soon afterwards we began to descend towards the sea, and in two hours we reached the low sulphureous sand hills which in this part bound its shores. The earth here abounds with sulphur and nitre, both of which the Arabs collect in great quantities. This may be one reason why, notwithstanding the dryness of the climate, metals, and especially hardware, so readily tarnish and contract rust in it. Our horses sank above the fetlocks at every step in this light mealy soil, which, distressed them by increasing their labour, at the same time that it oppressed us by its heavy and sulphurous smell. But following our guides we rode on up steeps and down slopes, which would have astonished an English horse and his rider more. Two hours' ride over these hills brought us to a plain overgrown with low shrubs and brushwood, and where the air, swarming with insects, was heavy and miasmatic. One

of the shrubs was thickly loaded with a fruit of the colour, shape, and size of a large damson plum. It was, I think, the wolf's grape of the Arabs. There were nubbocks in abundance, and the mad apple which I have mentioned before, and which the Arabs call Limun Lut, the limes of Lot, because, as they say, they were limes before Lot cursed them for the wickedness of the people. The salt plants, which were here in abundance, are burnt into kelp for the use of the glassmakers at Hebron, and the soap manufacturers at Jerusalem.

I should not like to be long confined to the atmosphere of this plain, which smelt of fever, and ague, and every evil thing. But bad as it was, a wild boar, with whose fat sides we would willingly have replenished our larder, seemed to like it well. He was feeding as Poins said of Falstaff, in his own *frank*, and though instinctively dreading other Franks as all Musulmen dreaded him, he clung to this, and to all our attempts to draw him from it he only grunted "*gammon*," and retreated further in to his thicket.

The Dead Sea, which well deserves its name, for it contains no living thing, neither insect nor animalcula, nor the traces of animal matter, while its heavy waters will float an egg one third of its length upright, now lay in its deep basin, and in its widest, and deepest part,

directly before us.* It is here about nine miles broad, and two hundred and eighteen fathoms deep. Its length from end to end is about forty miles, and its level six hundred and sixty feet below the lake of Tiberias, and one thousand three hundred and twelve feet below the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, between which seas the difference of level is but small.†

The mountains of Moab were now clothed in a sombre livery of dark blue, and the waters at their feet reflecting the sky, looked like a sea of opal; while some threatening clouds hung over the mountains, and a shower which was falling, interposed its thin, gauze-like veil between us and them, and at the time gave a fresh interest to their features. The way seemed long before we reached the

* Analyses of the water of the Dead Sea will be found in Lynch's Expedition 500, and in Bischoff's Chemical and Physical Geography, c. 6. 7.—The principal difference between its waters and the waters of the ocean, seems to consist in its greater quantity of solid matter, and its smaller proportion of chloride of sodium. This latter circumstance may be one cause why its waters are more acrid than the ocean.

† The best map of the Dead Sea will be found in Lynch's work. M. De Saulcy's work is not to be relied on, for he has given Mr. Lynch's map reduced in size, without reducing the scale. The difference of level between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, is not more than thirty feet.

grey mist which hung over the Jordan, and which marked its course almost as plainly as the fringe of oleanders, willows, tamarisks, agnus castus,* and tall reeds that grew upon its banks. The ruins of Casr Jala, the castle built by the Saracens, and the ruined convent of the Baptist, stand on the shore at no great distance from the river. So little daylight remained when we reached the stream, that we lost not an instant in stripping and rushing into it; which after the bitter, smarting, pungent, and heavy waters of the Dead Sea, was sweetness to the taste, and balsam to the skin. Like many an Alpine stream in Europe, the river has the appearance of muddy milk, but the water settles and is soon clear in a glass. If Abana and Pharpar were clear and pellucid streams, *that* might be one reason why, in comparison with them, Naaman, the Syrian, so rashly despised the Jordan. It was here about forty yards broad, several yards deep, and was running with a current of more than four miles an hour. We had hardly

* *Vitex agnus castus*, a species of willow with long elegant stems, of which the pilgrims make wands. It is said to be called *agnus* because it is downy like a lamb's fleece; and *castus* because the matrons at the feast of Ceres lay upon its leaves and flowers. A writer in the Ency. Met. xvi. 367, has fallen into the mistake of supposing it the castor oil plant, and that the oil is extracted from its seeds.

bathed and dressed before night swept over the plain, and we had to make our way in the dark across its trackless waste to Jericho, distant about five miles off. Before we had proceeded half the distance, there was a wail in the air as of a coming storm; then the wind blew, the rain came down in torrents, the lightning flashed incessantly, and the thunder roared simultaneously with it. I had had much trouble even before the storm, in keeping up with one of the Tamareh, who was close before me, nor should I have been able to do so, if he had not been mounted on a white horse, which I could distinguish when other objects were invisible, but when the lightning came, it was so vivid that after each flash I was blinded for a time, and I then found the difficulty of keeping my guide and his white horse in view extreme. The Turkish soldiers at Jericho, with a considerateness as unexpected as it was unusual, had hung out a light from their tower, said to have been once the house of Zacchæus, which had enabled our guides to steer more directly across the waste, but when we reached the tower drenched with the rain, and impatient to get under shelter, the soldiers who said there were robbers abroad, stopped us, and would not allow us to pass until they were satisfied of our honest intentions, hence it seems that the place has not lost the ill name it had in the time

of the good Samaritan. This interruption ended, we were glad to find ourselves where so many people are often sent by others' wishes and against their own, in Jericho, and doubly thankful in such a night as this to reach the shelter of our canvas home.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29.

To-day we are at Jericho, the scene of many wonderful transactions, and of some of the most memorable recorded miracles connected with the Holy Land. It was here that the mysterious captain of the Lord's host met Joshua.* After the passage of the Jordan by the Israelites, Jericho was their first conquest, and at the blast of their rams' horns, more potent than the most dread artillery, its walls crumbled down, and a curse was pronounced upon the city, which was still in force when, five hundred years after, Hiel attempted to rebuild it.† It was in the clay of Jericho that Solomon cast the vessels of the temple. At the brook Cherith, near Jericho, Elijah was fed by the ravens, and here, as he

* Joshua v. 13. † Joshua vi. 17. 26.; I. Kings xvi. 34.

passed towards the Jordan to be carried to heaven in a chariot of fire, the sons of the prophets besought Elisha to stay him. Here Herod the Great had a palace, and here, feared by all, beloved and regretted by none, the tyrant died. From Jericho may be seen the Quarantana, which is said to be the mountain where our Lord fasted forty days and forty nights. In our Lord's only recorded visit to Jericho, he cured Bartimæus of his blindness, and brought salvation to the house of Zacchæus. Jericho is now a dreary monument of the withering nature and enduring power of the prophecy so long ago pronounced against it. Its population consists of not more than a hundred inhabitants, who live in mud huts so low and miserable, that I had passed and re-passed them many times this morning before I perceived that they were inhabited, while the country round, which, in the time of Josephus, was furnished with curious gardens and thick groves of palm trees, is only now remarkable for its wildness and desolation.

In our bargain with the Tamareh we had said nothing of our wish to halt on the Sunday, but as it was our desire to do so, we called the sheik to our council this morning and proposed it to him, with our reasons for it. The sheik, a devout man, and a religious observer of the stated hours of prayer and the other observances of his own religion, entered

most cordially into our views, and at once consented to remain the day with us at Jericho. Our social altar was, therefore, set up under canvas walls, beneath a spreading fig tree, such as Nathaniel once used for a like purpose, in the place where many a similar altar has been erected since Joshua first planted the standard of Israel upon it. We had morning and evening service in the tent with the doors open, and our Moslem attendants looked in respectfully as they passed, but did not otherwise intrude upon us. After evening service I left the tent, and was walking towards the fountain of Elisha, which was about a quarter of a mile off, when the sheik of the Jericho Arabs met me, and told me that I must not visit the fountain without his permission, whereupon, I referred him to the Tamareh, who had undertaken to take us to it. He said that *even* they had no right to go there, and he should oppose my going. As I knew the fountain was not enclosed, and believed that he had no right to interfere with any one visiting it, I told him that I should go, and would risk his daring to interrupt me. Mr. Hunt, my son, and I then set off in the way to the fountain, towards which we had walked about half way, when one of the Jericho Arabs, and one of our own Tamareh overtook us, and under the show of their joint protection, we visited the fountain without molestation.

We understood on our return, that some coffee bestowed by the Tamareh upon the Jericho sheik and his people, had conciliated the latter, and thus the beverage which keeps the senses awake, had sent their resentment to sleep. The fountain we had gone to visit is the spring whose waters Elisha miraculously changed from bitter to sweet by casting in salt.* The water which is now deliciously clear and sweet, breaks from the earth through a bed of gravel, in a multitude of jets, and then hastens away overshadowed by some fig trees, through a channel of bright pebbles, among which it makes music as it goes. It seems at some time to have been enclosed with walls, but, like every other work here, the walls are now in ruin.

Among the people whom curiosity brought to our tent this evening, came the owner of a black slave, a man about forty years old, whom he offered to us for sale at the *large* price of one hundred piasters, or sixteen shillings and eightpence. I had no inclination to become a dealer in human bones and sinews; if I had, and had bought this man, whose vacant look proclaimed his wits "more rare than fly brains," as the Arab proverb has it, I had been *sold* as well as he.

* II. Kings ii. 19, 20, 21.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30.

HAVING to return to Jerusalem to-day, we were up and ready to mount at sunrise, but the rain was falling fast, and the Arabs were talking faster, and the latter seemed likely to outlast the former. Anything, everything, or nothing, serves these people for an occasion of talk, which it was sometimes amusing, but always a waste of time to listen to. This morning, Nicolo, Mr. Hunt's servant, who had a voice of five-Arab power, put an end to the colloquy by pronouncing in his deep diapason, the command to mount and set forward. We rode for a time over that plain of Gilgal, now covered with underwood, where Joshua pitched his first camp on this side Jordan; where the manna which had hitherto accompanied the Israelites ceased to fall; and where he set up the twelve stones as a memorial of their passage of the river. In one cleared space was the Necropolis of the present city, a necessity which the half lifeless place, though it have neither mosque nor minaret, nor imaum, cannot ignore, and has met in a manner more becoming than many cities of greater name. Who would not rather his own and his friends' remains crumbled to dust surrounded by shrubs and wild flowers,

than in the crowded and busy haunts of a modern city? After riding for twenty minutes through the brushwood, we suddenly came upon a handsome and lofty aqueduct with pointed arches, eleven of which, but not all of the same size, are still standing. The sight of such a building in such a place was an unexpected and agreeable surprise. It was built in former times, when there was more life in Jericho, for conveying water from Ain Duk to some sugar mills which were once here, but which, although the climate is well suited to the cane, are here no longer. Very shortly afterwards we crossed the bed of the brook Cherith, and began to ascend the hills. Clouds floated in heavy masses over the Dead Sea, and here and there their skirts hung down like folds of drapery, until they almost touched the sea, whose colour varied from a dark green on the east, to the colour of a leek on its western shore. The thunder rolled, and everything portended a coming storm; but I thought these were only the usual elements of the place, and that a good courage and a good steed would soon carry us beyond their region. On we marched therefore over swelling hills, sometimes along their steep and slippery sides, over strata of flint alternating with limestone rock; at others, skirting precipices of loose shifting sand, by paths so narrow that a single false step would have left

no room for repentance, and would have been inevitably fatal. Some of the hills had a complete vesture of gush, a grass of a green and yellow colour, which gave their sides a rich appearance, and would have been highly relished by cattle; but for many a mile we saw neither these nor their owners. No bird carolled a cheering lay, and we heard not a voice but our own. Yet even in these solitudes there was a city of the dead. In the middle of one great wilderness we passed a Mahometan cemetery, where each grave was marked only by a few simple stones placed one upon another, no inappropriate memorial of the wreck of mortality in a place where nature seemed in ruin. In two hours from Jericho, on the top of a high hill which we passed is the mosque of Neby Mousa, or the grave of Moses. Scripture is express not only that the great leader and law-giver of Israel died and was buried in Moab on the other side of Jordan, but that "no man knoweth his place of sepulchre unto this day." But the Mahometans wanted a place of pilgrimage which should be all their own, and so, complying with the suggestions of our fallen nature, which everywhere and under all systems is still the same, they repealed the Scripture account, and substituted a story of their own. They say that the body of Moses was removed here from Moab, and the place of his re-interment revealed

to one of their santons in answer to prayer, and it has ever since been a place where, at certain seasons, great numbers of Mahometan pilgrims resort. The mosque and the minaret which crown the hill are handsome buildings, and have a sort of Khan attached to them, where the pilgrims are housed; but like everything here the whole fabric seems to stand in need of repair. One or two persons reside here to keep the mosque, who proclaim the hour of prayer to the desert where there is none to hear it, with as much regularity as in the crowded city. Within sight of Neby Mousa, upon another hill about half a mile from it, is "the tomb of the shepherd," a clean, solitary wely, under which its tenant sleeps in marble, beneath an alcove covered above but open at the sides, where a Christian pilgrim, on whom the doors of Neby Mousa are closed, might find an excellent resting place if benighted in these wilds. One part of our route this morning abounded with scorpions, and one of them had the honour of dying in a novel manner, for the sheik, when he saw me anxious to secure it for a specimen, rode up and transfixed it on the point of his spear These reptiles have a bad name in Arabic proverbial wisdom, "you may sleep," say they, "with a serpent, and if it love you, wear it for a necklace, but beware of the scorpion." In some parts too the sandy

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soil was honey-combed with the burrows of the Jerboa, supposed to be the mice alluded to by Samuel.* Every now and then, through breaks in the mountains, we caught glimpses of the Dead Sea, which, like other seas, changed colour like a chameleon, and was now green in the sunshine, and now dark as indigo, under a lowering cloud. In one solitary part of our ride, we met a Bedouin woman removing to a new abode. Two asses sufficed to carry her tent, its poles, herself, and all her household goods.

At the end of four hours we came to a ruined reservoir, from which we began to ascend a mountain side. The ascent continued until we reached a sight novel in this country, a wide well-made road which a mountain bounded on one side, and on the other a strong wall, which was the only fence between the road and a most frightful rocky gully, the most precipitous and the most remarkable I ever saw in my life. It was not, I think, two hundred yards across at the top, while it was four hundred or more feet in depth, and its walls of flint rose almost perpendicularly on each side. Its course was not straight but winding like the coils of a serpent, with the Kedron rolling at the bottom. The adamantine walls of this gorge, once "the valley of

* I. Sam. vi. 4.

the hermits," and one of those retreats probably which are alluded to in the epistle to the Hebrews,* is pierced with vast numbers of caves, which some have supposed to have been the abodes of the Essenes, the predestinarians of the Jews, before it became the resort of Christian hermits. About the beginning of the seventh century Chosroes, king of Persia, is said to have martyred vast numbers of Christian recluses in this valley.

All honour to the monks of Mar Saba for the road we are now upon, for it is they who have made it as the approach to their monastery, a proof that they are mending the country's ways, if not their own. Their secluded convent, near to which we had now arrived, overhangs the savage gorge along which we had been riding, and its architecture, in strict keeping with the scene, is more fitted for a fortress or a place of defence, than for a house of prayer. It is completely shut in by strong walls, and at one end like a warder's look-out, rises the high tower where Madame Pfeffer slept on her visit to the place, a lady not being allowed to enter the convent enclosure. We had brought with us a letter with a long address, in Romaic, from the Greek patriarch in Jerusalem to the archimandrite

* Heb. xi. 38.

of Mar Saba. With this missive in our hands we beat for a long time at the iron gate of the convent without receiving any notice, at length, however, a man who had reconnoitred us from the top of a high tower, demanded our business, and we shewed him the letter, whereupon a basket was swung down to receive it, and in a little while after it had been drawn up, the gate was unbarred, and with much courtesy we were ushered by a lay brother into the guest chamber, which had windows overlooking the wildest part of the gorge, and was a most enviable and enjoyable room for a student. It had a divan on three sides, a carpet on the floor, a groined roof, and altogether a delicious air of coolness and retirement. Here water in a basin and ewer, after the Turkish fashion, was brought us to wash in, and raki, fruit, bread, wine and water, were forthwith set before us for our refreshment. An interesting young monk and one of the lay brothers afterwards conducted us over the monastery. They shewed us the cave where St. Saba lived for fourteen years, and in which he died in 532. His tomb is a highly decorated circular building in the Greek style of art, but the body no longer inhabits it, for the Venetians, who in their dealings with this country seem, to have mingled a devotional spirit with their commercial enterprise, carried it off to Venice, where

on its arrival it was met by the doge and his nobles, conducted in state to St. Mark's, and there enshrined with more pomp than was ever paid to a *living* saint. These merchant princes were cosmopolites in selecting their saints, for while they took St. Mark from the Copts, they took St. Saba from the Greeks. It is to be hoped the dead saints agree better than good men of different faiths agree now, or St. Mark's will not be a very harmonious place of worship. The church was decorated still more richly than the tomb, and there were chapels to St. George, St. John of Damascus, and St. Gerasimus. The latter seems to have tamed wild animals to some purpose, for the pictures in his chapel represent him at the head of a file of lions, which are carrying burdens and yoked to wheel carriages, and obediently doing his bidding. I could have wished these pictures away for they detracted from the otherwise solemn character of the place. There was also an ossuary containing immense numbers of sculls, said to be the remains of the hermits martyred by Chosroes. But in such a place the convent itself is a greater wonder than its details. It has now thirty-five monks, and lay brethren in proportion. To my request to be allowed to see the library, my conductor answered that they had no books. The cook of the convent, who was as round as a hogshead,

and might have stood for three brothers at least, shewed by his appearance that maigre days did not come too often for him. Every part of the house was scrupulously clean. While we were going through it the bell rang for devotions, and its voice mingling with the rush of the Kedron and echoed down the sides of the valley, sounded like music.

At three o'clock we left the convent, and shortly afterwards passed a camp of Bedouins who, we understood, were the shepherds and herdsmen of the convent. It was a large encampment and looked like the others we had seen. A negro with the darkest face I ever saw, who was at the convent gate when we came away, I believe, belonged to this camp. When they had conducted us to the white stream of the Kedron, now swollen with the recent rains, we and our Tamareh parted, with mutual expressions of regard — they to return home, and we to proceed to Jerusalem. The way seemed long as it always does to those who are in haste, but we reached Jerusalem just in time to escape being locked out for the night, and with no accident or misadventure except that in passing En Rogel I was thrown at by a girl, to whom I had given no cause or provocation, with a stone which if it had hit me would have made me a martyr, without the merit of deserving it.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31.

Although the fatigue of my late journey and the prospect of the still longer journey to Beirut, which I am to commence on Thursday, disposed me to remain quiet to-day, I visited the girls' school, where the young Jewesses are instructed in knitting, sewing, and other needlework, under the care of Miss Cooper, a benevolent English lady. There were thirty-eight girls present, all of whom were seated in Eastern fashion round the large room in which the school is held. Good order and cleanliness reigned on all sides, and the pupils, with their dark eyes, dark complexions, and expressive Jewish features, were a striking sight. There is a prejudice existing here against teaching women to read, which arises out of the Oriental belief in their inferiority to man. The Jews in Jerusalem are strongly infected with it, and consequently these girls are not allowed to be taught either reading or writing. But they are instructed in needlework, hear the Scriptures read daily in the School, and must derive good from being thus brought within the softening influences of so much benevolent effort. From the school I visited an ancient excavation, called the tomb of the prophets, on the side of

the Mount of Olives. I sought for some time in vain for the entrance, and when at last I found it near the roots of a large olive tree, as we are ever in danger of making too rapid a descent to the tomb, so I had nearly fallen headlong into this. Cautiously descending to the bottom of its well-like entrance, I found myself in a vaulted chamber with galleries going round it, to which there were communications at intervals from the central chamber. In the outer gallery there were a number of receptacles for the bodies, disposed like rays from the centre. The tomb had been made with great care for "some prince in Israel," but unless the interments in this and similar tombs took place at rare intervals, or unless the bodies placed in them were embalmed, I cannot see how they could have been used for the dead without great danger to the living.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

WITHIN the last ten days I have seen civilization in its rudest and in its latest form—life in the city, and life in the wild—have been in Hebron, one of the very earliest cities, where there were merchants like the Midianites who

purchased Joseph —and have traversed the wilderness of Judea. While resting to-day in preparation for my bidding farewell to Jerusalem, and setting out on my long journey to-morrow, I propose to say a few words upon life in the desert.

Jabal, the son of Lamech, we are told, was "the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle," and Cain was the builder of the first city. If cities have the older, tents have the better pedigree, and yet the latter enjoy but the negative pre-eminence of having no evil recorded of *their* ancestor, while of Cain, who founded cities, nothing is recorded *but* evil.

The children of the desert, of whom there are numerous tribes and families inhabiting the wilds of Judea, are of middle stature, slender make, and light and agile figure. Their complexion is a swarthy olive, and their hair is dark and thin. They are fleet as a roe, very active, and live partly by the chase, but more upon their flocks and herds. Simple and abstemious in their dress and habits, most of their garments and all their tents are made or woven of the materials supplied by their flocks and herds, which also furnish them with milk, butter, and cheese, and occasionally, when they make a feast, with camel's or goat's flesh, or mutton, while water is their exclusive and

universal beverage. Their horses, which display more than canine sagacity, are held in especial favour. They stand picketed near their master's tents, and are treated with kindness and consideration which they repay by great affection and fidelity in return. The master talks to his horse, and the latter seems familiar with Arabic. Not long ago, an Arab and his steed not properly understanding each other, so well as they commonly do, the master after be-rating his horse in angry terms, so far lost his temper as to spit in his face. The horse, which had borne the scolding patiently, could not brook the insult of being spit upon, so he turned sharply round, threw up his heels, and kicked at his master.

A Bedouin encampment is generally pitched upon the side of some hill where—

> " ——— the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly,"

and where the ground gently shelves away, so as to throw the rain off easily. It is always in a neighbourhood where pasturage is to be found for the flocks and herds, which it is their chief business to watch and tend, and where there are no bad neighbours or enemies at hand to

annoy them. "By water," say the Arabs "every thing lives," and certainly in the desert, where no one travels more than a few miles without carrying with him a supply of this necessary article, stored in a skin, as more convenient for packing, less liable to be heated than metal, and less likely to be broken than pottery, the consequences of the prophet's words, "he drinketh no water, and is faint," are emphatically present to the mind. In choosing the site of an encampment, this essential requisite is never overlooked, and wherever there are tents there is a well at hand. The dwellers in the tents read the stars in the vault of night, and know their names and numbers, but other reading and writing are arts not only unpractised, but in some sort open to suspicion amongst them. Abou Daouk could not read even the consul's letter, and, like an old friend of mine, who used to say that there were no books in Paradise, he and his followers probably thought that reading was not necessary to the enjoyment of life in the desert. It is as much his jealousy of writing as an implied distrust of his honour, that disinclines the Bedouin from signing his name or affixing his seal to a receipt for money. Burckhardt would have got into trouble by writing in the desert if he had not ingeniously asked the Bedouin, who discovered him

so employed, and who threatened him with punishment for it, "how they should have escaped their enemies if he had not employed himself in writing down prayers against them?" and Akil-aga-el Hassee refused either to sign or seal a receipt for Mr. Lynch, saying "the bar of iron may be broken, but the word of an honest man, never." The traditionary ballads of the desert, "the thousand-and-one nights," and the stories of love and war which they sing to native airs and accompany on a rude guitar, are the only literature of the Bedouins. They speak, as might be expected, in figures, and their language is often strikingly beautiful. One of them when asked how he recognized the being, attributes, and presence of Allah, replied, "there needs no torch to show me the sun." They are a gay and lively race, and appear either to live free from care or not to feel its burden. The same hospitality which distinguished the desert in the earliest times continues its distinction still, and an Arab does not withhold it even from his enemy. A Bedouin-wife having unconsciously given sustenance at her tent door to her husband's foe, the husband told Ali Bey that, though he should probably have slain his enemy had he found him near his tent, yet he should never have forgiven his wife had she omitted the rites of hospitality.

No one has more eloquently set forth the habits and virtues characteristic of the desert than Syphax when, in answer to his monarch, Juba, prince of Numidia, who had been extolling Cato for his patient endurance of fatigue, self-denial, and stoic virtue, the aged minister thus drew in advantageous contrast the portrait of his countrymen—

"Believe me, prince, there 's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues;
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury."

But there are shadows in every picture, and the patriot Syphax has given the lights without the shades in his country's portrait.

Although Arcadian pastorals would persuade us that the only strife of shepherds and shepherdesses are their contests for the prize of melody and song; yet no two tribes of these wanderers live together in peace. Plunder is one of their household deities. Every shepherd carries a gun as well as a crook; and when he ploughs or reaps he wears a sword, while he drives the share or puts the reaping-hook into his scant harvest. Do we not here see the fulfilment of what was predicted, that Ishmael should be a wild man, and that his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him? or can we wonder, in circumstances like these, that Scripture contains so many allusions to the desolation of the desert? "I beheld, and there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled; I beheld, and lo! the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down."* In the desert, where one would least expect it, the social disease of poverty is not absent. We were often solicited for alms in the Bedouin tents, and every traveller has recorded instances of meeting their inmates in poverty and rags.

* Jerem. iv. 25, 26.

A wandering and a settled people mutually repel one another. Each points at the other the reversed pole of the magnet. Invariably in the new world, and very generally in the old, the nomade tribes disappear with the increase of civilization. In the vast American continent the red man every where recedes as civilization advances, and in new South Wales and many other parts of the old world, the aborigines are gradually melting away before the approach of their civilized brother. But this circumstance serves but to make the case of the Arabian tribes the more remarkable as a social phenomenon. I will not say that they are increasing, but they are spreading. Throughout all Syria the complaint is universal that the Bedouins are gradually encroaching on the settled inhabitants, and that village after village is being abandoned to them. Where they come, peace and her emblem, the olive, disappear; houses fall to ruin, trees die, their inhabitants, the song birds, grow mute, and cultivation becomes almost a name. In the single pashalic of Damascus more than one hundred villages have thus disappeared within a comparatively modern period.*

* Volney noticed the same thing as occurring in the pashalic of Aleppo in his day.

There is a strong tendency in the natural man, to become the redressor of his own wrongs. He loves the law of retaliation, and longs when deeply injured to slake his thirst for revenge. To correct this evil the Jewish lawgiver set apart cities of refuge and appointed an avenger of blood. But neither his authority nor the authority of "one greater than Moses," who has explained his seeming strictness, is acknowledged by the wandering Bedouin.* Among the children of the desert any descendant from a homicide, or from his father, grandfather, or more remote ancestor, may be killed by the relations of the person who has been either murdered or slain in fight. Our Tamareh escort had a reckoning of this sort with a neighbouring tribe who had killed one of theirs, and they told us they were on the look out for an opportunity to settle it. Happily it did not occur while they were with us, or we might have seen the account written off and balanced in blood. There are abundance of stories on this subject, and the following is related by Mr. Lynch—

"An Arab widower ran off with a married woman from the encampment before us, a most unusual crime among this people. In little more than a month the unhappy

* Numb. xxxv. 15. 28. Mat. v. 38. 39.

woman died. Knowing that by the laws of the tribes he could be put to death by the injured man, or any of his or the woman's relatives he might encounter, and that they were on the watch for him, and yet anxious to return he made overtures for a settlement. After much negociation the feud was reconciled on condition that he gave his daughter, with four hundred piasters, a camel, and some sheep to the injured man. A feast was accordingly given and the parties embraced in seeming amity. But the son-in-law brooded over his wrong, and one day seeing the seducer of his former wife approaching, he concealed himself in a cavity of the rock and deliberately shot him as he passed. Such is the Arab law of vengeance, in cases of flagrant breach of faith like this, that all, of both tribes, are now bound to put the murderer to death."

But these blood feuds are sometimes stanched by a money composition like the ancient weregild among our Saxon ancestors. Is not this instance, with others that have been mentioned, of the coincidence of eastern and western customs, an incidental proof of the common origin of nations from one stock?

Arabia, where the nomadic system had its origin in the days of Ishmael, and where it still exists in unbroken vigour, offers the rare example of a pastoral people

inveterately retaining their own customs, and successfully resisting the advances of civilization. Its vast territory owns the sway of the sheriff of Mecca, who—

> "Sits on his throne, upheld by old repute,
> Consent, or custom,"—

and rules his numerous tribes more by the power of opinion, than by the law of force. When I was in Egypt, the Abbé Hamilton, (a collateral of that Patrick Hamilton, Abbot of Ferne, the first Protestant martyr of Scotland,) had just returned from visiting this potentate of the "Shepherd kings" at Mecca, and he described him to me as a person of polished manners and most amiable character, just such a man as Mr. Lynch describes his brother, the Sheriff Hazza, who travelled with him.* The sheriff, who is the thirty-third in descent from the prophet, traces his pedigree back to the ancient princes of Arabia, about two hundred years B.C., and is by far the oldest legitimate monarch in the world who sits upon an hereditary throne. He receives a pelisse of honour from the sultan, and is nominally, but only nominally, in subjection to him.

* Exped. to the Dead Sea, 132. 382.

The people in the desert have no new arts, nor any improvements upon the old ones. They grind their corn in hand-mills turned by women, spin and weave cloth, and make butter and cheese *now*, just as they did in the earliest recorded times. We found the deserts of Judea, where Esau has broken the yoke of Jacob, and has now the dominion, occupied as they were in the time of Abraham, with the like flocks and herds, the like wandering population, and the like unsettled habits. Since that time Tyre and Sidon, Nineveh and Babylon, and I know not how many other great cities have risen and fallen; the laws of the Medes and Persians, despite their boast of being unalterable, have flourished and decayed, and mighty empires have cast their shadows over the world and departed like spectres, but the frail tents of the desert, which a breath may overthrow, have outlived the change which is stamped upon every thing human, and still remain to link the present with the past. Here, where mankind was cradled, society is still in its infancy. Can any sight be more wonderful than this, even in this country of wonders? But it requires a large tract of country to support even a small tribe of Bedouins, and these sons of the desert though they spread, do not increase. Their allowance of a plurality of wives acts as a check to population, which is

still more restrained among them by the little opposition they encounter from the settled but feeble Asiatics, whom they displace. What might have been the result had Asia not vanquished Europe in the battle of Hattin might form a fit subject for the historian of decisive battles. Some amount of antagonism and compression seem necessary to the increase of population among any people. The Bedouins are in danger of being conquered by the ease of their conquests, and even if they escape contact with the European element which now threatens them, the time which the prophet spoke of, though in a different sense, seems approaching with giant strides, "When all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away,"* in the deserts which they themselves have made.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

I WAS in the saddle this morning at seven o'clock, and having taken leave of my son, I shortly afterwards rode under the Jaffa gateway in company with a much valued

* Exod. xv. 15.

friend, who, like me, was going to Nablouse, but *un*like me, was going to take up his abode there. Skirting the city wall until we came to the Damascus road, and then riding along it to the hill of Scopus, I there turned round to take my last view of the Holy City from the place where Titus took his *first*. From this point Jerusalem has a commanding look, and we lingered a few minutes, with regret, in view of its walls, domes, and minarets, which we were so soon to lose, and then, turning our faces northward, rode forward on our journey. At Bireh, the ancient Beeroth, which is a little to the west of Michmash, and at no great distance from it, I saw about fifty yards of an ancient pavement remaining near the road, and as it was to Michmash that the Philistines came up with chariots to fight against Saul, and as it was said of Sennacherib, that "at Michmash hath he laid up his carriages"*—the occurrence of this pavement in such a place, where all the rest of the road is a mere uncared for track, is singular and noticeable. We halted at Bethel to give the horses water, and I asked the Arab peasants, who came to assist us, whether they had ever heard of the patriarch Jacob's wonderful dream at

* I. Sam. xiii. 5. Isa. x. 28. Solomon at a later period built chariot cities, but it does not very clearly appear where these were. II. Chron. i. 14, viii. 6, ix. 25.

this place. Of all others, this was a story most likely to recommend itself to their imaginative minds, but they all declared that they had never heard of it; and as there was no memory of the story, so neither is the pillar which Jacob set up, now remaining at Bethel. In other lands sculptured memorials of the patriarch's vision are not uncommon, and I remember in particular a beautiful sculpture of the subject in front of the Abbey Church of Bath. Near Bethel I saw more remains of the ancient pavement, and a milliarium lying prostrate near them.

In this neighbourhood were those two rocks which were witness to the daring of Jonathan, when he and his armour-bearer went up alone to smite the Philistines.* The wady Silwad, which we next passed, is a cultivated valley of olives and fig yards, which were superior to any I had yet seen, and appeared to repay the care bestowed upon them. Ain Haramiyeh, where our Saviour is said to have retired for a short time with his disciples, is a ruined well, in a romantic situation, which has obtained an ill name in modern times, from its being said to be the resort of robbers. Wady Tyrian beyond it, was rocky and picturesque, and wady Zeen, or the valley of figs, which

* I. Sam. xiv.

succeeded it, might have been the scene where Balaam's ass crushed its master's foot against the wall, for it was so narrow that two animals meeting in it could hardly pass each other. A little further on we passed Shiloh, where the ark abode before it was finally carried up to Jerusalem. Everywhere as we passed along, I noticed Mahometan welys on the hill tops, a relic of that heathen fondness for worshipping in high places, a practice into which the Jews so often fell, notwithstanding their repeated warnings against it. "Upon a lofty and high mountain hast thou set thy bed: even thither wentest thou up to offer sacrifice."* At Khan Lubban, where Judea ends and Samaria begins, the khan which gives the place its name, is in ruins; but at the well which is near, and which throws up an abundant supply of water, the women of the village were filling their water-skins, with which, slung over the shoulders, and further secured by a band crossing the forehead, they toiled back to their homes on the top of the hill, a labour which seemed too severe for forms so light and slender. Our road, generally so rocky and stony that it might have provoked the prophet's exclamation, "Shall horses run upon the rock," suddenly

* Isaiah lvii. 7.

improved at Khan Lubban, where the ground was covered with a carpet of wild thyme, balm, sage, and other sweet smelling plants, with the autumnal crocus flowering amongst them. We shortly afterwards entered upon the fertile but neglected plain of Moreh, which is mentioned in one of the earliest chapters of the Bible*—and I saw the village of Hawara, whose look is pleasanter than its reality, for it is inhabited by two rival factions, and experiences the ruin which usually befalls a divided house, for each faction by turns calls in the neighbouring Bedouins, who ravage and plunder the village at their pleasure.

The sun had now set, and though the moon was above the horizon her light was somewhat obscured by an intervening hill when we arrived at a point in the road which was known to be not far from Jacob's well. My friend and I therefore dismounted, and leaving the horses in the road, set off into the open country on our right to look for it. I was in advance and had gone two hundred yards from the road, and was scrambling over a broken fence looking as diligently for my object as the obscure light would allow me, when I heard an Arab calling out for his baroda or gun, and a female voice answering him. Not exactly understanding his meaning, nor liking what I did understand,

* Gen. xii. 6.

I asked my friend, who had a better Arabic ear and tongue than mine, to explain it; upon which he told me that the Arab took us for robbers and was ordering his wife to bring his gun to shoot us. My friend forthwith called out to the man not to waste his powder, for although not robbers, one of us had a double-barrelled gun and the other a five-barrelled revolver and he might therefore find his shots repaid with interest. He told him also that we were searching for Jacob's well, and that if he would come and show it us he might earn a backsheish, which would serve him better than it would *suit* either him or us to *shoot* one another. Presently afterwards the wife was heard speaking in soft accents to her husband, which I was sure meant us no harm, and in a few minutes he came up and offered to guide us to the place. The coroner's jury who sat upon a hypochondriac, whose death was the consequence of taking an overdose of medicine through a mistake in the pharmacopœia, found that he had died of a *mis*print. If I had been shot as a robber in consequence of my shortcomings in Arabic, the same jury might have found that I had died of a *mis*understanding. With the Arab's help, after scrambling over some ruins, we found the well, and sat down by its side, near to the place where our Lord sat while he talked with the woman of Samaria. The well is

still deep, as we ascertained by throwing in stones, but there is no water in it and its masonry is in ruins.

Joseph's tomb, which we passed at a short distance from the well, is doubtless the real place of the patriarch's burial. It is kept in repair by the Mahometans, who have made it a wely.

After our strange adventure at the well, we rode on for two miles or more, through a gorge between lofty hills, which by shutting out the moonlight, made the gloom of the evening seem still more gloomy. In our impatience to reach our quarters on arriving at Nablouse, whose five gates are happily not shut as in other Syrian cities at too early an hour, we entered the city by the first gate we came to. But after floundering about for some time in the dark streets, we were compelled by finding ourselves in a *cul-de-sac*, to retrace our steps and to re-enter at another gate; and after another series of flounderings, we at length alighted at the hospitable door of Halhil Azeem, a much respected native of Nablouse.

My journey of twelve hours on horseback to-day had been very severe exercise, and when my friend observed how much I was exhausted by it, he ordered coffee and a sheshah. Both were brought in with oriental state by slipperless attendants, and after sipping the coffee and inhaling a few

whiffs of the djebely, which acted like a sedative, I felt so revived, that in a very short time, I was able to give the Arab schoolmaster, who sought that aid from me, some lessons in English grammar as he sat at my feet, while I reclined on the divan, and in the course of an hour, I was able to go in search of the wonder of Nablouse, the ancient Samaritan pentateuch. I owe it to my friend, who was known and much respected at Nablouse, that I was visited by Salem, the high priest of the Samaritans, and by his eldest son Amram, who, at my friend's suggestion, consented to show me the pentateuch, even at this late hour. Fancy then a procession with fanouses and lanthorns, winding its way through the dark streets of Nablouse at ten o'clock at night, when everybody and everything but owls and antiquaries were in bed, and you will see us following with some attendants, the two priests; the one a venerable old man of seventy, with a grey beard, a turban, and flowing robes, and the other a hale man of fifty, who boasts through his father, an unbroken descent from that other Amram, whose son's potent rod—

"——— Up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind
That o'er the realm of impious Pharoah hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile."

This Amram had a face which reminded me very much of some of Rembrandt's portraits of rabbis in the temple. One public place lighted by our lanthorns as we passed looked Moorish and picturesque. In the centre there was an octagon basin in which a pattering fountain was playing, while all round the place, which was also an octagon in shape, were rows of handsome alcoves, where no doubt the inhabitants resort to smoke, and hear stories in the daytime. The synagogue, which we came to in due time, is a very humble structure reached by a flight of stone steps. There taking off our shoes and leaving them at the door, we followed our two conductors to the sanctuary, where they unlocked the depository of their treasures and produced the sacred manuscript. It was enveloped in the rich folds of a cover of scarlet silk, with Hebrew letters embroidered upon it in gold. The priests reverently unfolded it, and resting it upon its silver staves, exposed it to our view, and read to us the 23rd chapter of Leviticus relating to the day of atonement. It did not seem to me to be written on one consecutive roll like Hebrew manuscripts, but to be on skins fastened together upon some cloth fabric. In some places the writing was nearly effaced by much use, and in many places the manuscript was greatly worn, and had been carefully

patched and repaired. The high priest who read it to us, without being conscious that we did not understand him, told us that the language, and the character were both *ancient* Hebrew, and the very same in which the ten commandments were given upon Mount Sinai. The letters have certainly no resemblance to modern Hebrew. He told us also, what I daresay he believed, that this copy of the pentateuch was made only thirteen years after the children of Israel had entered the promised land. The preservation of such a manuscript whatever its age, by a people who are their enemies, "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," is a strong confirmation, if any were needed, of the genuineness of the Hebrew pentateuch.* The honour of first making known to scholars the existence of the Samaritan pentateuch, I believe, is due to Scaliger, but the ancient copy preserved at Nablouse was never seen either by him or any other scholar acquainted with the character of ancient manuscripts. Basnage thought, from the best evidence he could obtain, that this copy was not more than eight hundred years old, but I came to the conclusion from the style and appearance of the writing, and some marks of decay by age, that it was written about

* See an account of the Samaritans in Robinson's Palestine, v. III. 127 et seq.

a thousand years ago. It is in the true Hebrew character which the Jews used before they were carried away captive to Babylon, and was very probably made from a copy written about the time when Josiah restored the law. Nablouse, which I had an opportunity of seeing afterwards by daylight, is situated in a gorge between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, once the scene of one of the most awful transactions either in Jewish or any other history — for on one of these mountains six of the tribes were ranged to pronounce blessings on the keepers of the law, and on the other the six remaining tribes were placed to curse those who broke it.* The city, surrounded by gardens and plantations, which give it a rich look, has twelve thousand inhabitants. It is better built, has wider streets than any town I have yet seen in Syria, and its position is romantic and beautiful. Its ancient name was Sichem, and its present designation is a corruption from Flavia Neapolis, the name which was given it by Vespasian. For a long time the local government of Nablouse has been intrusted to one or other of the two great families of native proprietors, between whom unhappily jealousies exist, which have been followed here by the same consequences as have have been produced by the same causes at Hawara.

* Deut. xxvii. 12, 13.

Elijah and Elisha were both Samaritans. It is said that our Lord's miracle of healing the ten lepers was wrought near Nablouse, and we know that the grateful leper was a Samaritan, which might be one cause of the ready acceptance which the gospel found in Samaria, when it was afterwards preached there by Philip.*

Sæwulf, an early traveller, states that the order to behead John the Baptist was given here; and such is the veneration in which Mount Gerizim, is held by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that they pretend it was never covered by the flood. It was on this mountain that Jotham told his early and remarkable fable of the trees going to choose a king, the moral of which was seen when Abimelech overthrew the city of Sichem and sowed its ruins with salt.† At Nablouse, which is now a city of refuge to the Samaritans as ancient Sichem was to all Israel, Justin Martyr was born. The congregation of the Samaritans now in Nablouse does not number more than one hundred and fifty persons. The old priest made many inquiries after Dr. Wilson, the author of the "Lands of the Bible," who had spent some time in Nablouse, and for whom he evidently entertained a regard. The temple formerly standing on Mount Gerizim is in ruins, its sacrifices are interrupted, and the hour long since

* Acts viii. 5. 6. † Judges ix.

predicted has arrived, for neither on this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, can they worship the Father without the permission of their Mahometan masters.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

I WAS on the roof of my host's house this morning to see the sun rise upon Nablouse. As the sun rose, the city with its mosques, minarets, and palaces embosomed in gardens and vineyards, looked rich and beautiful. The accents of the twelve tribes are no longer heard sounding from its sentinel mountains, but with those mountains in sight, imagination is able to call up some faint idea of the solemn scene in which the Jewish people were then engaged.

At nine o'clock, having bid adieu to my excellent travelling companion of yesterday, I mounted my horse to pursue the rest of my journey alone. As I rode through the Bab-el-wad gateway, a great concourse of people were assembled "near the entering of the gate," just as it might have been when there were judges in Israel. From the remains of some ruined walls, which I saw outside the present city, I conclude that its circuit was once

of much greater extent on this side. For a mile or more, the road on each side was bordered by gardens of vegetables, and an abundance of vines, fig-trees, and mulberries. Water seems abundant here, and everywhere in this country when water is properly *husbanded* and married to earth, the union of the two elements proves ever most fruitful and prolific. When the gardens cease, the olive yards begin, and they continue for another mile. The trees in these olive yards seemed healthy and well-attended to, and in one of them there was a plantation of young trees. This neighbourhood seems more settled, and is evidently in the hands of some large hereditary owners, who are able to stand between the peasants and the government. When I had passed beyond the limit of the olive yards, there occurred a succession of water-mills; but the aqueducts that ought to supply them are in ruin, and they are consequently idle and silent, except when the heavens not only send rain, but do the work. From these mills, the road began to ascend towards Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, and after passing an old tower with a mill and a ruined aqueduct, I arrived on the summit of the hill upon which the city stands. The hill, which is very bold, commands a confined but beautiful view of the valleys towards the east, and on the west, the view is only bounded by the

Mediterranean. Samaria, which Isaiah calls the head of Ephraim, was bought for two talents of silver from Shemer, by Omri, King of Israel, who made it the capital of his kingdom in 925 B. C., and such it remained until the carrying away of the ten tribes. Ahab, it is said, built a house of ivory there, but we are not to understand of this or the ivory palaces mentioned in Scripture, that the walls or exterior were of ivory. Ivory was probably used in them to inlay the floors, ceilings, screens, or walls of the chambers, just as I saw it used in the palace of Ras ed Deen, except that in Ahab's house it might be in greater abundance. When Ahab reigned in Samaria, it was the scene of many of those solemn transactions in which Elijah and Elisha bore a part. In his time also it was besieged by Benhadad, king of Syria. It was again besieged by the same monarch in Joram, his son's reign. During the latter siege the distress, we are told, was so extreme, that the fourth part of a cab of *chick peas* (not as our translation erroneously has it, a cab of doves' dung) was sold for five pieces of silver. The city received its original name from Shemer, its proprietor. Herod the Great who rebuilt it, and placed here a colony of six thousand persons, after it had been destroyed by John Hyrcanus, gave it its present name in honour of Augustus

Cæsar. "He intended," says Josephus, "to make the city more eminent than it had ever been, and planned it no less for his own security than as a monument of his magnificence. The city, which had a circuit of twenty furlongs, was encompassed with strong walls, which he made still stronger by availing himself of the natural acclivities of the place. About the middle there was a sacred place a furlong and a half in extent, adorned with many decorations, and within this space he built a temple which was remarkable for its size and beauty. He adorned and decorated many other parts of the city also, and built in it a large citadel which, as well as the city walls, was made very strong, with a view to his own security."

The ruins remaining at Sebaste confirm the historian's account of its former greatness and magnificence. After I had traced the foundations of two towers, and had satisfied myself that the western entrance to the city had been there, my opinion received unexpected confirmation from an old Arab who was near, who told me that this had been the gate of the city, and that whenever it was shut or opened the sound was heard at Cesarea, the celebrated city on the coast, distant a day's journey from Sebaste. The bronze key which I brought away from Sebaste (and which I have since deposited in the Warrington Museum) of

course belonged to a much smaller gate than that which thus "grated harsh thunder" when it swung upon its hinges. Perhaps, however, there was more truth than at first there seemed in the story of Cesarea sympathising with the motion of the gate swinging on its axis at Sebaste, for the jealous builder of the latter might well keep sentinels within shouting distance of each other all the way between his two fortresses, and so an event happening at one would be known almost instantly at the other. Entering the city by this gateway, I came upon several series of Roman Doric columns of marble standing erect, but each series on a different level. All the columns had lost both their capitals and entablatures, and their bases were partly buried in the ground. In the first series of columns there was a double row of sixteen, which had intercolumniations of three yards, and a space of fifteen yards between the two parallel rows. In the second series there was a double row of ten columns. The same Arab told me that this had been the market-place—in other words, the forum—which I think is not an improbable opinion. In other parts I saw other columns standing erect without capitals, like headless palms in the desert mourning over the desolation around them. Some of these must have belonged to Herod's sacred enclosure and temple, or to some of those other

buildings mentioned by Josephus. One of these series consisted of eight columns, with intercolumniations of four yards wide, and another double row of ten columns, sixteen yards apart, had intercolumniations of two and a half yards in width.

These were only a few of the crowd of columns which still stand on their bases at Sebaste. One most beautiful pillar of porphyry was lying prostrate on the ground, and a diligent search would doubtless disinter some rich treasures of art at Sebaste. Near the eastern side of the city I saw two buildings constructed with bevelled stones in the ancient Jewish manner, remains, probably, of the ancient city which had survived the sack of Hyrcanus, and at no great distance from these there was a square fort built solid to a good height above the ground, which, as Josephus tells us, was another peculiarity of Jewish military architecture. But there was another building of different architecture, and constructed for a very different purpose from this. Its walls and masonry were of small stones neatly squared, it had round headed windows with zig-zag ornaments and early buttresses; and it resembled in its plan, shape, masonry, and architecture, a church erected in England at the period when the Norman mode of building was in progress of transition to the early English

style. This Christian church, built by the crusaders in honour of John the Baptist, is said to cover his remains; but as he was beheaded at Machærus, on the other side of the Dead Sea, it is hardly likely that his disciples, who "took up his corpse and laid it in a tomb," would originally deposit it here. If his remains were ever really in this church, they must have been removed here to be reinterred. Before I left the city, I asked the old Arab who had given me the two happy conjectures I have before mentioned, if he knew who was its builder, and he replied "Mashallah, how can I tell, when *even* my grandfather could not remember it."

As I proceeded from Sebaste the country continued to improve in appearance, presenting a favourable contrast to Judea which I had left. For some miles I rode over fertile plains, and through groves of olives, which were quite musical with the merry voices of the fellahs who were now gathering in the crop. When the olive yards ceased I entered upon a part of the great plain of Esdraelon, which was fertile but uncultivated. It was thickly grown over with a crop of gigantic thistles, and with the rose of Jericho, *anastatica hierochuntica*, the kaf Mariam, or Mary's hand of the Arabs, a large unbelliferous plant, which possesses the property of reviving and coming

to life again when placed in water after it has been apparently dead. Would that this plant were an emblem of the recovery of this wonderful country from its deathlike torpor! A small portion of the plain had also grown a crop of dhourra, the thick cane-like stems of which, for they only pluck off the heads when gathering the harvest, remained to show the wonderful strength of the soil. This part of the plain appeared to have been not ill tilled. Its northerly end was commanded by the castle of Sanour, situated upon a high hill which projects into the plain and effectually prevents all ingress to it against the possessor's will. The position was particularly bold and imposing, and the castle itself reminded me very forcibly of one of the old hill fortresses of India. From one elevated portion of the road I again caught a view of the Mediterranean. Near to Djerba, which I next passed is that Dothan where Joseph's brethren fed their flocks when he came to seek them, and where they seized and sold him. At Kutabeyeh, where Samaria ends and Galilee begins, a horse race was going on in the plain. Here I saw several chameleons, of different colours, black and green, they were probably all of the same species, and were black when they were excited, and green when they were "eating the air for food." As the day wore on I came to the entrance of a steep ravine,

where my mukary told me there were always robbers and thieves waylaying the traveller. The place looked savage enough to deserve such a character, but perceiving as he was giving me this information, that there was a tree by the road side, hung all over with shreds and patches of cloth of all sizes, shapes, and colours, I asked him the reason of it, upon which he said, they were the fragments of the garments of sick people, which they had hung there to charm away their diseases. "Oh, then," I said, "take a strip of my abbaye and hang it on the tree for me, and we shall then not be molested; for that which drives away pain and sickness, will surely keep off robbers." The fact is, I was more afraid of his running away, and leaving my baggage a prey to the robbers if they appeared, than I should have been of the robbers themselves. Trees are very rare in this country, and this tree was of the same species as Abraham's oak; and it may owe its healing virtues, to some supposed sympathy with its kindred tree.

No harm of any sort befel us in this savage valley, and we arrived safely in sight of the palm trees of Djenin, the first which I had seen since leaving Jerusalem. But Djenin, the ancient Engennim, is a plain of sand, and the palm loves the sand. These graceful trees, which are a pleasing object anywhere, stand like a propylæum at

the entrance of Djenin, bespeaking the traveller's favourable opinion of the place. To be the owner of such a grove gives a man consequence in this country, and the Arabs say of anyone who assumes to himself undue importance, that he eats dates from his own palms. The palm which is the Nestor among trees, lives longer than the oak, and maintains its vigour and bears fruit to the last. Its resistance to old age may be one reason of its adoption as the emblem of victory.

It adds more to the adventure than to the comfort of travelling in the east, that the traveller often does not know where he is to rest at the end of his day's journey. Although there are fifteen hundred inhabitants in Djenin, it has neither an inn, convent, nor khan, but I had been told that a Maltese was living there who would receive strangers, and a thunder storm, which now came on, drove me with all speed to seek shelter under his roof. But, alas for the difference of a letter! the man was not a Maltese but an Arab, though his name was Maltee. I did not particularly like the looks of my new quarters, but I was glad to hide myself anywhere from the rain, which now fell in torrents. To a friend who enquired from me as I was leaving Egypt, whether I had lost anything, I had boasted that I had not lost even my temper; but when

the rain began. I found, with the usual fate of boasters, that I had left my great coat in Alexandria. In the course of the evening a festival was celebrated in Djenin, in honour of the espousals of the son of Hadji Hassein, aged fourteen, with the daughter of a native of Djenin, aged thirteen. There was a large fire lighted near the town well, and round it nearly all the male inhabitants seemed to be gathered rejoicing and making merry with music, dancing and jokes. At one period of the evening I saw three men walking arm in arm round the fire, cracking jokes, and acting mimicry, just as I have seen persons of the same class do in England, so much alike are the manners of the same classes in all parts of the world.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

My sleeping accommodation at Djenin, was not as good as the best chamber at a village inn in England, but it was a little, and only a little, superior to a stall in its best stable. The house which was kept by a mother and two sons, both masons, consisted of a single room, where

the family cooked, smoked, ate, drank, and slept. It had a clay floor, and its stone walls and vaulted stone ceiling were guiltless of whitewash, and appeared to have never received any decoration but dirt-colour. The house had neither windows nor chimney, and its door was almost a caricature on the name. There was in the house neither a chair, nor a stool, nor a table; a few earthen pots, a corn measure, and a few mats constituted its whole furniture. Sitting on my carpet bag in this chamber, and using the bottom of the corn measure for my table, I contrived to write my diary by the feeble light of an oil lamp placed against the wall, and here with less accommodation than an English cowherd, I passed the night, sleeping in the same room with the mother, her two sons, and my servant. The mother, her sons, and my servant stretched themselves upon mats on the floor, I had my own carpet placed upon tressels for my bed. As the chamber had so many occupants, I proposed that the door should be left open during the night, but that was objected to on the ground that it might be dangerous, as I had been at the bonfire, which was tantamount to my arrival having been announced in the village gazette. The ricketty door being therefore closed, was supposed to be made secure with a crazy bolt, the workmanship of which would have disgraced

Tubal Cain's first apprentice. But despite all these drawbacks, I contrived to sleep undisturbed, except by visions of vermin, which I awaked to find happily unreal.

I had fixed with the mukary before going to bed last night, to be off punctually at five this morning, but when he was called at half-past four to get ready, he refused to arise, and although it was now bright moonlight, and although, allowing the usual time for packing, the sun must have risen before we could start, he could not be roused, alleging that he durst not set out before sunrise for fear of the Arabs. With these people, morning, noon, and night are haunted by visions and spectres of robbers. The Arabs, another name for the Sabeans, have had a bad reputation for robbery ever since the days of Job, and whether they deserve it or not, their successors seem unwilling that they should lose it now. Whenever a hill or a valley was more lonely than the rest of the way, I was sure to be warned that there I should certainly be robbed. Had I heeded these warnings, I might have done nothing else but keep *watch and ward* during the whole twenty-four hours. If an Arab is minded to rob a traveller, he may readily find his opportunity, for he always carries a gun, and may easily shoot his victim when he is both out of sight and ear-shot of the population, in which case he

may do it with impunity, from either the government or the police, or rather the *no*-police of this country. In vain did I urge upon the mukary this morning my wish to be off at once. Under one pretence or another, he was immoveable, and it was past seven o'clock before we were actually under way. Masters and servants in this country seem alike to agree in opinion that time was made for slaves, and that it is a shame for any free man to observe it. "Tacitus records of the Germans that their liberty was infected with this vice, that they never came together at the first summons, but always consumed one, two, or three days in assembling," and in England, until comparatively modern times, the law, on the very same grounds, allowed a defendant three or more essoins, or days of delay, before it compelled his appearance to a process.

There is a beautiful well in the centre of Djenin, the water of which, after supplying the town, flows off by two handsome aqueducts of many arches to some mills outside the town. Djenin stands in the vast plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, or Megiddo, which has been in all ages the great battle field of Palestine. It was upon this plain that good king Josiah was slain in the encounter with the hosts

of Pharaoh Necho.* The whole of my ride to-day, except a short space at the end, was across this plain, which is of great extent, flat as the surface of a canal, and with a deep rich soil capable of feeding a vast population; only a few acres of it had been touched by the plough, the rest was everywhere overgrown with wild artichokes, here a most luxuriant weed, with stems as thick as a cane. The first village I passed was Ebla, behind which, to the right, were the mountains of Gilboa, and in two hours I was opposite Zerin, the ancient Jezreel, which stands upon a hill slightly raised above the plain. The mukary gave it so bad a character that, although I was quite near, I did not enter it to explore its ruins, or I should have been glad to see the place to which Elijah came when he girded up his loins and ran before Ahab from Carmel to the entrance of Jezreel.† At no great distance from Zerin Ain Goulut, or Goliah's well, preserves the name of the Philistine giant whom David slew, and near to it are Nain and Endor, at one of which happened a real, and at the other a pretended miracle, of raising the dead to life. Fuleh and Afuleh, between which my road lay, were the next villages I passed. A pasture, opposite to the former, was greener

* II. Chron. xxxv. 20. † I. Kings, xviii. 46.

at this season than I ever saw an English meadow in May. Soon after passing these villages, I saw before me a vast hill resembling in shape a deep inverted basin, beautifully regular in form, and isolated from all the neighbouring hills. It caught my admiring eyes as it rose above the others, with a garland of cloud wreathed round, but not concealing its summit. This mountain was Tabor, the wondrous scene of our Lord's transfiguration. In mediæval times, some recluses, with more boldness and less of holy fear than Peter, and James, and John, erected here three such tabernacles as the disciples wished for, but these tabernacles, which never received the tenants the disciples proposed for theirs, are now a heap of ruins. From the top of Tabor—

> "The eagle eye may scan the prospect wide,
> From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide."

And, besides the view of Esdraelon in its whole extent, may take in Nazarath, Tiberias, and a hundred other places with suggestive names "that were not born to die." To my regret, the rain now came on, and neither my time

nor the state of the weather allowed me to ascend the mountain. This mountain is contrasted by the Psalmist* with its neighbour, the lesser Hermon, which is in the same plain of Esdraelon. The other Hermon is contrasted with Sirion, which is once or oftener in Scripture called Sion, probably by a mistake of the translators.† Both Sirion and the latter Hermon are parts of Lebanon, and at no great distance from Sidon. The village of Dobrah nestles at the feet of Tabor.

Notwithstanding all my servant's fears and warnings of robbers, I had now ridden for six hours across the plain without seeing a living thing except a few small birds, which I startled amongst the wild artichokes. The rain had fallen slightly on the plain, but as soon as I had entered the pass leading from it to Nazareth, the clouds, which had been hanging on the hill-sides, like vast fleeces of wool, gathered up their skirts and poured down a deluge. In vain did I wrap myself in my Arab abbaye—it proved no panoply, and exposed as I was in a road, which was a steep ascent up a rocky pass where it was impossible to go faster than a foot's pace, I was thoroughly drenched long before I got to Nazareth. At

* Psalms lxxxix. 12. † Deut. iv. 48.

Beer-el-Ameer, which is the town well of Nazareth, there was a tannery of shoe leather, some productive gardens and thriving fig grounds, and the recent rain had awaked the flowers, amongst which I saw a strange orchis with spotted leaves and a purple blossom. The city, embosomed in olives and surrounded by lofty hills, had a beautiful appearance as I rode into it from this place amongst a number of fair Nazarenes and a negro woman, who had been filling water jars at the well, and were carrying them back into the town slung upon asses like panniers. Nazareth, whose very name ought to be its sufficient protection, was not long ago alarmed by a report that the Bedouins, who had destroyed a village near Mount Tabor, were on their way to ravage and plunder it. The inhabitants, having little reliance on the government, armed themselves and assembled for their defence, but happily the danger passed away, probably because their enemies knew they were prepared.

As I rode into the city I found the streets ancle deep with mud. The road from Nazareth to Tiberias for a short distance leads through a pass in the mountains, with Djebel Rainey on the left to the village of Rana, and then to the village of Kepher Cana. At the well of the latter village, the supposed site of our Lord's first miracle, when,

to bless the marriage feast, he turned water into wine, an ornamental sculptured sarcophagus of white marble, which had once held the remains of some dead Roman, now dispenses the living waters of the fountain to the village and the passing traveller, and near the well there were also lying the fragments of a Roman column. There are still a church and congregation of Greek Christians, or, as the mukary called them, Nazarenes, at this place. At the village of Turan there were some olives, and at Lubieh I saw fields enclosed with hedges of prickly pear, and a great herd of black cattle pasturing at large under the herdsman's eye, just as I have seen them many a time in England. The rain had made the young grass spring, and there seemed no want of feeding for the herd. Owing to the general absence of fences, it is rare to see horned cattle, and still less horses running loose in this country. Horses when feeding are generally tethered, or they might chance not to be found when wanted by their owners. Near Lubieh I noticed the remains of an ancient pavement, six yards wide and originally very solid, but now fast hastening to decay. It was between this place and Hattin that the crusaders encountered their fatal defeat on the 5th of July, 1187. When I had nearly gained the summit of a high hill, I saw below me on my right a basin-shaped valley of

remarkable fertility, and riding on through stalks of dhourra, barley stubble, weeds, thistles, and artichokes, looking white like a coming harvest, I passed on the left the village of Irad Arbel, and above it the horns of Hattin, resembling an ancient stronghold, and then having gained the crown of the ridge, there burst on my view in all its extent the valley and lake of Gennesaret. For a few moments I held in my breath while the scene and its wonderful associations were before me. The lake, on whose shores the Deity in human form opened his sublimest mission to man, lay nestling in silvery lustre in the bosom of swelling hills, now clothed with verdure, and with beauty in its look, and life and health in its breeze. How different from that sea of evil omen which God has stamped with an enduring memorial of his wrath, and where all is silence, pestilence, and death! Some large birds were soaring over its waters, and the swallow skimmed along its surface as cheerfully as at home. There were fish, too, in these waters. I saw their circles as they leaped to the surface, and an angler was doing his best to ensnare and make some of them his prey.* Crimson

* Of course, he will never take here the fish whose sides have the marks of the finger and thumb, and which has thence obtained the popular reputation of being the fish in which St. Peter found the tribute money — Matt. xvii. 26, 27. — for that fish is a haddock, and this is a fresh-water lake.

oleanders in rich bloom, and myrtles, lavenders, willows, bulrushes, orchises, and other flowering plants, formed a rich fringe on the borders of the lake, which extends in length about fifteen miles, and is six miles broad.

A long, but not too long a descent, for I forgot its length in the beauty of the prospect, brought me to Tiberias.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

TIBERIAS, with its picturesque looking castle, and its walls with flanking towers alternately round and square, which shut in the city on every side but towards the sea, was founded by Herod Antipas, from a desire to imitate his father, Herod the Great, as a builder of cities. But of the Tiberias which Herod built and called after his patron, the emperor, probably no part is now standing, although some ruined columns outside the walls show the former connexion of the place with Rome. Its present walls, which reminded me of Conway, were perfect until an earthquake, which visited the city a few years ago, threw down parts of them and shook the rest into *picturesqueness*, and then passing out took its departure so rudely that it unhinged the city gate

and left it ajar so that it could never be shut since. The same rude visitant threw down one side of the great mosque and left it as it still remains exposed to the gaze of the profane. From the south end of the city, at a short distance from the lake and so as to command its shores, there has been a strong wall and a series of towers built of basalt, solid to the first storey in the Jewish manner, and extending nearly if not quite to the Jordan. These walls and towers may have belonged either to old Tiberias or to that city of Tarachæa on this lake where the historian Josephus held a command. Near to one of the towers I saw a row of the lower members of some small basalt columns, which, when Vespasian encamped on these shores, had probably formed a portion of a Roman bath. On the banks of the lake there are still two baths, supplied by salt springs which rise on the hill-side at boiling heat, and are said to be of great efficacy in rheumatic and eruptive cases, for which their fame is of long standing, being mentioned in the Talmud as well as by Josephus, Pliny, and Ammianus Marcellinus. The larger bath, the work of Ibrahim Pasha in 1833, is large enough for those who can endure its heat, to swim in, but I could hardly bear to dip my finger in it; the smaller and older building, is merely a plunge bath. At its southern

end, the Jordan runs out of the lake with a rapid current, and some Arabs whom I saw, were preparing to cross it with inflated skins. But owing to the predatory habits of the people, it is almost as dangerous for a stranger to cross the Jordan *now* as it was in the days of Joshua. Two other Arabs who had made a raft of drift wood, were wading along the shore, and dragging it behind them.

Tiberias is one of the four holy cities of the Jews, where if public prayers were not offered two days in every week, it is said that chaos would come again. Its population who are consequently for the most part Jews, consists of five thousand persons. The houses were all covered with booths left there since the feast of tabernacles, and a festa was going on in the streets to-day, in which there was a procession with drums and pipes and a great clapping of hands, by way of chorus. I am sorry to say that here also the recent rain had made the streets ancle deep in mud.

No earthly paradise can rival Gennesaret in the holiness of its associations. On its banks, but more particularly towards its northerly and north-easterly shores our blessed Lord opened his ministry on earth. Here from the humblest he called his disciples to exercise the very

highest offices. There was surely something ineffably gracious in His manner and accents, when Peter and Andrew strangers until then to his person, at his first words forsook all and followed him. Here on these shores He cast out devils, gave sight to the blind and health to the sick, stanched the issue of blood, walked on the sea, stilled the tempest, and raised the dead! Is it possible to look on the scene of such wonders and not feel strong emotion? This evening, as the sun descended on the sea with mild unclouded effulgence, there was a rich glow on its shores and mountains, as if holy footsteps lingered upon them still. To the north was Safed, supposed to be the place which our Lord referred to as the city set on a hill.* In another direction was Capernaum, where he entered into the synagogue and taught.† On that mountain he made five loaves and two fishes suffice to feed five thousand persons. Near at hand was Bethsaida, the abode of Simon, and Andrew, and Philip.‡ and there was that Chorazin, against which woe was denounced; while nearer than all was Magdala, which has given name to one of her daughters, by which she will be remembered till time shall be no more!

* Matt. v. 14. † Luke iv. 31; vii. 1. ‡ Mark i. 20, John i. 44.

Whilst I was at Tiberias, the rabbi, Naphtali Hirsch, waited on me to request that I would read him a letter which he had received, and which he was unable to read himself. The letter proved to be from Sir Moses Montefiore, and enclosed a draft for one hundred pounds, which was not unwelcome news to the rabbi. The rabbi was a fair complexioned man of thirty, wore ringlets and a beard, was tall, handsome, and well-proportioned, with a mild and pleasing expression of countenance. In his black velvet cap, edged with sables, and his long sleeved furweh robe, he might very well have stood for the portrait of an apostle.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

EARLY this morning I left Tiberias to retrace my steps to Nazareth. As I rode up the hill-side I turned to take a last look at its beautiful lake, which saw, as our Lord predicted, his message of mercy converted to war and strife, when

> From the moist regions of the western star
> The wandering hermit wak'd the tide of war;

Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host the red cross warriors came.
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arms of age,
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume;
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

In the course of my ride I saw a peasant ploughing with a yoke of oxen. The oxen were yoked a-breast and guided by a long ox-goad held by the peasant in his hand. The soil was light and the plough did its work well. This peasant and two others whom I met together, were the only persons whom I saw in my ride of six hours from Tiberias to Nazareth.

From the roof of my quarters in it, the latter city, which stands on the side of one of the surrounding hills, has a commanding look. Before me was the Latin convent, the bell sounding musically from its belfry. In another direction were the handsome baths of the place. Near these was a majestic oak, the rival in size and age of the

baluta at Hebron. At no great distance was the new house of the Sisters of Charity. Agreeably varying the too great masses of the white buildings of the city, was the cemetery standing in a stately cypress grove, with a graceful minaret peering above it; while swelling hills with beautiful outlines swept around the scene, as if standing sentinel, "like the hills around Jerusalem."

Before entering on the career of his public ministry our Lord passed his whole life at Nazareth, in obedience to his earthly parents, and in the discharge of those social and relative duties which claim so large a portion of every man's regard; and it was here that he, who spake as never man spake, increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man. Is not our Lord's example in thus devoting so large a portion of his life to the exercise of the quiet virtues of home and daily life, a lesson to those who think all time mispent which is not spent in aggrandising themselves? It was at Nazareth, almost immediately after the opening of his ministry, that he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and read from the prophet Isaiah that passage so descriptive of himself, that they who heard it could not fail to apply it, and "all bare him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth," and yet, a few

short moments afterwards, such is the fickleness of our nature, the same assembly "rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill * * * that they might cast him down headlong."* That hill was in sight as I stood musing on the scene to-day.

In the gateway and courtyard of the Latin convent I saw many fragments of Roman columns and sculpture built into the walls. The convent, over which I was courteously conducted by one of the friars, is a mediæval building. It contains the church, which has some good tapestries; the chapel of the annunciation, which is the supposed site of Joachim and Anna's house, and is subterranean; and the chapel of the return from Egypt, of which subject there is a good picture over the altar.

From the convent I visited a rock chapel, where our Lord is said to have broken bread with his disciples, both before and after his resurrection; and lastly I went to see the fragment of an ancient house where he is said to have lived in subjection to his parents, and to have wrought at his supposed father's craft. There seemed nothing apocryphal in any of these relations, and I saw no reason for doubting them.

* Luke iv. 22. 29.

Nazareth, as the place where our Lord abode so long, has been a place of pilgrimage in all subsequent ages. Few, however, have visited it with such an array as our English prince Edward I., who in 1271 came here with nine thousand armed followers.

As I passed a furrier's shop I saw some grey skins hanging up, which were the size of a large cat. They had bushy tails, and the furrier told me they were skins of the native foxes.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

At six o'clock this morning I was on horseback and on my route to Acre, intending to take Carmel and Haifa in the way. The heat of the weather having now somewhat moderated, I had almost ceased to think of those *night companions*, which the traveller *must* encounter however he may escape the robbers by day. No country is better occupied with this pigmy army than Syria. There is the musquito skirmisher, who comes on blowing his mellow horn to the tune of "Oh the roast beef of Old England," who flits about swifter than Ariel, when misleading the

Sicilian mariners. He blows a note at one ear, and you put out a hand to seize him, when lo! he mocks you with the same note at the other. His little cousin, the sand fly carries a poisoned poniard, the marks of which I still bear, since he attacked me in Egypt. These are the wings of the great army, the main body consists of those lively light infantry and heavy armed troops which are not uncommon in England, where they are supposed to go into winter quarters when pheasant shooting begins. But at Tiberias, where the climate is hotter, they carry on the campaign through the winter. They must have drawn blood from me by the ounce, and they marked my two arms like the sides of a tench. Some one says that we admire most the virtues which we do not possess. Who, I wonder, ever admired, and was at the same time willing to emulate the patience of Saint Macarius, who deliberately submitted to be preyed on by these little pests. For myself, I confess that I was no voluntary martyr, and only suffered the infliction because I was under the influence of nature's chloroform, sleep.

Having left Nazareth, and crossed one of the hills which environ it, I came to the sheltered and pleasant village of Bireh, with towers on the hill-sides to defend its vineyards. At Samunieh, the next village, which is a

little to the south of the once celebrated Sepphoris or Diocæsaræa, there was a mass of underwood, intermixed with timber trees, such as I had not seen in Syria before, and the effect of so much foliage was agreeable and refreshing. After passing this village, I again entered on the great plain of Esdraelon, and rode for several miles across it to the miserable village of Jedel, where I saw a horse dealer driving his young stock to pasture. A Monaghan breeder would have been ashamed of their lean and scarecrow condition. But it was quite in character with the people, who, though they live on the skirts of a plain which would yield unbounded crops are content with poverty and squalor, and live in huts which are not better than African wigwams. One villager who was loitering about with a gun, as if to defend himself, would have been better employed in shooting some of the flocks of wheat-ears which were flitting about, and which would have found him food for a week. After passing the village, I found to my extreme delight and surprise, that I had entered a forest. The ground, which undulated beautifully, was covered with a carpet of velvet turf, and dotted with timber trees as splendid in size and as venerable in age as you would see in our own Sherwood or Needwood. Some beautiful fallow deer strayed across my path, and quite close to me, upon a gnarled and

blasted tree, cowered three large vultures. With the sun's rays reflected from their glossy plumage, these birds, though unclean in their nature, still looked clean and beautiful. The forest extended for four or five miles, and I was very sorry when I came out upon the plain, and could no longer enjoy its scenery, which was as beautiful as it was unexpected. As usual, my servant had warned me before entering the forest, that here I might expect robbers, and when I had emerged from it, and called him to me, for he had been out of sight all the while, I asked him where the robbers were. "Oh!" he said, "didn't you meet two men with guns." "Yes," I said, "and they gave me a very civil greeting in Italian." "Well, those men were robbers," he said; and when I asked his reason, he replied by asking me, what they could be doing in the forest with guns if they were not robbers. "If sack and sugar be a fault," thought I, "then heaven help the wicked;" and if to carry a gun in a wood be a sin, then many a gentleman I know in England is in a sad case, but here, where every man everywhere, and at all times carries a gun, it is surely no more suspicious to carry it in a forest than elsewhere. I am afraid the word robber is as much abused in this country as the word captain was in England in Shakspeare's day. I then rode between the villages of Ardjea

and Ardjoé. I believe these were the names, but it is somewhat difficult to catch the names exactly. After leaving them, the road followed for two hundred yards the course of a brook, through which my horse had to wade belly deep, a voyage which would have been pleasant enough if I had been only sure of the soundings. I was now at the foot of the Carmel range, and on the great plain of Haifa, a continuation of Esdraelon, having on my right that "ancient river, the Kishon," which swept away the host of Sisera. When it is swollen with the winter torrents I daresay this river rolls down a great body of water to the sea, but now it was not wider than the Bollin, was as sluggish as the Serpentine, and like it, had no outlet, nor will it have any until the winter torrents drive away the barrier of sand at its mouth and open for it a passage to the sea. Here I passed many files of camels carrying sesamé from Djenin to Haifa, and their slow, measured, and silent tread, so light that even the blind mole could not hear their foot fall, was very striking. At Beled el Sheik, the olive grounds were merry with the sound of the voices of the beaters and gatherers of the crop. Haifa, or Caipha, anciently Hefa, or Sycaminopolis, is a busy bustling place, and has a better anchorage than Acre, which it is fast eclipsing as a port. It stands

exactly opposite Acre, upon a spur of Mount Carmel, and on the south side of a wide semicircular bay, which is here four miles across. I passed the ricketty fort and castle which pretend to defend Haifa, and entered the town by a gateway, whose gates were covered with leather like a Trojan shield. The street of the bazaars was a foot deep in black mud, and riding through it in serious apprehension of the consequences which one false step of my horse might produce, I came at last to the beach, where, surrounded by consular flag staffs and other indications of trade, I found a coffee house and the refreshment of which I stood so much in need. In the coffee-house, the resort of shipmen, I was supplied with half a tumbler of the wine of the country, a cup of coffee, and a manchet of most beautiful bread, for two piasters, or about fourpence. In the centre of the room there was a billiard table where six *men* were set up, and the player who knocked them down either by a direct or a reflex blow, was allowed to count a point for it. In another corner another party were playing the game of all fours with cards.

On every side, except towards the sea, Haifa is surrounded by rich and beautiful gardens, in which the palm and the olive, the orange and the citron, the fig and the mulberry, with many other trees, flourish and luxuriate.

From Haifa I ascended to the top of Carmel, that wondrous mountain where Jehovah, at the prophet's voice, bared his arm to confound the priests of Baal, and where astonished Israel looked on with wonder—

"As that sea-cloud in size like human hand,
Which first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly overshadowing Israel's land;
Awhile perchance bedecked with colours sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud,
Then sheeted rain burst down and whirlwinds howled aloud."

Carmel is a bold headland, which juts out into the Mediterranean, and forms the southern buttress of the bay of Acre. The view from it to landward commanded the town, bay, and shipping of Haifa, the shore and the distant mountains, and among them the faint outlines of Lebanon; to seaward, the view over the blue Mediterranean, here and there studded with masts and hulls, was only limited by the power of vision. On the summit there is a fine Carmelite convent, which has been mainly raised by

the exertions of *one* of the friars, by name John Baptista, who, travelling through Europe like Peter the Hermit, has collected funds sufficient to make this the most flourishing religious house in the East. In descending from the mountain by the good road which the friars have made, and which is bordered by underwood healthy and not languishing as in the prophet's vision,* I disturbed numbers of chameleons and green frogs, and having again reached the beach set out to ride to Acre, a distance of twelve miles off. I kept near the water's edge, and all the way I had sandhills on my right, which bore a close resemblance to those at Southport. Near the shore the water was clear as crystal; at a little distance it looked green, but farther off it was blue as Tyrian purple. I saw the carcases of at least a dozen large vessels in various stages of submergence on the shore, some with their timbers on, and others with nothing but bare ribs. All had suffered the fate that Salarino feared for his wealthy Andrew, and were—

> "Docked in sand
> Vailing their high tops lower than their ribs
> To kiss their burial."

* Nahum i. 4.

In riding along I startled multitudes of dog-fish which were basking on the sand, but dashed into deep water on my approach. I suppose they are not easy of digestion, for the cormorants, gulls, and other sea birds which I saw in abundance fishing for their dinner, never offered them any molestation. I also started numbers of young crabs, which ran off sideways faster than I could follow them straight forward. The Nahr Naaman, the ancient Belus, which, taking one of its names from profane, and the other from sacred history, has encountered a fate the reverse of Rimmon's—

"Who gained a leper once and lost a king,"

is the site of the discovery of glass making, an art for which its sand is admirably adapted still. Soon after fording the river I arrived *first* at that part of Acre which its inhabitants reach *last*, its cemetery, which, as usual, is outside the city. In this cemetery the white tombs were so large and pretentious that they surpass in appearance many of the cottages of the country. My pleasant ride round the bay ended as pleasantly as it began, and I passed into the city by its only gateway half-an-hour or more before sunset, and rode directly to the Franciscan convent.

The convent once occupied a great quadrangle, of which it now occupies only a small corner, and as I passed through its gateway, near which a score or more of horses and other animals were picketed, I looked up, and on the top of a high tower I saw two of the four friars, who are all the present inmates of the house, standing near the flagstaff telescope in hand, and enjoying the richness of the sunset and the health of the evening breeze. I therefore called out to them that I had come to claim their hospitality for the night, and at once admitting my claim, one of them immediately came down to receive me into the house. When we had exchanged a few words, and he had regretted that my dinner, for which he had given orders, must be a poor one, as it was maigre day, I told him as he was going away, that if he was returning to the roof of the tower, I should be glad to accompany him; on which he pressed me to do so, and we went there together. Standing upon this tower I had the city of Acre at my feet, and could trace almost every object in it. There was its water tower standing out like an advance post in the bay — there were the citadel and the city walls — there the different consulates surmounted by their flagstaffs — there was the arsenal which exploded, and on all sides were clusters of stately buildings, but it surprised me not a little to find the city, which I had

always thought was elevated upon a rock, only very slightly raised above the sea level. Looking beyond the city towards Carmel we saw its sides now clothed in a rich livery of Tyrian purple, not inappropriate to this country, where the colour was invented, while the white buildings of the large convent on its summit, and the thought of its numerous inmates excited the envy of our two solitary Franciscans. One of these recluses was a Genoese, and he was pleased to be reminded that Christopher Columbus was his countryman, and that, like St. Paul, both of them were citizens of "no mean city."

Walking backwards and forwards on the terraced roof of the convent with my cowled companion, we were able to recal some of the events in the history of this remarkable city. The earliest notice we have of it is in holy writ, where we read that Asher "did not drive out the inhabitants of Accho"*—which may mean either that they *would* not, or if the name of the place which means close, enclosed, or pressed together, have any influence, that they *could* not drive them out.

Herod, or some earlier possessor, bestowed on the place its Roman name of Ptolemais, and by that name St. Paul

* Judges i. 31.

records visiting it when he came thither by sea from Tyre, "saluted the brethren and abode with them one day" on his last journey to Jerusalem. Claudius conferred on it the privileges of a Roman colony. In the year 1191 Acre was closely invested by the Franks under Guy de Lusignan, and as obstinately defended by the garrison within and by Saladin without the city. The besieged kept up a communication with their friends outside the city, by means of pigeons in the air and divers under water, and not less than nine battles were fought between the hostile armies at the foot of mount Carmel. At length, after holding out for two years, and after the loss of at least half a million of Franks, it capitulated to our Richard I. Among the English barons who fell in the siege was William de Ferrers, lord of the honour of West Derby, and lord paramount of the manor of Warrington. But as our first Richard forced Acre to surrender, so our first Edward in 1271 relieved it from a second siege. Edward, then only heir apparent to the English crown, came to Palestine in pursuance of his promise to St. Louis, who was to have accompanied him, but died at Tunis, and did not live to accomplish his vow. Although attended only by one thousand men at arms, Edward's name inspired the Saracens with such terror that they hired an assassin to murder him, and the

wound he then received gave occasion to that instance of his wife's devoted heroism, which has made Queen Eleanor's name immortal. At Acre the queen gave birth to a son and a daughter, both surnamed after the place. Joan became the wife of the stout earl of Glocester. But John died as the king was on his return home. If he had lived, Acre had given a monarch to the English throne. But the deliverance of Acre by Edward was only of short duration. After the fall of Jerusalem, Acre became the metropolis of the Franks in the East; but in 1291, exactly a century after it had surrendered to Richard I., Khalil, the Mameluke sultan, besieged it with an army of two hundred thousand men, took it after a siege of thirty-three days, and, with the fall of Acre, extinguished the Frank rule in Asia.

Acre owes most of its present buildings to Djezzar Pasha, the butcher, who disregarded the rest of his pashalic to enrich this place. On the 6th March, 1799, Acre was besieged by Bonaparte, but Sir Sydney Smith, a countryman of our first Richard and our first Edward, by his skill in directing the fire of a body of Turks, who fought from behind a garden wall, effectually drove off the besiegers. In 1831, Mehemet Ali took Acre, and on November 3, 1840, the place was bombarded and retaken from his son, Ibrahim Pasha, by Sir Charles Napier. Is it not strange

that so remarkable a place should have more *aliases* than a London thief? It is the Accho of the Old Testament—the Ptolemais of the New—the Ace of Cornelius Nepos (Datames), and the Acon of early travellers—the St. Jean d'Acre of the crusades—the Acre of the Franks, and the Acca of its present inhabitants.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Everything in the convent bore the marks of poverty and depression. One of the friars cooked my dinner himself, and the Arab boy who waited on me had evidently found out that his masters were poor, and was consequently pert and saucy in his behaviour to them. The only decorations of my sleeping cell were two common European prints, one "the taking down from the cross," the other "Saint Philomela." On taking down the latter, which hung directly over my pillow, to examine it a little more closely, I paid for indulging my curiosity by discovering behind it a whole colony of those wood insects whose specific name it would shock a polite pen to spell. There are twelve thousand inhabitants in Acre, of whom two hundred are Latin

Christians and one hundred Schismatic Greeks, or Greeks not in communion with Rome; the rest are principally Moslems. Notwithstanding the prospect of my nine hours' ride to Tyre, and that I was anxious to be off as soon as "morn opened her eyelids," I was unable either to mount my horse or to bid the friars *molte grazie*, and receive their kind *addios* in return, until nearly eight o'clock. The people of this country must have a superstitious dread of silence, and must think that without incessant talk, life and activity would expire. Their voices are going all day long, and at night the dogs and cocks take up the chorus and continue it until day returns. "Some say that ever 'gainst that season wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated this bird of dawning singeth all night long," are the words of our immortal bard in reference to chanticleer, and the saying must be true here for not only at Christmas, but at all other seasons, the cocks crow throughout the night. As I rode out of Acre, through its wide and arched bazaars, I saw abundance of oranges, dates, water melons, and sugar cane for sale. I bought and tasted some of the oranges and melons, and found both of them excellent; the oranges were particularly grateful. Having emerged from the city, I rode for half-an-hour through gardens enclosed with tamarisks, which give the place

a pleasant aspect. I observe that the places on the coast look more cultivated than those in the interior. Cæsar noticed the same thing in reference to Britain: and the cause was probably the same in both cases, the greater frequentation of merchants and strangers. From Acre a series of ruined towers, once probably connected with a great aqueduct for supplying the city with water, ran out inland. I rode under the pointed arch of one of these towers, and soon afterwards came upon the Roman road running from hence to Beirut. In the place where it first occurred, the road and a small bridge which was connected with it were both perfect, and close to these were one hundred semicircular arches of a Roman aqueduct, thirty feet high, beautiful in form, and looking very picturesque.

There were other ruins near, some of which may have been the work of the knights of St. John,* who retired here after the fall of Jerusalem, and became its great defenders. My ride ever since leaving Acre had been in sight of the Mediterranean, but I now approached it more nearly, and its fitful and varied noise, as it dashed against the rocks

* This illustrious order, though they ultimately adopted the Baptist as their patron, were not originally called after him but after St. John, the almoner, a former patriarch of Alexandria. Thus in their pride they assumed to be under *his* protection, whose whole life preached self-denial and self-abasement.

or rushed into the cavernous bays on the shore, sounded alternately like the crash of a falling forest tree, or the deep boom of artillery. The village of Mariam, through which I passed, with its cemetery on one side and its ovens on the other, the latter resembling tents plastered with clay, must have obtained the name which it still retains in Christian times. Near another bridge there was another piece of Roman road, and beside it, in a garden surrounded by cypresses, with some orange grounds near it, which were surrounded in the same manner, was the pasha's palace. In one of the fences here I saw blackberries as plentiful as they are on a Cheshire hedge. At Bussa, beyond the village of El Kehnieh, a khan was in progress, and if it proceeds at the pace at which it has gone on for the last *twenty years*, it may perhaps be finished about A.D. 1900. I now entered a lane which had quite an English look. It was bounded on both sides by peepul trees, which have leaves and slender pendulous branches like the birch, with clusters of yellow fruit depending from them. If names mean anything the peepul ought to be the eastern tree of liberty as the poplar is the people's tree in Europe, for no better reason than its name. A little further on a poor horse had fallen dead upon the road, and a crowd of vultures who had come to bury him,

were so intent upon their work, that my near approach hardly disturbed them. I am afraid the vulture is not the only animal that makes a feast at a funeral. Leaving Zib, the ancient Ecdippa on my left, I began now to ascend the mountain of Ras-en-Nakûru, a bold headland which here projects into and overhangs the sea, and leaves not a foot of shore at its base. The ascent may be best characterised as savage. The path which is hardly anywhere three feet wide has on the right a mountain scarped like a wall, and on the left a precipice which, at certain points, where the road rounded corners, it was impossible to avoid seeing, though the sight made the head dizzy. That the scene might not want fitting accompaniment, the troubled sea was thundering at the mountain's side as if demanding admission, and angry and impatient that the demand was not granted. This rugged stairway is called the ladder of Tyre, and like many other great works in the east, is ascribed to Alexander the Great. On the summit, there is a tower meant to guard the pass, which must I think, like many others on this road, have been the work of Roman hands. Nature now makes and repairs the only highways in this country. In other countries her activity and man's neglect are antagonistic of each other, and the result serves to stimulate man to exertion, but the Turk

who is content to make Nature his surveyor of roads, leaves to her the whole responsibility of their repair and maintenance. Here, by his neglect, man's works crumble unheeded to decay, and many a time to-day did my horse turn aside from the Roman road, and prefer the path of Nature's making by its side.

For a considerable distance my road to-day was along the face of cliffs, and by the side of precipices which made the eye watchful, and the thoughts solemn. I was still upon the mountains when I passed a khan and a well, at which some travellers and a few muleteers were smoking. Birds had not been common during the journey, but here two birds with red plumage flitted past me. At Iskanderoon, where there are extensive ruins as well as a khan and a well, my horse and I both took to the water, but there was this difference between us, that while he preferred the fresh water, my choice was the salt sea, and during my short halt I stripped and had a swim in the Mediterranean. Ras-el-Abyad, called by the Italians Cape Blanco, juts into the sea, far beyond the rest of the coast line. It is very bold and lofty, and the road which the ancient engineers have carried along its face at the height of a thousand feet above the sea, will bear a comparison as a specimen of their skill with any similar work in modern

times. It has been made by excavating the road-way in the face of the rock, and leaving a portion of it as a natural parapet on the side towards the sea. In one part of this mountain road there was a cove where the sea, which was breathing heavily this morning, rushed in at each respiration, and not finding any outlet, then with deafening clamour dashed itself to foam. I rode with admiring awe for more than a mile over this road in the footsteps of Alexander, or some other mighty conqueror, and regretted when at length I was obliged to descend to the plain and lose the continuance of its grandeur. At Scheberieh and Der Kanon, there were still more ruins, but at Ras-el-Ain there was water, which alone saves this country from becoming one universal ruin. The water here crossed the road in a delicious stream, and then dashed over a fall of three or four feet, and ran into the sea where I felt as if I regretted that it should be lost, instead of being preserved for the use of some fig yards which were near, and which were fenced round with those tall reeds which I have so often mentioned before. From this place the road followed the margin of the sea. About two miles from Tyre, which was now distinctly in view, there was a great khan in progress of erection, intended for the muleteers and their animals, who at

certain seasons pass in great numbers from Beirut to Acre. When I was almost within shouting distance from the walls of Tyre, I dismounted to pick up a shell, and in attempting to remount, the horse's girths, which here are always made on the make-shift principle, snapped and I fell with the saddle to the ground. The Westmoreland Strickland, or *Strikeland* family, who affect to derive their name from striking the soil of the Holy Land in some similar manner, are proud of the incident, and of the escallop shells which they bear in their arms, and are said to have acquired from it. I arose laughing at my accident, and took to myself the Strikeland consolation, thinking also with how much less trouble I had taken possession of Tyre than Alexander the Great did. I did not again attempt to mount my horse, but giving it to the mukary set off to walk round the city and examine the outside of the walls. My attention was first attracted by a strong and massive tower of solid masonry; whose great stones had probably been used in some earlier building, for I saw in them several columns which were actually embedded in the foundation. Columns of granite and fragments of porphyry and white and green marble lay scattered in profusion near the tower. The walls which extend for a great distance are filled with broken

pottery of different ages, the remains not of one but of several former cities. It is much easier to say what these walls are *not* than what they are. They certainly are not those walls one hundred and fifty feet high, and proportionably thick, that withstood Alexander and his host for more than five months. There were several other solid towers, and the foundations of a well-built sea wall, with stones which were joggle-jointed. The remains of the western gateway with a single column standing erect just within it were plainly discernible, but if Tyre was unable to defend herself behind her lofty walls in ancient days, her modern means for defence are weakness indeed. At a time when England was unknown or only known as an appendage to the Cassiterides or Tin islands, the resort of sea birds and bitterns, Tyre was a mighty city, "whose merchants were princes and her traffickers the honourable of the earth." But I was warned to-day that it is not safe to forget the present in musing on the past, for while I was so engaged upon the shore beneath the walls of Tyre, a billow bursting upon the beach drenched me to the knees, and compelled me to make a hasty retreat. Hastening away after this adventure, I came to my quarters in the city, from which I overlooked the once proud port of Tyre, and saw in it a dozen feluccas

and twice as many long boats, all that now remained to represent the navy of this former mistress of the seas. It was probably in a vessel not larger than one of these, that Dido in that beautiful episode of the great Latin epic, escaped from these shores and founded Carthage. In such a vessel she was probably pursued by Pygmalion, her husband's murderer and the usurper of his throne, whose life has supplied the author of Telemachus with the theme of his most instructive lessons to rulers. It was in such a vessel perhaps that the Phœnicians made their voyages to Britain, in an age so remote as to be almost lost in fable.

Our blessed Lord we know honoured Tyre and Sidon by sojourning there, and he contrasts them with Chorazin and Bethsaida, to the advantage of the two former cities. The Syrophœnician woman mentioned in scripture was from Tyre, which the natives still call Sur. St. Paul tarried with the disciples at the place seven days, on his way to Jerusalem, and when they vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from going up to Jerusalem, that most affecting incident which occurred at Miletus was here repeated, and they kneeled down upon the sea shore and prayed.* But the church that was here in the apostles'

* Acts xxi. 5.

days is gone, and so also are the church and the archbishopric that distinguished the place in mediæval times, and at the present day there is scarcely a single Christian in Tyre.

William of Tyre wrote here his history of the Crusades, and here the emperor Frederic Barbarossa was buried. Here also died in 1190 John Lacy, sixth baron of Halton, and constable of Chester, the founder of Stanlaw abbey.

The prophecy of Ezekiel against Tyre has had an awful accomplishment: "Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up, and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers.*" The city and neighbourhood are a perfect mine of curiosities and antiquities. I saw there a large collection of local objects, consisting of gold, silver, and copper money, of the Seleucian, Byzantine, Egyptian, and other dynasties, which have here borne rule. There were coins with religious legends from Auranitis, and others with cufic inscriptions. There were scarabæi with Egyptian cartouches, and curious engraved stones of all sorts.

To keep a diary on a journey like mine is a branch of

* Ezekiel xxvi. 3. 4.

the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A diary, to be faithful, should be written from notes taken at the time, when an object is seen or an observation made, and every evening these notes should if possible be reduced into readable shape. But it was easier to make notes in a steamer which was rocking and trembling under me, or on the back of an impatient horse, and with no support to the hand, than it was to read them when they were made, and I often found mine a species of hieroglyphics, which would have puzzled an Œdipus. At Hebron my paper failed me, and it surprised me that I was able to get a fresh supply. There are many places where that could not have happened. At another place, where I could not replenish it, I overthrew my inkhorn, and was obliged to use its dregs diluted with water until the ink became too pale to read what I had written. For a time a pencil supplied the place of ink. Often when I arrived at my halting place for the night, after a fatiguing ride of many hours, I had to wait for food until I was too exhausted to write. At Djenin, as I have already recorded, there was neither a seat nor a table until I had made both for myself, and to-night a mischievous boy in trimming my lamp put water into the oil. After mocking me long with its false light, and severely trying my patience it twice went out, and

left me in total darkness, and at last I had the misfortune to overturn and break it. A substitute for it was then brought me, but before I had finished writing this also burnt out, and as there was now no longer anybody up to replenish it, I was forced to retire hastily to bed by the light of that strictly Phœnician luminary, the moon.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

Isaiah calls Tyre the daughter of Sidon, because the latter was the older city. Having seen the daughter I set out this morning to visit the mother. Shortly after setting out I arrived at a reservoir intended to supply the city with water, and to my surprise I found it in perfect repair. I halted at it for a few minutes to obtain a good view of the town. At Maschuk there were a khan and a castle, both in ruins, and a fine Roman bridge of a single arch, in perfect repair, with a pavement over it constructed in steps. The river Nahr el Litaney, which it crossed, was running in a full stream below it. On the hill side above the bridge there appeared to be a tower to guard the road, similar to those which I had seen yesterday. A little

further on there was another beautiful Roman bridge of a single arch, of which the roadway and the superstructure had fallen in, and only the masonry of the arch remained. An antiquary may regret to see a castle or a tower falling to decay, but his regret has some alleviation in the picturesqueness of the ruin and the interest it excites, but everyone must be grieved when the leaden hand of ruin falls like destiny upon bridges and roads and other similar works of usefulness in this country.

The ploughshare has passed over Zarephath, "which belongeth to Sidon," once the hallowed residence of Elijah, where he multiplied the widow's cruise and restored her son to life, but some traces of its name are still preserved in the neighbouring village of Sarafend. On the site of the gateway of the ancient city, probably near the place where Elijah met the widow, there were marbles and ruins the relics of its former splendour, and I picked up and brought away a number of the tesseræ of an ancient mansion. The Roman road, too, is very conspicuous near this place.

At Nahr el Zaherani I passed a stream flowing into the sea. All the streams which I have met with to-day probably rise in the range of Lebanon.

At El Khudr, or St. George, there are some extensive foundations of stately Roman buildings, from which I

gathered a piece of white sculptured marble for the museum at Jerusalem.

During a halt of half-an-hour at El Kentarah I discovered near it an oak of remarkable size. Either age or accident, had riven its trunk asunder, and made of one tree two, as if nature and art alike were destined to ruin here. When the two parts were together it must have measured forty feet round, which exceeds the dimensions of Abraham's oak. There was a delicious well at hand, and I availed myself of my halt near it to bathe, as I did yesterday in the sea.

A little further on is El Sanak, where there is a khan and a Roman bridge of three arches, only one of which is now standing, the others having fallen in. The picturesqueness cannot compensate for the disappointment of being tantalized with a broken bridge, unless a new one has replaced it.

Sidon, which I was now approaching, is an extremely ancient city, and goes back for its origin to Sidon the first-born of Canaan.* Joshua calls it the Great Sidon.† While Tyre is not once mentioned by Homer, Sidon, or its inhabitants, occur repeatedly, both in the Iliad and the

* Genesis x. 19, xlix. 13. † xi. 8.

Odyssey, as well as in Virgil's Æneid and Milton's Paradise Lost, the four greatest epics of the world, while according to Herodotus its sailors were the most expert of all the Phœnicians. Our Lord once honoured Sidon with a short abode, and St. Paul touched here on his way to Rome.*

The immediate approach to the city lies through avenues of luxuriant gardens of orange, mulberry, and other fruit trees. The effect of thus arriving at a great city through nature's fertility and abundance, is as striking as it is pleasing and agreeable. Every garden had in it a sackiyeh, or water wheel, and there was a great appearance of industry and activity. The owners evidently do not leave all to chance, notwithstanding that I saw on one of the garden doors a horse-shoe nailed up for luck, just as I have seen it a thousand times in England. The superstition of "sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint," would seem to prevail everywhere.

The cemetery of the city stood outside the walls on a mound amongst the gardens and surrounded by a grove of peepul trees.

A fort on a commanding height a little to the south of the town, which resembled a baronial castle and externally

* Acts xxvii. 3.

made a great show, was probably the castle where the good St. Louis had his abode at Sidon. The Knights Templars had a house and a commandery here near the south of the harbour, while the Teutonic knights guarded it on the north.

My ride nearly round the city gave me a striking view of the place and its inhabitants, great numbers of whom were abroad enjoying the air *sub dio* on this pleasant evening. From the north gate, where I entered, I rode straight to the Latin convent which here, as at Acre, I found occupying only a small corner of its once great house, which has two quadrangles, to the inner of which the convent has retreated. Both quadrangles were filled with figs, mulberries, plantains and bananas, and with oleanders and other beautiful plants, all of which seemed to thrive and flourish here in close proximity to man, and his abodes.

The two Franciscans, all that there are in the convent, received me very kindly in the guest chamber, a lofty spacious hall, well furnished, and vaulted as at Jerusalem, though here where timber is not so scarce, vaulting is not the general rule. The ceilings are generally made with boards and rafters, painted with vermillion or other rich bright colour. My long ride of ten hours had so fatigued me that when my hosts quitted me for a few minutes, I sat

down on the divan and was instantly asleep. When one of the friars, who told me he was an Umbrian, returned soon afterwards to make some inquires from me about my dinner, he was greatly concerned to find that he had unintentionally disturbed my slumbers. If its monotony were not occasionally varied by the arrival and visits of strangers, these friars would lead a very solitary life in these heathen lands. But the convent had no appearance of seclusion for men women, and children might be seen and heard in, from and about it, at all hours of the day. In my sleeping cell there was a French print of St. Francis, in which the artist sadly misrepresenting his subject, had made him a representative of either Friar Tuck or of the Prior of Jorvaux.

There are in Sidon two hundred Latin Christians, one thousand Schismatic Greeks, and a population of five thousand five hundred persons.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

To-day being the Mussulman Sabbath, I was aroused before daybreak by a prolonged call to prayer from a neighbouring

mosque. The sonorous voice of the muezzin had melody in its deep tones, and though they waked me too early, I did not regret it. I wish that our parish clerks in England had voices like these muezzins. But the convent neither went by the moon and seven stars, nor "by Phœbus, that wandering knight so fair," but by a steady-going European time-piece. My early rising, therefore, did me no good, for no breakfast made its appearance until after I had been long waiting for it, and it was eight o'clock before I was able to say good-bye to my Umbrian host. Fasting had not attenuated his frame during his seven years' residence in the convent, for he was a stout, robust man, with a voice louder, but less musical than the muezzin's. We had had much conversation together and had become good friends, and when we parted he gave me a number of gilded tesseræ which he told me I might exchange for others in the great mosque of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople. This is evidently a relic of that custom amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, familiar to scholars, in which *tesseræ hospitales*, "hospitality symbols," with marks or characters upon them, were broken by a host in two parts, one of which he kept, and the other he gave to his guest as a pledge of hospitality and kindness for the future, and that passage in the Apocalypse, "I will give him a white stone, and in the

stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it,"* contains an allusion to some such custom. Carrying with me this mark of the friar's kindness, I bade him adieu at the convent door, and went in search of my horse, but to find it through the intricacies of the two quadrangles, was not so easy an affair, nor when I found it, was it very easy to mount and set forward.

My mukary, of whose groundless alarms I have already said more than enough, told me last night that he was anxious to go back to Jerusalem from Sidon without accompanying me to Beirut, as he had engaged to do. He pretended that he was afraid of returning from Beirut by himself, but he had probably met with an opportunity, which he was, not unnaturally, anxious to embrace, of conducting some other traveller back to Jerusalem. But, whatever his motive, I at once agreed to release him if he would find me other horses and another mukary, at his own expense, and this morning, in the outer quadrangle, I found the two mukaries, the old and the new, with their respective friends, and if I had been a pasha of three tails setting out to take possession of a distant province, I could hardly have had more attendants to witness my departure.

* Rev. ii. 17.

Here I parted with my old mukary, giving him a letter and some curiosities for the consul at Jerusalem, and a backsheesh for himself, with my best wishes that he might escape the dreaded Philistines on his way back. Notwithstanding his timidity, Hamet was a good natured fellow, and not afraid of trouble or fatigue. He was merry and light-hearted, and enlivened the way by continually trolling Arabic songs, the music of which was very like our street ballads, except that Hamet's was the best music of *his* country, while street ballad singing is the worst of *ours*. The airs, whether of love or war, had never more than a few notes, and they sounded very melancholy. Both mounting and leave-taking were at last over, and I was fairly off, and directing my course to the sea-shore, I saw from it the city of Sidon in its whole extent. On the left was that castle of Saint Louis which I had noticed last night, and on the right was a line of forts stretching out into the sea almost to the natural breakwater which forms the harbour. On the fort, where once floated the standard of the Teutonic knights, the sultan's flag was flying in honour of the day. The sea was very tumultuous this morning, and great billows with white crests, and the spray dancing above them like a plume of feathers, rolled incessantly to the beach with a deafening sound. Here

and there, the billows dashing into the rocky inlets of the shore, rose in the air like the shower from a spout whale. With freshness in the breeze and this music in the waves, a ride this morning along the level shore over the hard sand, as suitable for glass making now as when the Phœnicians first discovered that art, was cheering and exhilarating. This sea, although restless like other seas, throws up neither mire nor dirt, neither sea-weed nor wreck, and a few wave-ripples on the sand and a few shells alone marks the variation in the water line of the shore. One small vessel abroad on the troubled waters this morning, and trying to make her way to Beirut, was an interesting sight. The wind, as she tacked about, "swelled the white bosom of her Tyrian sail," and made its whiteness whiter by contrast with the dark ultra-marine below.

At Neby Yuneh, near to the ancient Porphyrion, which was once the seat of a bishopric, but has now not one stone left upon another, Jonah is said to have been cast out of the belly of the great fish. Last night and to-day I have observed numerous humble coffee houses by the road side, which shows that the neighbourhood is more frequented by travellers. At a fig garden which I passed after leaving Neby Yuneh, a party of Turks were pleasantly regaling themselves on sugar cane under some shady trees. At

Damour, I crossed the river Tamyra, a respectable stream, which is indebted for its copiousness to the mountains of Lebanon, which here begin to appear. They had great boldness of outline, with sides of a greyish white colour, which I believe is the meaning of their name. It was on the Tamyra that the forces of Antiochus the Great defeated those of Ptolemy in 218 B. C., as recorded by Polybius. Beyond this river I saw the convent of Der Naomi, seated in a fine situation high up on the sides of Lebanon, which I was approaching. I now rode for a short distance through a reed plantation, with reeds twenty feet high, in which I was as completely obscured, as Gulliver in the corn fields of Brobdingnag. At Khan Khulda, where there was a well at which my horse had water, I had the luxury of another bathe in the sea, and in the coffee house which was near I sat down in eastern fashion upon a mat, and had coffee and a sheshah amongst a miscellaneous company of Arabs, Turks, and Greeks, who were very kindly disposed to exchange civilities with me. One of them offered me some liban, which answers to and much resembles our butter-milk, and is a cooling and agreeable drink in this hot climate. At Khan-el-Assis I came upon the gardens of Beirut, although I could see nothing of the city which was still several miles

off. For a time the road led through a sandy lane, fenced off from the gardens on each side with hedges of that inhospitable plant the prickly pear. Although it was less straggling, and kept in better order here than I had seen it before, its numerous pointed weapons always inspired me with dread, while the plant has no beauty to make amends for the terror it inspires. Groves of mulberry tress on either hand showed the attention which is here paid to the growth of silk, and here my eyes caught sight of a grove of pines at a little distance, which with stems bare, and tops bushy and green, at once riveted my attention by their picturesque beauty. They were too far off for me to examine them at the time, but I have since discovered that they were the stone pine, the *pinus pinea,* and the snauber of the Arabs, the cone of which contains those seeds like almonds called by the French pignons, which the Arabs are very fond of spreading upon bread and sweetmeats, or eating alone upon all occasions. The ancients were acquainted with the fruit as we know from its being found in the *pantries* of Herculaneum and Pompeii. This is the same tree that is spoken of in that passage of the prophet, "I am like a green fir-tree. From me is thy fruit found,"* and the same also that Claude and our

* Hosea xiv. 8.

own Turner have introduced with such beautiful effect in their landscapes. Several oaks which I also passed by the way-side were sound and vigorous, and far exceeded the size of the great tree at Hebron. After passing these trees, I found myself suddenly upon a wide spreading sea of sand, without a house, or a tree, or a plant, or any living thing in sight. There was not a track nor a foot-print upon its waste of light, shifting sand. In one place only, did I see a few trailing plants of the colocynthus, with their peculiar fruit upon them. But the word was—Onward! so I went forward over Alps on Alps of sand for several miles, feeling as I went, that if I ever reached Beirut by this way I should have the right to claim it for my reward, as being its first discoverer.* My track, however, would profit no future traveller, for the wind and the sand obliterated my foot-prints the same instant that they were made. But at length I actually beheld before me, the Berothai and Berothah of the Old Testament* — the Berytus of the Romans, and the Beirut of modern times. In the outskirts of the city, I met a party of Druses returning to their mountain home in the Lebanon. They were fine manly figures, and each wore over his

* II. Sam. viii. 8; Ezek. xlvii. 16.

head a white muslin capote, such as the Greek monks wear, except that theirs is black. As they passed me, Heber's lines upon them and their home, occurred to my thoughts—

> "Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
> Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
> From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
> Their lion courage proves their generous race.
> They, only they, while all around them kneel,
> In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
> Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
> The patriot terrors of the mountain spear."

There were no women of the party, or I might have seen in actual use the tantour, or silver horn, which the Druses and Maronite women wear on the head in the Lebanon. One of these horns, eighteen inches long, weighing seven ounces, formed like a speaking trumpet, with fishes, double headed eagles, and other ornaments stamped upon it, was afterwards offered to me for sale at Beirut.

The women of this neighbourhood were famed for their embroidery so early as the time of Solomon. The outskirts of Beirut look pleasant and agreeable, and here there are

excellent hotels. To one of these on the sea-shore I was directing my steps, and was in sight of the house and on a level and good road, when my horse suddenly stumbled and fell; I pulled him up however, without falling myself and turned the omen to good account, as Cicero did on a similar occasion. It was certainly a good omen that the horse had not stumbled before, and that I did not fall now. I had now been eight days on horseback, having ridden upon the average eight hours a day, at the pace of four miles an hour, which was about the rate of travelling here in ancient times, and is the rate now. Since I came to Syria, I have ridden more than a dozen of the country horses, upon this and other journeys, and though all of them were hacks, which had had all sorts of riders and all sorts of treatment, I have had no reason to be dissatisfied with any of them, and with some of them I have been greatly pleased. They are, for the most part, slight limbed, and have more mettle than bone. With my light weight they scaled hills as steep, and almost as slippery, as the roof of a house, winded round narrow precipices, either of flint or of sand, on paths almost too narrow for a goat, or descended stairways so rocky, flinty, and sharp, that a fall would have been fatal to them, or their rider, or to both. I have been on their back many times for twelve hours without

intermission, and yet they showed no signs of weariness or impatience. They remain the whole twenty-four hours in the open air, with their saddles and housings always on, except when they are groomed. They are tethered during the night to a peg driven into the ground, and at that time they are fed with barley and chopped straw, but in the day-time they only get water and no food.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

On awaking this morning, I found that I had made a most comfortable exchange from my recent scramble for quarters, to the accommodations of an European hotel. The Belle Vue, which is not only comparatively but absolutely an excellent inn, stands on the water's edge of the wide bay of Beirut, and vessels pass so near its windows that I could have spoken to the Liverpool screw-steamer Orontes, as she sailed past into the harbour. The lofty ranges of the Lebanon, with their grey sides striped with sickly green, some of whose peaks, the highest of which, however, are not visible from hence, attain the great height of 9,500 feet, look bold and majestic, as they sweep boldly

round the bay and the city which nestles at their feet. It is said of the Lebanon that it bears winter on its head, spring on its shoulders, and autumn in its lap, while summer slumbers at its feet by the Mediterranean. At some period, probably in the Phœnician times, the city has come down to the very verge of the sea, and all along the shore, are foundations cut out of the rocky beach. Some of the masonry was rusticated, after the later Jewish manner, and the stones were of large size, but they were not bevelled. The remains of the old walls of the city may still be distinctly traced, and I rode to my hotel over the tesselated pavement of a ruined mansion still remaining *in situ*. Many towers of the old walls still remain on the land side, and are picturesque in their decay. I examined the walls of one of these towers, and found it four yards thick, solid to the first storey, and without either openings or loop-holes up to that point. This tower seemed to have commanded the western gate of the city. Several marble columns, some of them with patterns carved upon them, which I thought were Phœnician, lay prostrate near the tower.

The bazaars of Beirut, through which I sauntered this morning, are larger and better furnished than any I have yet seen. I saw here grains of sesamé strewed like the snauber

seeds upon fancy bread and sweetmeats, which reminded me that once seeing some lozenge-shaped rolls of the size of the foot, ornamented in the same manner, at a baker's near Duke's place, in London, the baker told me in answer to my enquiry that it was the Jews' bread, the *shew*-bread of the old Testament, and added, "Dont you observe how like its shape is to a shoe?" In Beirut I made acquaintance with another tree that interested me, the sycamine, or sycamore tree of Scripture, *ficus sycamorus*, one of those trees to which our Lord more than once alludes, and the same up which Zacchæus climbed to see him. In one of the public places there were several of these trees of a large size, some of which were very handsome. They have leaves like the laurustinus, or the Portugal laurel, except they are neither so bright on the outside, nor so rough within. In the season they bear a red and white mottled fruit about as large as a cherry, and from some resemblance of this fruit to the fig, and of the tree to the fig and the mulberry, it has obtained the name of the fig-mulberry, which indeed the word sycamore means. The wood of the tree is very solid and firm, and the Egyptians used it for making their ornamental and enduring mummy cases. The mulberry trees which are very numerous here, all require to be grafted before they

are of use, but with this precaution they well repay their owner. To-day I saw an old man feeding his cow on the leaves, which were either too large or too dry for his silk-worms, so that every part of the tree is turned to good account. In one garden I saw some wild olives grafted, reminding me of the allusion made to the subject in Scripture.*

The peepul-tree, which they call familiarly the "pride of India," flourishes luxuriantly here, and its slight slender stems and feathery leaves wave gracefully in the air like the birch or the tamarisk. The tree is of no value but for ornament, and no use is made of its fruit. Some of the trees are pollarded, which greatly increases their shade, but detracts from their beauty. I saw some cypresses which were planted only eight years ago, and they were already graceful and ornamental trees.

The American missionaries in Beirut have two printing presses, with founts of type in English and Arabic, and they are now preparing a revised translation of the Bible in the latter language, with marginal readings and parallel references. Every sheet as it is struck off is sent to each missionary for perusal and correction, and when these

* Romans xi. 17.

corrections have been made, a revise is struck off. The present chapters are not interfered with, but when a verse is not included in its proper chapter the fact is corrected in a note. They have printed an Arabic grammar and numbers of stories and tracts suitable for the country. In their schools there are now seventy boys and thirty girls, all of them the children of native Christians, except two girls who are Mahometans. They assemble at eight and are dismissed at four, and each child brings his dinner with him. The intelligent missionary who showed me the establishment, has been labouring here for thirteen years, though he is still but a young man.

Passing along a lane near Beirut, and at some loss to know whether I was right or not, I asked a woman to direct me, when instead of doing so, she only pointed to her husband who was before, and bade me ask him, "for," said she, "he is my master." But Mahometanism, though it may repress, cannot wholly extinguish nature. In another place, I saw a husband who was quitting home on a long journey taking leave of his wife. The wife took the husband's arm, bathed it with tears and kissed it, and then the husband took hers, and bathed and kissed it in the same manner.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

I ATTENDED divine service this morning in the chapel of the American Mission, the only Protestant place of worship, I believe in Beirut. The subject of the sermon was the lifting up of the serpent in the wilderness. The sermon was useful and practical, but the preacher read it in an unimpassioned manner, with a large amount of nasal twang. It is not enough to reconcile an antiquary to this habit, to recollect that it has probably descended from the pilgrim fathers who emigrated from our shores to New England, and who had used it in their religious services at home. There were about one hundred persons present, many of whom wore turbans or tarbouches which they kept on during the service. Is there not something touching in the thought of these missionaries returning from the remotest west to bring back to these shores the message of mercy and grace, which first came from hence? After the service, I looked into their cemetery, and saw under the shade of some cypresses, which ornament this Christian burial-place, the graves of their brethren and others, who have here fallen asleep. I saw the grave of their first missionary to these shores, the Reverend Pliny Fisk, and of

several other members of the mission. After the name of one of them, his designation was written in a manner which was new to me—V.D.M.—a contraction, I suppose, for the Latin of the words "Minister of God's Word." One tomb marks the grave of Mr. Dale, an officer of the American expedition to the Dead Sea, and another that of Lieut. Molyneux, an English officer who died here on his return from a similar expedition, so fatal is the atmosphere of that desolate region to those who brave it for any considerable period. Another stone records the burial under it of the British officers and seamen who fell in the bombardment of Beirut in 1840; but there are mourners over the humblest grave, and one of the tombs in the cemetery records the sorrow of the officers and crew of one of her Majesty's ships for the loss of a private seaman, who died here, and to whom they have erected this monument.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

To-day I was present at the interment of a Maronite Christian in the cemetery of that people, outside the city, which was attended by a great number of people in

Eastern costumes, but by none in any dress of mourning. Some Maronite priests in blue robes and caps, and some Capucins, in the dress of their order, bore lighted tapers before the coffin, and some acolytes continually swung censers, and censed it and the mourners. A priest, in a stole, read the prayers for the dead, and all the while some choristers chaunted a most monotonous dirge. After which the coffin, covered with black cloth and trimmed with silver, was lowered into the grave, the earth filled in, the tapers extinguished, and the priests, acolytes, and choristers retired, each saying a word of kindness, condolence, or benediction to the mourners as he passed.

Near Beirut are two rivers, called respectively the Cat river and the Dog river, the latter being the ancient Lycus. A handsome stone bridge of seven semicircular arches, all in perfect repair, crosses the former river, and I walked over it to-day. The stones of its foundations, and of its walls and abutments, and in some measure of the arches also, are larger than were usually used by the Romans. The masonry bears a resemblance to the foundations I have already mentioned on the shore at Beirut, and I am inclined to think that this bridge is the work either of the Phœnicians or of the Greeks who succeeded them. On the river Lycus are those rock

inscriptions and carvings which European scholars have noticed as the only instance of a Pharaonic monument occurring beyond the limits of Egypt, and have unhesitatingly ascribed to Sesostris (*Rameses II.*) and the Assyrian king Bel-Adonim-Sha. Sesostris we know erected many such memorials of his conquests. But M. de Saulcy, after describing the Assyrian inscriptions on the Lycus, absolutely denies, with less respect than is due to preceding scholars, that there exists any trace of an Egyptian inscription or engraving among the sculptures on the Nahr-el-Kelb.*

* Maundrell, who was the first to notice the sculptures and inscriptions on the Lycus, regrets the haste with which he was obliged to leave them, and bequeaths their investigation to some future traveller. They consist of three Egyptian tablets, and five Assyrian sculptures, all of which have been drawn and described by Mr. Bonomi, and subsequently by Dr. Lepsius. The cast of Sennacherib, presented by the Duke of Northumberland, and now in the Nineveh Room of the British Museum, is from one of the sculptures on the Lycus. The reader who wishes to pursue the subject further, and will refer to an article upon it in The Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, 1834; and to Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, I. 65, and note 96-7-8; Lepsius' Letters from Egypt, &c., 418, smaller work: and the plates of his larger work; Ritter's Palestine and Syria, IV 531-546; Porter's Damascus, II. 285; and De Saulcy, II., 656, will not I think be inclined to acquiesce in the latter's conclusions.

On the Lycus also there is another piece of antiquity, a ruined church dedicated to our English patron, St. George, and near to it is the well where the dragon to which he owes his renown was wont to drink. One of its footprints, had I found it to-day, would have been worth a score of megatherions or labyrinthodons for our museum.

Whilst waiting a few minutes at the door of the Austrian Lloyd's, I amused myself with watching the different persons and objects passing in the street. First there went by a group of eight men, four in front and four behind, carrying a heavy tun of oil, slung upon two poles, the ends of which rested on the shoulders of the party. The first party chaunted a few words, and then the others took up and repeated the strain, in order that they might step together. They trembled beneath their burden as they walked, and the least faltering would have brought it down. These men had bare arms and bare legs, and had no clothing but shirts and tarbouches. Two Jews, tall and stately figures with venerable beards, in handsome furweh cloaks and caps of black velvet and beaver, then passed me, and were succeeded by a party of olive-skinned fellahs, all bone and muscle without flesh, dressed in red caps and the same blue dresses which were worn by the Assyrians of

old.* A tall handsome Bedouin, who marched as majestically as a prince, then came by, wearing a bornouse of white woollen, with skirts so ample that one end fell over his shoulder like the folds of a Roman toga. Coriolanus or Cato the censor in look or walk was not more *Romanesque* than this Bedouin in his snowy robes. Two porters followed next, with heavy burdens on their backs, which they maintained in their place by a band going across the forehead, which it must require long use to enable anyone to bear. Several Greek merchants, in bright vests and cumbrous trousers, and each with a string of beads in his hand for a toy, passed to and fro, while numbers of Turks in flowing robes and turbans of gay colours, and each with a pipe, which is not a toy but a necessity, in his hand, were to be seen every moment. "But what," thought I, "are those round cylinders of white muslin, which I see rolling along yonder?" I soon found, however, that each cylinder had feet and slippers, and contained a woman within it. It is here with man, as it is with the feathered creation everywhere, gay clothes are reserved only for the males, while the women go abroad in white sheets, not, it is to be hoped, as a penance

* Ezek. xxiii. 6.

for the sins they do at home. But it was not the bipeds only that attracted my attention, for there were camels lying in the sun and waiting listlessly for their loads, large patient asses growing impatient to be so long kept waiting for their riders, and oxen licking the goad of the herdsman who had them in charge. But there were neither carts, nor wheels, nor barrows, nor any of those mechanical contrivances, which are in use in Europe for lessening labour.

Sitting at my diary this evening by the light of a feeble oil lamp, an unfortunate moth, more enamoured of its lustre than I was, for moths are no wiser in the east than in the west, was doing its best to burn its wings, whilst I was doing my best to prevent it, upon which my Arab servant who was looking on, observed, "Ah poor thing, its stepmother has sent it abroad to fetch fire," in the hope I suppose, that it will be scorched to death before its return.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

AGRIPPA I., a grandson of Herod the Great, the same who killed James, the brother of John, with the sword, who

cast Peter into prison, and became himself the scripture example of the awful sin of vain glory*—was a great benefactor of Beirut. He enriched it with public buildings, made it a Roman colony, and obtained for it the privileges of a Latin town. The coins which issued from its mint have the head of Neptune on the obverse, and a Triton driving a car with three sea horses on the reverse, showing the former maritime importance of the place.

But the glory of its law school, which attracted scholars from the most remote countries, continued for three centuries to eclipse the other glories of Beirut. It was not Mussulman law however that was studied here, and with their change of faith the inhabitants seem to have adopted a violent prejudice against resorting to law, even to enforce their rights when they are withheld. One of them told me to-day that though money was often unjustly withheld from him, he never had gone to law and never would. The force he employed I found was the force commended in the scripture parable of the unjust judge—importunity. Two Greeks who had money owing to them by an Armenian, were as unwilling to lose their money as he was to pay it. They therefore gave him no rest, but

* Acts xii. 22, 23.

were at him alone and before his friends, morning, noon, and night, until he paid them, not from justice but to be rid of them. There are good reasons for this repugnance to go to law here. It is expensive to set its machinery in motion, and when it is in motion every step must be quickened by corruption from the lowest officer to the cadi. Then again perjury is so common that a false witness may be found near every mosque, and the "straw shoes" which have been banished from Westminster Hall, may still be met with in the East.*

On every Turkish divan there is always one corner covered with black sheep's skin, which is meant to keep alive the memory of the time, still supposed to continue, when the nation was a vast army, dwelling under tents of the same dark colour and material. But this like other fictions has its consequences. They do not allow their Christian neighbours to serve in their armies, or even in some cases to pay taxes, (a great innkeeper of the country told me he paid a thousand a-year for rent, but he paid no taxes to the government,) and they allow them to place themselves under one or other of the European consuls, which is virtually to withdraw them from the government of the country.

* Fielding's Jon. Wild, b. I., c. 2.

In passing a coffee house two natives were playing at tap. Each player had four thin pieces of cane which he threw upon the ground, and the form in which they fell, either as a cross or a parallel, or neither, governed the number for which the throw was to count. They reckoned the game by stones placed in a line, like the pegs at cribbage. Neither player uttered a word, and both were as completely absorbed as if thousands depended on the result.

At Beirut I saw a lady wearing the veil called the sufa, which falls from the hinder part of the head over the shoulders and down the back. It was covered with a profusion of small gold coins, almost as thickly as a fish's side with scales, and had a rich and dazzling appearance while the coins, striking against each other, tinkled whenever she moved. When she turned her face, however, which did not correspond to all this finery, I thought it was lucky she had not to sing with the milk-maid, "My face is my fortune," but that she had coin to make up for the deficiciency in her good looks.

I embarked this afternoon on board the Lloyd's steamer, Austria, for Constantinople. The day was stormy, and the water in such commotion, even in the bay, that I had great difficulty in getting off to the vessel, nor should I have

accomplished it if there had not, fortunately, been a little rocky creek close to the hotel, which the Æolus of the bay could hardly see. Into this creek, almost unawares, we got a small boat, and then watching our opportunity when there was a momentary lull, we sallied out, and in a short time, and with no little tossing, reached the ship. In a few minutes afterwards we steamed out to sea, and the bay and its magnificent mountains faded from the view. (I learnt afterwards that this was the day of the Balaclava storm.)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Our sail last night proved calmer than it promised, and our vessel, built of pine wood, grown in some German forest, notwithstanding that she creaked in all her timbers like an old gate, and made noises more and far more discordant than the voice of Petruchio's Catharine, ploughed through the waves most gallantly. The sea was bright with phosphorescene as if the Nereids had had an evening party and were returning home with flambeaux. After the barking of the dogs at Alexandria, the creaking of our boat could no more keep me awake than a chestnut "in a farmer's fire,"

could disturb Petruchio. I therefore slept through it all, and on awaking early this morning found myself at Larneca, the maritime capital of the island of Cyprus, a town of eight thousand inhabitants. Cyprus is said to owe its name to the henna plant, which abounds here, and is called Kupris, while on the other hand the island is said to have given its own name to the metal called copper, which was formerly abundant here. The island, as I saw it stretched out before me this morning, was flat at the Eastern end, and bold and mountainous at the Western; the former produces abundance of corn, and the latter is equally celebrated for the quantity and quality of its wine. The latter, which will keep a long time, is greatly improved by age. The wealthy inhabitants bury a large cask on the birth of a child, and broach it to make merry on the wedding feast. As a town Larneca is superior to any I have seen Syria. Its streets are wider, its houses cleaner and more spacious, and its public buildings altogether of a better character. The new Greek church is a very handsome building, and upon another large edifice the cross of St. George was floating gaily in the sunshine, and though it was not the English, but the Cyprus flag, I looked at it with satisfaction. The roads in Cyprus admit of wheels,

and I saw wains drawn by oxen upon them, bringing salt into the town from a neighbouring lagune where it is made by the sun.

I strolled along the shore until I came to the site of Citium, the city where Zeno, the founder of the stoics, was born, and where Cimon, son of the victor of Marathon, died. He had arrived in Cyprus with two hundred triremes, and had subdued the greater part of the island, when death overtook him in the midst of his career of victory. When Miltiades had died in prison and Athens detained his body because his fine was unpaid, Cimon, to ransom it, gave himself up in his father's place, and the state was content to bury the living son in prison and to give up the dead father's remains to be buried by his friends. A strong wall of unsquared stones, laid in random fashion and plentifully grouted with mortar, is the only building now standing on the site of ancient Citium, but the ground teemed with fragments of Roman pottery, and red Samian ware, some fragments of which I picked up and have since deposited in our museum. Near to one end of the salt lake there is an aqueduct still in perfect repair to convey water to Larneca. I counted thirty-three semicircular arches in it, some of them of great width, and some of which had once been

wider than they are now. It may have succeeded to some earlier aqueduct, but the present structure is not Roman. Where the aqueduct subsided to the ground level, it is made subterranean, and small pyramids are erected on the surface to mark its course and direction. Near it was a bridge of three arches, which, like another of the family in Yorkshire, was waiting for a stream; for of one of the towns there Camden says—

> "Nothing in Tadcaster deserves a name
> But a fair bridge that 's built without a stream."

In my walk along the beach there was a vessel on the strand which some sailors were preparing to get afloat, and remembering that the keels of Cyprus have been famed ever since Horace wrote his first ode, I stopt a minute or two to watch them. Under the vessel, which might be about twenty tons burden, they placed rollers, and then steadying her for a minute, she glided naturally into her own element. It was probably the same way in which, in these or other Mediterranean waters, Ulysses long ago made ready his vessel for the sea —

> "And rolled on levers launched her in the deep."

Cape Andrea is the most northern, as Cape Gatti is the most southern point of Cyprus; the latter takes its name from a singular hunting pack, which the monks keep to hunt a singular game. Cats, which are elsewhere suspected of hunting game on their own account, are here trained to hunt and kill the serpents which infest the place, a sport in which they are very successful.

According to ancient fable, it was in Cyprus that Venus, after being born from the sea foam, first touched the land and revealed herself in all her beauty, and no doubt it is quite as likely that she was born of the sea, and first appeared here, as that she first appeared anywhere else, for she was born nowhere, but sprang an immortal offspring from the Greek mind.

Barnabas, once the Levite Joses, and Mnason, the aged disciple, were natives of Cyprus.* Paul and Barnabas preached in Cyprus and here the former apostle made one of his greatest converts and wrought one of his greatest miracles, converting Sergius Paulus, the deputy, and striking blind the sorcerer, Barjesus, or Elymas, who sought to turn aside his new convert from the faith.† And here Mark quitted Paul and Barnabas to return to Jerusalem as they were about to leave Cyprus.‡

* Acts iv. 36; xxi. 16. † Acts xi. 19; xiii. 6, 12. ‡ Acts xiii. 13.

Cyprus was bestowed, by our ubiquitous Richard I., upon Guy de Lusignan as a compensation for his loss of the kingdom of Jerusalem, a circumstance which, strange to say, was adduced in an action tried in the French courts in September, 1851, in which George Lafitte sued a descendant of this king of Cyprus. In 1248 Louis IX., sailed from Cyprus with 1800 vessels to undertake the siege of Damietta, which I have elsewhere mentioned.

After the fall of Acre both the hospitallers and the templars were guests in the island of Cyprus. The former left it about 1307 to take possession of Rhodes, and there are now no remains of either order existing in the island, but one good deed still preserves here the memory of the templars, for the best wine of Cyprus, which they taught the natives how to make, still retains the name they gave it, and is still called "Commanderia." Cyprus afterwards belonged to Venice, a fact which will be remembered as long as Othello is read, and its flag with those of the Morea and Venice proper, were the three flags which constantly floated from the standards in front of St. Mark's.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

At sunrise this morning we were in the little bay of Latakia, opposite to the town of that name, which is so celebrated for its tobacco. Latakia, anciently Laodicea, (but of course not the Laodicea of the Apocalypse,) to the south of that Antioch in Syria, where the term Christian was first applied to our Lord's followers, received its name, as did Antioch also, from Seleucus Nicator, the builder of these and other cities. Seleucus, one of Alexander's generals, to whom this part of Syria devolved after that monarch's death, was both a good ruler and a good man. He named Antioch after his father, Laodicea after his mother, Apamea after his wife, and that Seleucia (whence Paul sailed to Cyprus) after himself. The fort of Latakia, which has a great number of fallen columns built into its foundations, is a formidable looking place, but it has not recovered the battering it received from the English in 1840. In this country hurts and bruises of this kind are not soon healed. The town stands at the distance of a quarter of an hour from the fort, and is backed by the lofty range of the Djebel Nusarijeh. Besides its tobacco, which is mild, dry, and fragrant, the district exports saffron,

castor oil, sesamé, and olives. From Latakia we skirted the coast of Syria, and passed that Mount Casius, of which it used to be told as a wonder, that a person standing on its summit, could see the sun after he had ceased to be visible at its base. It is stranger that such a story should be told as a wonder, than that the thing should happen.* We next passed the mouth of the river Orontes, well known to every reader of the "Propria quæ Maribus," and which Juvenal in a figure makes flow into the Tiber,† and shortly afterwards having rounded the ancient Pieria, a headland of the Amanus, and a mountain 5,400 feet high, which forms the southern, as a still higher mountain opposite forms the northern, jaw of the bay of Iskanderoon, the ancient Issus, we entered the bay and steered towards Alexandretta. There was considerable wind abroad and a strong current setting out of the bay, and, though we kept close in with the bold and mountainous shore, our progress was slow and tedious. As sunset drew on the bold chain of the Amanus at the end and around the bay put on a robe of most glowing crimson, richer and more gorgeous than any painter, who did not mean to be discredited, would dare to

* This is not the mountain of the same name mentioned by Milton, which was near Pelusium.

† Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes. Sat. III.

tranfer to his canvas. Alexandretta, the little port for which we were bound, is the port of the pashalic of Aleppo, and may be the port to which the witch in Macbeth referred when she said of the shipman's wife —

"Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o'th' Tyger,"

for Aleppo itself is an inland city and not a seaport, but its merchandise, and the merchandise of Antioch, Bagdat, and Central Asia, find their inlet and outlet at Alexandretta. With all these places Alexandretta formerly communicated by means of carrier pigeons.

The sun had gone down, and the sky was starless, before we rounded the little cape which forms the natural breakwater of the port of Alexandretta. There was no light to be seen on the shore, except a tiny lanthorn which the ship's agent had hoisted on a pole, and which to my thick sight was invisible, and we had to creep to our anchorage ground with extreme caution and at a snail's pace.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

This little port into which we found our way with so much difficulty last night, is said to have a better anchorage than any other in Syria. Lying off the place this morning there were eight large vessels, for the most part English, and the screw steamer, Orontes, which belongs to the Mersey by birth, but to this neighbourhood by name. As I stepped ashore, Manchester bales, packed by the hydraulic press, and hooped with iron, lay upon the beach, warehoused as an Irishman might say in the open air, and covering acres of ground, as thick as sheep or grey stones upon a highland moor, while camels in vast numbers were waiting about to carry away all these goods, which having been landed from ships of the sea were now to be transhipped to ships of the desert. From the shore I followed a small but beautiful stream for about a mile to its source on the hill-side, a spur of the Amanus, where some old walls had once been erected to confine the water to a narrow channel, but the walls had fallen down, and the stream, as if rejoicing to have broken bounds, ran off over a bed of white pebbles, clear as crystal, and provoking thirst by the sound and sight of its liquid lapse. The surplus water of this or

some other stream stagnates in a watery swamp around Alexandretta, filling it at certain seasons fuller than the goods its beach,—with malaria and the seeds of ague, fever, and other, I will not say kindred or sister, but deadly ailments. Alexandretta, although in the finest possible situation for a great city, fully justifying the sagacity of Alexander, by whom it was selected and named, has become through neglect, the very queen of swamps. The surplus waters might easily be drained and carried off, and the place made healthy, but the merchants who occupy the twenty or thirty houses of which the town consists, are more afraid of the excitement of commercial competition than in dread of fever in the blood, and are content on this account to let things remain as they are. On the borders of the swamp to-day some ornithologists, from a ship in the bay, were trying to enrich their collection, and amongst their other specimens I saw a small but handsome king-fisher which they had shot. This bird was the halcyon of the ancients, and in their fable was said to calm the waves of the sea: Its influence, if it could be relied on, would be invaluable just now in the Black Sea. Besides falcons, finches, and quails, I saw numbers of land or fresh water turtles, sporting in or on the borders of the swamp. They evidently liked their water a little

tainted, as George I. is said to have preferred his oysters with a game flavour. In Hanover where the monarch acquired his taste, they were not to be had very fresh. As I was sauntering about, a Turkish procession of thirty or more horsemen passed me on their way to Alexandretta. It was preceded by a small band of drums and pipes, which was followed by a number of horsemen, armed with long tufted spears, and a flag with three streamers of red horse-hair, intimating the presence of a pasha with three tails. The procession came from Aleppo, and was conducting Achmet Weki Effendi, the Turkish Ambassador to the court of Persia, from Ispahan, whete he had been sojourning, back to Constantinople which was his home. The ambassador and his secretary were dressed entirely in the European fashion with the exception of the fez, but all the rest of the horsemen were sumptuously attired in Turkish costume. The ambassador had Jewish features, with an air and look of great intelligence, which fully supported his reputation for tact and ability. He has taken a place on board the Austria, and is to sail with us.

But I must not forget here that Issus and its gulf have obtained a name in history. Along these shores in the year 401, B. C., the younger Cyrus led the Greeks against Persia, when instead of victory they met defeat at Cunaxa.

But their memorable retreat afterwards and its story as related by Xenophon, have shed a halo around the "Ten thousand," which has eclipsed the glory of their conquerors. But it was on the river Pinarus, within sight of the very place where I now am, that Alexander the Great in 333, B. C., fought the battle of Issus, in which Darius with half a million of Persians was vanquished, with the loss of one hundred and ten thousand men left dead upon the field, and Europe was saved from being overrun by Asia; and Greek arts, and Greek learning, from extinction. When Cicero in 51, B. C., was proconsul of Cilicia, he was saluted imperator by the troops at Issus, in consequence of some not very important successes, but he did not gain by it what he so much coveted, the glory of a triumph. At the same place, or near it, the Emperor Septimius Severus defeated Niger in A. D. 194, and here also in A. D. 622, Heraclius, another emperor, defeated the Persians.

At a place with so many memorials it was to be expected that there would be found some remains, and at the distance of a mile from the beach, I stumbled upon the ruins of an octangular castle, with towers, either round or square, projecting from each of its eight faces. One of these faces measured fifty, and another twenty-seven yards long, but

no two of them were alike. Its walls, which are still three yards high and four yards thick, had an appearance of remarkable strength. "The stones were of large size, rusticated in some places but not bevelled; and the masonry, everywhere excellent, was beautifully faced and dressed within. One of the seamen whom I saw near the place told me that Herod had confined Mariamne here, but though he quoted Josephus as his authority, I suspect that as usual with another celebrated seaman, the well-known Captain Cuttle, his quotation and his authority were alike apocryphal. The confusion arose probably from his remembering that Alexandrium was the fortress where she was confined, but that fortress was at Jerusalem.* Pococke who saw and described this remain, says it was called the castle of Scanderbeg, or Alexander, and that it seems to have been built by the Mamelukes, and Col. Chesney, who saw but did not describe it, unhesitatingly and without citing any authority, ascribes it to Godfrey of Bouillon. But it is easier to say why, than by whom the castle was built, for it stands upon the ancient paved road from Alexandretta to the Syrian gates, the pass through Mount Amanus, and was no doubt intended to command at once

* Josephus' Antiquities, book xv. c. 7.

this road and the landing place at Alexandretta. As this must always have been an object of importance, I am inclined to think the erection of the building was anterior to either the Latin or the Mahometan rule, and that the Greeks, or the still earlier Phœnicians, were its founders. The size of its stones and the rustication of the masonry are not immaterial to the argument, and we know from various sources that the octangular was a favourite form with the early architects of this country. M. de Saulcy has described such a building on Mount Gerizim, and the tower of Psephinus at Jerusalem, was of that form.* Not far from the octangular castle, and upon the same ancient road, are the ruins of a square tower, with walls of great thickness which are now fast crumbling to decay, a process which its neighbours are trying to help forward, since its ruins form a great quarry where stones ready squared, and without the trouble or expense of quarrying, may be had for fetching.

* Journey to Syria II., 368, and the map prefixed to vol. I.; see also Thrupp's Jerusalem, p. 197.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

THE crew of the Austria, who are in no sense blue jackets, look very little like sailors. They wear the dress of ordinary workmen, and are in fact rather sea labourers than strictly seamen. When we left Beirut I had the whole cabin to myself, without any other passenger in it, but now the cabin is filled and every berth occupied, so that I can no longer sing with Robinson Crusoe, or Alexander Selkirk :—

"I am monarch of all I survey."

Amongst my fellow passengers in the cabin are two learned Turkish mollahs, in the dress of their country, and belonging to the suite of his excellency the ambassador. Besides these there is the commander of a Turkish frigate, and I know not how many Greeks, Armenians, and other Orientals. Except the officers, who are from Trieste or Fiume, I am the only European. Awnings are stretched across spars, and tents constructed on the quarter deck, exactly such as I have seen gypsies set up near many a retired way-side in England. These awnings are too low

for any person to stand erect within them, yet each is the harem of the ambassador, or some other wealthy Turk on board, and from their habit of seclusion, the women confine themselves, to these awnings, except when the oppressive heat within drives them out for air. During the voyage I saw all these ladies by turns. One of this fair sisterhood if she could be called fair, who was black, was a dark African, the wife of the ambassador and the mother of his son, a fine intelligent boy of ten, who was constantly playing about the deck and was a favourite with all the passengers. Among the other inmates of the tents there were none of the dark-eyed beauties of eastern fable, who are said to people heaven and their harems. Some of the little girls who belonged to them, one a child of five years old, had their fingers stained with henna. All the other decks were so covered with men, lying about on every vacant space, that it was difficult to stir from the cabin at night without treading a Turk under your feet.

The labourers of the places we touch at resemble in manners, dress, appearance, and language, the fellahs of Palestine, and are, I think, of the same race. If the Turks be the rulers, the Arabs are the more numerous body. They are hardy and willing to labour, but have no European energy over their work. Six of them turning a

windlass yesterday went about their work so gently that an English observer asked them if they were going to sleep. This morning, at day break, we passed a very fertile tongue of land at the foot of the Taurus, and soon afterwards were off Mersina, a small but rising sea-port, which, like Alexandretta, is at present almost too young to be noticed on our English maps, though we found five large ships at anchor in its bay when we entered it this morning. Here a large quantity of madder cotton and wool was waiting for us, but before it could be got on board there was a long and noisy squabble, which, as usual, evaporated in words between the boatmen alongside as to who should put the cargo into the ship.

Mersina, nestling at the fort of Taurus, whose lower ranges were verdant with the recent rains, while in strong contrast to these, the bolder and grander ridges beyond were wrapped in a mantle of snow, had a striking and beautiful appearance this morning.

The port is in that Cilicia celebrated in profane story as the birth-place of Typhœus, a great giant with a hundred heads, and a voice and hands to match—

" ———Whom the den,
By ancient Tarsus held."

one of those fabled monsters, who seem to have inhabited all countries before the age of history. At Mersina, we were not more than seven or eight miles from Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, founded according to some by Triptolemus and a colony of the Argives, and according to others by Sardanapalus.

Hither Jonah was fleeing when heaven arrested his progress. Tarsus was early celebrated for its schools of science and learning. When Cicero was proconsul of Cilicia, he made the place his occasional, if not his stated residence. Julius Cæsar who spent some days here, was complimented by having the place called from that circumstance Juliopolis. At Tarsus Mark Antony first met Cleopatra, and the place enjoyed the favour of Augustus from its connexion with Cæsar. Of such a city, its citizens might be justly proud. But none of these great names reflects such honour upon it as Paul of Tarsus, who, worthy to be a citizen of "no mean city," was proud of this as his birth-place; and whose life, and labours, and writings will preserve its name when Cicero's fame as an orator, and his public virtue as a ruler, and all the other associations of the place have faded and are forgotten. At Tarsus, Barnabas came to seek the great apostle.* In the

* Acts xi. 25.

river Cydnus which flows by Tarsus, Alexander the Great nearly lost his life by bathing in it imprudently, and in it another emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, going on the second crusade in 1191, was drowned.* And who can forget Cleopatra's appearance on the Cydnus, who has read our great bard's description of it.†

Cities in this country are as short-lived as their inhabitants, and he would be a bold man, who, adopting the poet's language, should dare to say—

"What we have seen, our sons shall see!"

A generation of cities has risen and fallen on the site of Tarsus. I saw from the bay an obelisk standing erect about two miles on the way to that city. But no part of Roman Tarsus now remains, except the materials which the old city has contributed to build the new. Its present walls are said to be the work of Haroun al Raschid.

After leaving Mersina, we coasted by Pompeiopolis or Soli, the place where a colony of Greeks settled, who so

* Gibbon, perhaps, with no better reason than usual for his scepticism, doubts whether the emperor was drowned in this or a neighbouring river. Chap. 58.

† Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, scene 2.

corrupted their native language, as to give rise to the term "solecism." I saw numbers of columns and other remains upon the shore as I passed.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

On board the Austria the steward gives each cabin passenger a cup of coffee on rising. At nine a substantial meal called dinner is served, and at four o'clock we sup. Mr. Pitt would have preferred these hours to those later ones now in fashion, for he once declined an invitation to dinner at eight on the ground that he was engaged to sup with a friend at seven. The Turks eat by themselves, and I have been surprised at the dexterity and cleanliness with which they dine, seeing that they dispense with the use of knives and forks. After tossing about a good deal last night, I found on rising this morning that we were sailing along the coast just below a bold range of the Taurus mountains. In the course of the forenoon we crossed the Sea of Pamphylia, and were off Perga and its neighbour Attalia, at one of which the Apostle Paul preached, and at

the other he embarked for Antioch.* In the afternoon we passed Cape Chelidonia. At night the sky and the sea seemed to have exchanged places, for while there were no stars above us, the sea was a perfect galaxy, and myriads of flakes of light illumined the pathway of the ship. The mollahs and I, though we cannot quite discuss the cases in our respective law books, have become very good friends. A map which I was consulting, and which they requested to be allowed to see, for we are not so formal here as at home, served as a mutual introduction. When they found, in answer to their question, that I was an Englishman, and not a Frenchman, one of them took my hand in both his and pressed it with evident approbation. Masters and servants amongst these people speak familiarly together, and seem cordially to understand one another. It was so in old times, when Jacob not only called Laban his brother, but his servants brethren,†—and Naaman's servant, when his master in the pride of his heart was about to reject the prophet's bidding, mildly expostulated with him as his father. My mukary constantly spoke of his master as his brother, and such language I have reason to think is common.

* Acts xiv. 25. † Genesis xxix. 4.

The only wars which European nations have hitherto united to carry on in the East have been wars in support of their common faith. Never until now have they been joined in the support of Islamism, and the Greeks, who are all hearty in the cause of Russia, raise a great outcry against the present war as being high treason against their faith and ours.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Since leaving the Sea of Pamphylia we have coasted along Lycia, and have passed Myra, where St. Paul, going to Rome, was transhipped into another vessel by the same courteous centurion who had treated him so considerately at Sidon,* — and Patara where, on another occasion, he took shipping for Phœnicia.† All last night the sea was rolling heavily, and though the ship breasted it bravely, she groaned and creaked from stem to stern. The noise she made would not only have awakened Rip Van Winkle, but when awake would have prevented him

* Acts xxvii. 5. † Acts xxi. 1.

from recovering his nap. Wind and sky, which were both adverse, seemed most unwilling that our welcome should be hospitable to the celebrated isle of the hospitallers. But after sunrise the wind moderated, and the weather relented, and with the beautiful hills of Caramania on the Asiatic shore, upon our right, and the islands of Nisara, Piscopi, and Syme, celebrated for their sponges and the divers for them,—before us, and all the prospect clad in the liveries which only this climate knows,—we sailed with a blue sky, a bright sun, and a favouring gale, between the entrance towers of St. John and St. Michael, into the beautiful harbour of Rhodes. The former of these towers is lofty, square, and solid, with projecting watch towers springing from four coins towards the top, and a bold cornice with heavy machicolations round it. Its architecture strongly reminded me of the gateway of Lancaster Castle, which was probably built about the same time. Two years ago an earthquake shook down a portion of the tower, and destroyed its staircase, so that the summit can now no longer be reached. The other tower, though round and very strong, does not look so defiant or commanding as its opposite neighbour. There is another and a smaller harbour, called the harbour of the galleys, which is defended by the single tower of St. Nicholas. The town rises from the bay

up the hill side, and surrounded as it is by its ancient walls and fortifications it looks splendid even in decay. The coins of Rhodes have on the obverse a rose, which the name of the island means in English, and on the reverse a figure of Apollo, in allusion to the sunny skies of the place, for it is a proverb that there is no day on which the sun does not show his face in Rhodes. I walked over this ancient city with melancholy interest. In the street of the knights their escutcheons carved in stone, in spite of Moslem prejudice, still remain undefaced. They have been spared by the conquerors, from respect for the brave men of another creed whom they have vanquished. I saw their once beautiful church, now converted into a mosque, with its curiously carved door; and I saw a pyramid of cannon balls of stone sixteen inches in diameter, and intended once for far other purposes than to excite curious wonder, lying near to their handsome Gothic archway, and still nearer to their glorious castle. I also saw the bazaars of the modern city, its great mosque in the Square, and the various other curiosities of the place. Rhodes, which is still fertile, was once remarkable for its abundant productiveness. It is not nature, but the government, that has deteriorated.

Maps, I find, are good letters of introduction here. It

was a map that made me acquainted with the Turkish mollahs, and to-day another map has induced an acquaintance between me and the Turkish naval commander. As I was tracing our course upon it to-day, he requested permission to examine it with me, a request to which I very readily acceded, and when we had exhausted the information afforded by it, he brought out one of his large naval charts. I had been longing for one on a large scale and I thought my wishes were about to be gratified, but when it was unrolled, all the names upon it, I found, were printed in Turkish, and the map was, therefore, of less use to me than it at first promised. But, upon examining it closely, I found that though a Turkish map, it had been printed in England by Wylde.

I remember reading that at a great literary party where Sir Walter Scott was a guest, after his health had been given and heartily drunk as "the colossus of literature," he got up to return thanks, and gave as a toast the health of another Scotchman, the reformer of road making, Mr. M'Adam, "the colossus of *roads*." Every school-boy knows that the brazen figure dedicated to Apollo, which formerly stood bestriding the entrance to the harbour of Rhodes, was called its colossus, and accounted one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Its height exceeded

one hundred feet, and after it had been thrown down by an earthquake, and had lain on the ground for centuries, the fragments of its carcase freighted nine hundred camels, which would make its weight to be six million four hundred thousand pounds. But as I have observed before, many of these wonders of the old world cease to be wonders in ours which is *older;* and this colossus if compared with the statute of Carolo Borromeo at Arona, will be found hardly to exceed it by a span.

Julius Cæsar and Cicero both resorted to Rhodes to complete their studies, and the sword of the former, sharper than even the latter's sharp wit, chastised the pirates who had attacked him on his voyage to the island. Herod the Great, though nominally a Jew, built a Pythian temple here. Rhodes was the Venice of the East before that sea-born queen of the Adriatic arose, and in her excellent harbours the shipping and navigators of all nations found shelter from the weather and their enemies. It was to the Greek astronomers what Greenwich is to us, the place from whence they reckoned their meridian of longitude, and Horace distinguishes it by the epithet of the renowned.

St. Paul touched at Rhodes on his journey to Jerusalem, and its colossus then lay broken upon the ground. But, there was no occasion to mention this as he does that other

wonder of the old world, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and if he saw the fallen figure at Rhodes, his mind was too much engaged with higher objects to notice it.

The glory of Rhodes revived when the island passed under the dominion of the knights hospitallers of St. John, to whom the Emperor Emanuel gave it after they had retired from Margett* and lost Acre. The gift really amounted to little more than a permission to conquer the island, but good steel confirmed the defects of their paper charter, and after a four years' struggle the knights, in 1310, were in full possession of their gift. Placed in the midst of most dangerous neighbours, and of enemies who were both powerful and resolute, the knights for more than two centuries retained Rhodes in spite of the most vigorous efforts to dislodge them; and when, after a glorious defence, and, if possible, a more glorious capitulation, it was surrendered in 1522, to Sultan Suleiman II., the skill and valour of their grand master L'Isle Adam, extorted the admiration of the victor. "It is not without regret," said he, addressing his vizier, "that I turn this aged Christian out

* This place must have been not far from Tripoli and Latakia, for Vertot tells us, that the Sultan after taking Margat, seized on the castle of Laodicea, and was preparing for the siege of Tripoli, when he was made away with. History of the Knights of Malta, I. 168.

of his home." From Rhodes, the knights retired first to Candia, then to Sicily, afterwards to Viterbo, and finally to Malta, which they received by the gift of Charles V., and ultimately made more celebrated than Rhodes. In the year 1500, the knights chose our Henry VII. as their protector, and in 1799, the Emperor Paul of Russia declared himself their grandmaster.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

One of the officers, a young gentleman of Fiume, has made me the confidant of a little episode in his history. After being ten years at sea, and after obtaining the Austrian certificate of seamanship, his uncle at Trieste, who had a ship, a fair daughter, and a store of ducats, made him an offer of the command of his ship for a year, with his daughter's hand, and a sixth share of the ship at the end of it. He closed with the offer, and with such a prospect before him, sailed in good spirits for England. After trading with the vessel, and gaining eighteen-hundred pounds as her clear earnings, he returned at the end of the year with the money, and claimed his promised reward. But the uncle wanted more

service, and hesitated to fulfil his bargain. He hinted at another voyage or two, and intimated that if they were equally successful, the lady and the ship might then be won. But, though the uncle was like Laban, the young seaman was not like Jacob. He refused to hear of more service, or of further delay, and insisted on the immediate fulfilment of his promise, but the uncle was obdurate. In the meantime, it came to the young seaman's ears, that the young lady whose father was thus bartering away her hand, had a will of her own, and had another suitor whom she favoured more than himself, he, therefore, went to his uncle, and with a sailor's frankness, but not a sailor's gallantry, told him he would give up his claim to be the husband of the lady, if only he could be *husband* to the ship. Even this, however, failed to satisfy the inexorable uncle, and the young sailor had, therefore, quitted Trieste and taken his present service, though he was evidently still hankering after the lady, the ship, and the ducats.

Coming out of the harbour of Rhodes, we passed Cape Cavaliere, on the opposite coast of Asia, so called after the former possessors of Rhodes. Throughout the night our sail was amongst the beautiful islands of this isle-studded sea, Nicaria, the scene of the fable of Dædalus and Icarus—Patmos, where St. John held high converse with Heaven

and others of old renown. The convent of Elijah crowns the summit of the highest part of Patmos, and the caloyers show the places hallowed by his presence, and the cave where the revelation was made to him from Heaven. Off Cnidus, we passed Cape Crio, that is Cape Ram's Head, a name which occurs in Cape Ramehead, near Plymouth, in our own island, and which is but a translation of the name given by the old Greek geographers to many similar places elsewhere. We passed also Cos, where the painter Apelles, and the physician Hippocrates were born; where Æsculapius had a temple, aud from whence, to compare great things with small, the cos-lettuce, once perhaps one of the simples of Hippocrates, was imported into England. At five o'clock this morning we were off Samos of Ionia, where Juno is fabled to have been born, and where she had a temple, which next to Carthage—

> "Which Juno far above all realms, above,
> Her own dear Samos, honoured with her love,"

Virgil says she made her favoured abode.

The celebrated Pythagoras, Chœrilus the historian, and Conon the mathematician were all natives of Samos, and here the historian Herodotus wrote the first portion of his

great work. St. Paul mentions the place in the account of his journey to Jerusalem.* And on the main land opposite, are the ruins of that Ephesus to which he addressed an epistle. The light of morning clothed all these places with richer colours than even the associations which cling to them, and their hues of purple and gold would have defied the pencil of Apelles, as the beauty and magnificence of some of their outlines would have surpassed the powers of a Martin or a Danby to pourtray. Our pathway across this land-locked sea, over waves of the deepest blue, was like a sail over some inland lake. We passed near enough to Chios to see its beautiful capital, which St. Paul passed, but did not visit, as he went up to Jerusalem.* "It is easier," says an eastern proverb, "to find a green horse, than a sober-minded Chiote," it would seem, therefore, that the inhabitants had the character of being volatile and unsettled in ancient times, but the perfidy and cruelty with which the Turks revenged themselves on the island in 1822, has given it another and a more unhappy celebrity in our days. Out of its Greek population of one hundred and twenty thousand persons, for no other crime than their desire for freedom, its inhabitants were

* Acts xx. 15.

reduced by depopulation and slaughter to less than one thousand men. This island boasts of having given birth to Ion the tragic poet, Theopompus the historian, Theocritus the sophist, and Metrodorus the philospher and physician, and last, but greater far than all—

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"

the poet Homer! Horace, whom all allow to be an excellent judge, has sung the praises of the Chian wine. Opposite Chios, on the main land, is the sequestered little port of Chismeh. Near to the entrance of the bay of Smyrna, there is a large island with a channel behind it wide enough and deep enough to float a navy. Unknown to the incurious Turks, this fact remained to be discovered by the English in 1844, and the island has ever since been called the English island. The Three Brothers, some bold mountains, which stand at the mouth of the harbour, with heads bald and sides verdant, looked striking and beautiful in the mellow light of the evening. A castle, with guns level with the water, which commands the narrow entrance to the harbour, might perhaps resist the attack of a few stray speronaras, or other piratical vessels, but it could not hold out an hour against European guns,

directed by European skill. Passing the castle, we sailed into the harbour, and having this morning seen Patmos, the scene of the vision of the revelation, I now saw before me Smyrna, in Ionia, one of the churches to which it was addressed. But the sun went down before our anchor, and notwithstanding we had hoisted the pasha's flag, to show that we had the ambassador on board, it failed to mollify the health officer, or induce him to give us pratique to night, and so, although close to the shore, we are confined to the ship until to-morrow.

The Austrian and, I believe, the French boats sailing on these seas, always carry a pilot on board, who ranks and takes duty with the officers, and dines at the cabin table. He is supposed to be conversant with every creek and harbour of these many-havened shores and islands, and to be able in case of need, to run the ship into that which is nearest and safest. Our pilot is a tall, wiry Greek, with a red fez, who, if it be true, that he was a pirate before he was a pilot, must have an extensive acquaintance with the places to which a boat may run to hide herself in these seas. I heard the second officer in reproving him for his profane oaths to-day tell him, that notwithstanding all his solemn asseverations, he would have stolen even the nails from the cross.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

SMYRNA, "the pride of Anatolia," looked beautiful from the deck of our vessel this morning, and reminded me of one of those cities of the old world where foliage and buildings were equally intermingled. The city climbs up the steep sides of Mount Pagus on which it stands, and whose head is encircled by the walls of an old Genoese fortress. I landed under salvoes of artillery meant to salute the ambassador, who I daresay would have preferred the compliment of being allowed to come quietly ashore last night, to all the noise and ceremony made to welcome him this morning. Smyrna, which is a semi-Asiatic city, has an Europeo-Asiatic look, and consequently its bazaars are as much filled with the products of the one continent as of the other. Europeans in European dresses are also as common in the streets as Asiatics, I thought it strange therefore, after I had been on shore half-an-hour, and had strolled for a considerable distance through the bazaars, to be accosted by a young man who enquired from me in French whether I was not the bearer of a parcel for him. I was at a loss at first how to understand his

enquiry, but seeing my perplexity he named my name, and said he supposed that there was no mistake, which, instead of lessening, only increased my wonder. After a little enquiry, however, I discovered that he had heard of my arrival at a café on the beach where I had myself made some enquiries, and in his anxiety about his parcel he had hastened after me to enquire for it. But as his parcel was to come from Constantinople, and as I had not yet been there, it soon became evident that I could not be the bearer of it, and he then left me with many apologies for the unnecessary trouble he had given me.

Everywhere in my walk, I saw the remains of gigantic marble walls, with massive stones, which had lewis holes, just such as a mason would make now. Marble columns, architraves beautifully carved, and fragments of porphyry, granite, and other rare materials, lay scattered about in profusion. In the court-yard of the English consulate, there was the torso of a beautifully draped figure of white marble, and in the house of a friend I saw an ancient slab, with a Greek inscription, used as part of the pavement of his floor. There are many cemeteries in Smyrna, and some of those originally outside the city are now included within it. In one of these, I saw some ancient columns set up to mark the graves of persons less

distinguished than Elpenor, for whom the command in the Odyssey was given :—

> "Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
> A hero's honours let the hero have."

The window of an old house opposite one of the cemeteries was hung over with shreds of cloth, like the oak near to Djenin, by votaries who in this way had hoped to drive away disease, so that the antiseptic virtue does not, as I once supposed, reside in the tree. When I had strolled very nearly to the summit of Mount Pagus, between which and the uppermost buildings of the city there is an interval of a quarter of a mile, I halted to take a survey of the scene. Above me, in the very circuit of the Genoese fortress, was the first Christian Church of Smyrna, and below me was the city, its white buildings and tiled roofs contrasting agreeably with the foliage in which they were embosomed. There were the splendid barracks, the only public buildings that receive attention here, and which are calculated to accommodate several thousand men. At no great distance were the pasha's palace, and the dome of an Armenian church, and here and there tall minarets springing up among the stately cypresses

yet hardly able to overtop them. Beyond all these was the lustrous bay, crossed and recrossed each moment by caiques, a light and elegant vessel which resembles a small gondola, and which like it borrows its form from the galleys of the ancients, as they appear in the drawings at Pompeii; and, finally, there were the beautiful mountains of Anatolia sweeping round and embracing the whole. But while I sat admiring the scene, a volley of stones discharged at me by some Mussulman children very unpleasantly disturbed me. I soon put my assailants to flight with their own weapons, but at the same moment I saw an Arab creeping stealthily round one of the towers above me, and another coming as stealthily towards me from below, both of them with arms; and having heard a bad character of Mount Pagus, I thought it more prudent not to let these two men come upon me unarmed and alone, and so I descended again into the city by another way. My walk next led me through that part of the city where there are streets of modern houses of European architecture. These houses are large and showy, having generally courts with flowers and a fountain in the centre, and an open arcade round the sides.

Caravan bridge, which crosses the Meles of Homer, about a mile from the city, has a pleasant European look.

It is the resort in the evening of all Smyrna, and here, when the day's business is over, the inhabitants repair to relax and enjoy themselves over their simple enjoyments of coffee, pipes and sherbet. Here, as in every place of public recreation, there are large cemeteries with their thousand tombs overshadowed by as many cypresses, for a cypress is said to be planted for every new grave, and the same grave is never opened twice. These cypresses have an aromatic smell, which may have something to do with their selection as a funereal tree. But the cypress is a perpetual mourner for the dead. When the wind breathes soft, it murmurs through its spines in sighs and whispers; but when it is high and other trees sound a diapason, its note becomes a wail.

The camels at Smyrna are smaller than I have seen them in other places, and seem to me to be of a different species. They are sturdy in make, very shaggy about the neck, and in every way less graceful in look and gait, than their species elsewhere.

Alexander the Great was the second founder of this ancient city, and Polycarp, its bishop, here suffered martyrdom for his faith in Christ, in A. D. 167. The Latin church at Smyrna, contains a picture of the scene, in which the flames, which were to have burned the saint,

are represented as refusing their office, and forming instead a halo of glory round his head; upon which a soldier pierces him with his spear, and sets his spirit free to take its heavenly flight.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 23.

THE weather which was rainy and boisterous to-day, confined me not only to the ship, but to the cabin, except when an occasional interval of sunshine afforded me a momentary view of the bay. The wind blew all the while with great violence, but towards evening it changed, and when the "south-west wind blew softly," we weighed anchor and left Smyrna. A gallant ship, which had weathered the storm of last night was coming in just as we were going out of the bay, and in passing, she lowered her topsails and slackened speed as if by magic.

A Turk's sword I find is often used more innocently than in killing his enemy, for he generally kills his mutton with it. I saw one so used to-day, and when I was in the desert it was often employed in the same way. It must have been so used in old times, for the prophet says, "it

is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of lambs and goats, with the fat of the kidneys of rams."* The sword is here, too, not merely the symbol, but the actual instrument of justice. Very recently the pasha of Smyrna beheaded with it three notorious robbers who had infested the place, and set up their heads on poles in the market-place, with their names and crimes written under in Greek, Arabic, and Turkish, as if Pilate's custom lingered here still. Where the sword has so much practice, it ought to be a perfect instrument, and the East should be the Sheffield of the sword cutler. Indeed it has some reputation in that respect; for a naval friend of mine, showed me a sword which he had bought at Chios, whose temper was said to have proved its owner's prowess by having cut off nineteen heads, which number, in attestation of the fact, was marked upon its blade. Not quite sure of this warranty, however, he walked out the next morning, and showed the sword to another Chiote, and asked him whether he thought the story true. "I know it is," he replied, "for the man has been the public executioner for four years, and that is the sword he has done execution with."

Hitherto, we had had none but gentlemen passengers in

* Isaiah xxxiv. 6.

our cabin, and, notwithstanding their number, we were a quiet orderly party; but at Smyrna we bade farewell to quiet, for there we took on board two French ladies, a young lady the daughter of one of them, an Armenian lady, and two female servants. One of the French ladies was on her way to the camp at Varna, where her husband had some appointment. She was a sprightly woman, exceedingly well read, spoke beautiful French, and had remarkable powers of conversation, which, as most people are fond of doing what they can do well, she was not unwilling to exercise. Her tongue ran on for hours, and by turns, or all at once, she engaged everybody in conversation, except the two mollahs, who only spoke Turkish. But her intelligence and sprightliness did not more distinguish her from the daughters of Asia, than her manners from the quiet delicacy of a well-educated English woman. At dinner she challenged the Turkish naval commander to drink with her to the fall of Sebastopol, and when he had accepted the challenge and was filling his glass, like a good Mussulman to drink it in water, she insisted on his pledging her in wine, and the Turk was too gallant to refuse it. In the course of the evening, in answer to her inquiry whether he was married, the officer, who seemed to enjoy her badinage, said that he

was waiting to find a good wife, and meant to be married as soon as he could find one. We were very much amused to find afterwards that this Turkish Lothario had already three wives, and that he was *now* on his way to Constantinople to be married to a fourth. The conversation which was spiritedly kept up for some hours, effectually put off bed-time till a late hour, and sleep until to-morrow.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Our fellow-passenger's lively tongue had this good effect, that it kept us up until after midnight, and when the ship soon afterwards approached Castro, anciently Mytelene, the capital of Lesbos, an island of old renown, I went on deck to watch her enter the harbour. Will it be believed that on these shores, fringed with promontories and studded with ports and islands equally difficult to approach as to avoid, there is neither a lighthouse nor a beacon to guard the mariner against the dangers of the navigation or guide him to safety. A Bengal light, burnt by the ship's agent on shore, which threw a lurid and mysterious glare over the scene, alone served to show the pathway into the

haven. After staying here a short time to take in goods and passengers, we proceeded on our voyage. Is there any nation but the Turks who would suffer this valuable carrying trade to be usurped by strangers without a single effort to profit by it themselves. One of the articles we took in here was *grana giala* a seed like a nasturtian, which is much used in this country for dyeing a yellow colour.

This morning we were still coasting along the shores of Mytelene. In old times this island was celebrated for its fertility, the beauty of its scenery, and its poetry. Its scenery is now its only distinction, for the grape loses more than half its value with the Turk who does not know its use, and its cultivation has consequently declined, while Turkish pastorals are only found in the pages of Collins and other English poets. The castle of Molivo, which we passed, standing in a commanding situation on the shore, reminded me of the fortresses where black mail was levied on the Rhine. It was built by one of the Gatilusios, the princely Venetian family to whom the Emperor John Palæologus gave the island. Not far from Molivo I saw a small white isolated rock rising from the sea, which so reminded me of a ship in full sail that for a time I thought

the petrified ship at Phæacia, in Homer's story, no longer a fable—

> "Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
> The winged pinnace shot along the sea,
> Till fate arrests her with a sudden stroke,
> And roots her down an everlasting rock."

This is peculiarly the land of fable. It was in Lesbos that Arion, who proved the power of music by making the dolphins his coursers, was born. But although Arion was here no longer, the dolphins gambolled and played about us this morning, as they did when he was here. They will play long, however, if they stay until another Arion comes with like power to charm them: for even the strains of Sappho, his countrywoman, immortal as they are, could not save her from the Leucadian waves. Horace frequently mentions the island. From Mytelene we steered across the gulf of Adramyttium, so called from the city of that name, once visited by St. Paul, and in a few hours we were off Troy, that wondrous shore where Agamemnon, and Menelaus, and the Grecian host, in that story which Homer has made immortal, prosecuted their ten years' siege.

Tenedos, the classic isle of Virgil, is opposite to Troy. We anchored for a few minutes before its strong fort and lofty castle, and near to the town, whose numerous windmills, were making good use of the breeze which was blowing this morning. Tenedos is celebrated for a red wine greatly resembling Bordeaux, but the vineyards were not in sight, and the island, though green, looked bare. But everything here is redolent of classic associations. The daphne laurel perfumed the air on shore, and our lively French lady's taste arranged its branches into a pyramid of perfume for our cabin. The Scamander still falls into the sea by the same name that was "old in the days of Homer." This, which was only its name among *mortals*, the genius of the poet has made more immortal than Xanthus which was its name among the *immortals*. But its stream is now insignificant, and a modern traveller, with a smack of humour, tells us that when he went to see it the stream was dry, whereupon he asked a peasant where the river was, "Oh," said the man, "this is the washing day at the village above, and the river does not flow to-day because the women have dammed it up, but you may see it if you will come to-morrow." Does the river sympathise with the fall of the country, and refuse to flow through a land of despotism?

Behind Tenedos is the island of Imbros, which was taken by Miltiades, and that other island which is linked with the name of Vulcan, of whom

> "How he fell
> From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
> Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day; and with the setting sun
> Dropt from the zenith like a falling star
> On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle."

We passed soon afterwards the two castles, Daourki or Cumcalli on the European, and Settlebah on the Asiatic shore, which mark the real entrance to the Dardanelles. A great number of columns seemed to be standing erect near the castle on the European shore. These castles mark very distinctly the entrance to the Hellespont—that narrow sea, not more than five miles broad, whose shores both in ancient and modern times, have been the scene of some of the most remarkable events in the history of the world.

The so-called castles of the Dardanelles, Kana Kalessi on the European, and Sultaneh Kalessi on the Asiatic shore,

which succeeded next, present a formidable front to an enemy seeking to pass them without leave. These names sound better in Turkish than in English, for like the Ceramicus at Athens, and the Tuilleries at Paris, Kana Kalessi means nothing more than Pot Castle. Three miles further are the castles of Sestos and Abydos,

> " Where love who sent forgot to save
> The young, the beautiful, the brave,
> The only hope of Sestos' daughter."

When Lord Byron, emulous of Leander's fame, once swam the Hellespont in the day-time, and gained the rheumatism for his pains, he could scarcely appreciate the lover's task who swam it not once only and by day, but constantly, and night by night. Beyond Abydos I saw numbers of green mounds upon the shore, each of which probably covered " some fabled hero's ashes." Lampsacus, on the Asiatic shore, was given by Xerxes to Themistocles to supply him with wine. Our beautiful sail on the Hellespont ended soon after our leaving Lampsacus, and we were launched on the Sea of Marmora, with no prospect about us but the heavens and the moon-lit waves. It surprised me to find on board this vessel a whole colony of cats, kept to

wage war on the rats and mice which abound in these timber ships, where they are dangerous passengers. There is an Arabic proverb which says—

"A cat of wood
Will do no good,"

And I suppose the Lloyd's company have found it true that wood will not protect wood, nor save it from the rats.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

THE Sea of Marmora which takes its name from the marble quarries of its islands, was anything but as smooth as marble last night, for there was a considerable wind abroad, and we rolled so much that before morning nearly all my fellow passengers were not only *sick* of the *sea*, but heartily *sea-sick*. Some of them who were going only to Gallipoli, could not be left there, for it was so dark and so rough that we could not stop to put them ashore, and they were therefore compelled to go on to Constantinople, and to come back to Gallipoli by the return boat.

When I went upon deck this morning I found it swimming with water, and the poor deck passengers in a state of sad discomfort. It rained a double shower of fresh water and salt, and the spray of the sea breaking over the vessel's sides came down almost as fast as the rain from the welkin. A steamer must sadly disturb the habits of these Asiatic passengers. They are neither clad nor fitted for inclement skies, and if, as now, they have their harems on board, the seclusion they so much affect is destroyed.

The storm of wind and rain continued, and the first objects that met my sight when we approached Constantinople were a number of the loftiest minarets decapitated by the wind and the breakers dashing against the shore, higher than the house-tops. I did not see the city, therefore, in the sunny aspect under which Mr. Hope describes it in Anastasius, but even in the moist atmosphere of this morning it looked grand, cloudy, and mysterious. Passing Seraglio Point, with its forts, cupolas, and verdure, we steered to our anchorage in the Golden Horn through fleets of French and English steamers, each filled with troops, whose bugles we heard answering each other, as wave answers to wave. When I saw the English flag floating from many of these vessels I felt myself at home.

The Greeks were of old remarkable for their colonies of

traders, and they preserve the same character still. They are found settled everywhere on these coasts, and they are everywhere the same pushing, intelligent, acute people as they were in the days of Themistocles, nor have they lost their old character of not always keeping faith. I made the acquaintance of one of them who had been major domo to Lady Hester Stanhope, and he told me an anecdote which shows the extent to which her name was known and respected. On one occasion when he had been to Europe to fetch a large sum of money, and was returning with it to her ladyship, the ship was attacked and taken near Jaffa by pirates, who proceeded to plunder the ship and passengers, but when they found he had Lady Hester's pass, instead of plundering, they spared *him* and sent him safe on shore with her ladyship's money.

I was at length landed at the Custom House, where after paying half-a-dozen piasters, for having my baggage opened and exposed to the rain, to have been spared which I would gladly have paid twice the sum, I was allowed to pass on, and following a porter I dived into the dark, dirty, and narrow streets of Galata. Our road soon became a steep climb, and here I was every now and then thrust against the wall by a sedan chair, or in danger of being run down by a Turkish aroba, a tawdrily gilded and painted

carriage swinging on leather suspenders, and drawn by two horses, which looked for all the world like the coach in which Sir Roger de Coverley went to church. In another labyrinthine street I met a shepherd leading, not driving, a flock of sheep, which followed him quite tractably up the hill, and without ever attempting to bolt as English sheep would have done down one or other of the numerous streets which branched off right and left from the path. This sight helped to make the Scripture allusion to the Eastern shepherds more intelligible to me. The sheep had no difficulty in climbing the hill of Galata, but how horses and horsemen, and porters with heavy burdens, manage to mount and descend its steeps is a puzzle. It was quite labour enough for me to climb it without baggage or impediment. But at length having reached the gate which leads to Pera, I paused for a few minutes under its archway. The gates of Galata, and of other Turkish towns, close every evening like the flowers as soon as the sun goes down. But this particular gate is opened at all hours to the residents of Pera for a consideration, which is much the same thing as if Temple Bar were to be closed every evening, and only opened to the citizens of London for a douceur. The Turks cling to this practice only because it is old. Genoa was a famous city long before the

era of Columbus, and perhaps it was her character for commercial enterprise in the east that fired the ambition of her greatest citizen to discover new worlds in the west. Everywhere here she has left traces of her former self. This city of Galata was given her in the thirteenth century by one of the Greek emperors; and about the time that our First Edward was building Conway and Carnarvon she was employed in surrounding Galata with walls and towers. The walls which have embrasures and a parapet, very much resemble the walls of Conway. Probably the walls of Byzantium were a model for the builders of both. Near the Pera gate there is a round and very lofty tower, where a watchman is always stationed to give an alarm on the first appearance of fire. Passing on from the gateway and entering Pera, I encountered in the streets crowds of European soldiers, horse, foot, and artillery, in showy and varied uniforms, with their officers mounted on fine chargers. And to these succeeded equal crowds of Turkish infantry, in dress and appearance a complete contrast to their European fellow-soldiers. Compared with these Turkish troops Falstaff's ragged regiment might be said to be attired in purple and fine linen. They clearly had not fared sumptuously every day, and certainly many of them had not had a new coat for many a year. Under the house of

Tudor it was a fashionable vanity for a soldier to appear at court in the dress in which he had received his wounds, and hence originated the fashion of slashed doublets. But modesty has grown more in fashion since slashed doublets went out, and the soldier who should now sport himself in the tattered coat in which he had fought a battle, might be rebuked as a living statesman is said to have actually rebuked such a vaunter, "Oh don't talk to me of your coat," he said, "but shew me your nether garments."

The same causes everywhere produce the same effects. The London graveyards near Cheapside are not more desecrated than the Mahometan cemetery at Pera. It was unenclosed, was crossed and recrossed with footpaths, had a host of headless tombstones, and was a receptacle for filth. When the dead and the living contend for mastery, the dead are obliged to give way, until they engage pestilence for their ally, and then they become the victors and make their own terms.

At length, as the end of all my toils, I reached my hotel, not sorry, after a twelve days' sea voyage and sea fare, to be once more under a roof, and such a roof as Misseri's hotel in Pera.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

THE Church of England service at Constantinople is performed in the palace of the Embassy, whither I repaired this morning to attend it. As I passed through the court yard to the church, I saw lying there the sculptured tombstone of some old Greek, in perfect preservation, and with its inscription complete. The church proved to be merely a moderate sized room in the Embassy, capable of holding a hundred people. It was soon filled, and I saw many persons who arrived late, go away for want of room. Mr. Blakiston, the chaplain of the Embassy, preached from I. Peter, iv. 17. He is a good man, and an earnest preacher, with some peculiar views on prophecy. He deduced some of them from his text, and contended that, by his parting words on Mount Olivet, our Lord meant to imply his personal return, and he endeavoured to shew from the signs of the times, that this personal return might be looked for soon. There was enough in the sermon, however, to edify even those who did not agree with the preacher's views of prophecy.

After service, I walked to the bridge of boats which leads across the Golden Horn to Constantinople. The

sun, which was going down, shed a parting lustre upon the opposite heights of Scutari on the other side of the Bosphorus, and tinged with golden rays, the domes, minarets, and buildings of Istamboul, while the harbour, with its fleets of shipping, and its thousand caiques moving to and fro upon its bosom, was bathed in beams of sunlight.

All through my journey, nothing had been so difficult as to obtain news. In Syria and Palestine there were plenty of reports of the state and operations of the army in the Crimea, but the story of one day was contradicted by the next, and feeling naturally anxious to know the true state of affairs, I looked forward to my arrival here, to put a period to my doubt and uncertainty. But rumour I found employed her thousand tongues as busily at Constantinople as elsewhere, and the tale which had amused the hour, then died and was forgotten. Of all her thousand tongues hardly one knows how to speak the truth. All sorts of stories have been told of the fall of Sebastopol. One of them, which was sufficiently improbable, being related to Captain Thynne, a wounded officer here a few days ago, he said to the relator, without affecting surprise, "Well your story may be true, but my news is later, for it tells me that the French have taken Sebastopol, brought it to

Constantinople, and have since gone home, and taken it with them."

Many of the officers of the Crimean army who are staying in my hotel, were only a few days since in the trenches at Balaclava, or engaged in the battle of Inkerman. All of them had been confronted with death, and many of them had received wounds, or had seen their friends and comrades falling dead or wounded beside them. Hair-breadth escapes are common in all warfare. One of the officers who sat near to me at dinner to-day, had been shot through the leg in the battle of the Alma. He was not at first conscious of his wound, but presently he found his boot filled with blood, and felt himself becoming faint and likely to fall. He had just time, before falling to the ground, to select a small hollow in the field, one side of which was protected by a heap of soil, thrown up like the earth over a new grave in a country church-yard, and into this hollow, which he reached by crawling over the dead body of a soldier, he contrived to throw himself, before his eyes swam and his senses left him. On coming to himself a few minutes afterwards, he found himself half buried under a heap of soil, from a shell which had burst by the dead soldier during the interval, and which he had only escaped by being entrenched behind his little earthwork. But

how strange is man! Familiarity with scenes of danger never presents the future so vividly as to destroy or impair his enjoyment of the present. On the contrary, it seems to quicken in him the zest of life. This tendency, if not resisted, leads to an adoption of that practical philosophy which the apostle condemns—"let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die,"—and is one of the reasons which suggested to the church, the prayer that her children may be delivered from battle and murder, and from *sudden* death. For myself, I am willing to receive in part Corporal Trim's apology for his profession, and to admit that a great deal of the levity of the soldier is more seeming than real.

"When a soldier," said he, "has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged for months together in long and dangerous marches, harassed perhaps in his rear to-day, harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can."

I hear on all sides, complaints of the distress of the wounded, and the necessity for more hospital accommodation and attendance. It reflects no credit on the

authorities that the gallant men who are serving their country in this perilous war should receive such scant attention in their necessity. Several hundred wounded men arrived here in a transport from Balaclava only two days ago, who had not had a bed to lie on during the passage. Things were little better either when they arrived, for there were no beds in the hospital, and neither nurses nor attendants adequate to the occasion. When any one finds fault or expresses his wonder at this state of things, one of the parties to blame, excuses or tries to excuse it, by saying "Oh sir, you forget that we are in a country where we do not understand the language." But humanity speaks the same language everywhere, and women are never wanting when a work of mercy is to be done. Much is expected from Miss Nightingale and her thirty coadjutresses who have recently arrived, and the fruits of better attendance and more system are already beginning to appear in the hospital. The exercise of this Christian duty must be its own reward. It has neither orange flower nor rose water in it. The Turkish system which does not admit of this service being done by women, denies to the sex its noblest opportunity of usefulness and mercy.

A company of Italian actors are to open their operatic

season at Constantinople this evening, (Sunday,) and their play bill, printed in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Greek and Italian is now lying before me.—What a strange attempt to reconcile the East to the West!

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

In my walk to Istamboul to-day there were crowds of Turkish wives on the bridge of Tershanna — tall well-grown women, with pale faces made paler by the white veil of thin muslin which they wind over the lower part of the face so as just to cover the tip of the nose, which consequently gives this feature an aquiline appearance. When a face is worth seeing it were a pity to hide it, and so its owner thinks, for I never saw a Turkish veil so arranged that the wearer's face could not be seen. Their eyelids and eyelashes were tinged with kohl, and their eyes were dark and expressive; but their complexions were without colour, and had that paleness which results from much confinement in-doors. These ladies do not sit, but cower, which is inelegant, but their shuffling convulsive walk, in their yellow boots and stockingless legs, combines the leap

of the kangaroo and the sidelong movements of the crab. Some of these wives were negresses, who, I suppose, have less value in the market than paler beauties. If I had not known the contrary I should have supposed these dark beauties to belong to husbands who could only afford cheap wives, like that English servant-maid, who having married a plain man, told her mistress, in answer to a disparaging remark on his appearance, that she could not expect a fortune of five pounds to buy a *very* handsome husband. A carriage containing the three wives of a wealthy Turk broke down in the street near me, but I was not allowed, and did not presume to offer the inmates any assistance, for they feared me more than the upset.

The Turks are an unchanging race. An engineer told me that he had offered two years ago to throw a floating bridge over the Bosphorus, either at his own expense, if he might have the tolls for twenty-five years, or if they preferred it, to do it at a given price for the government, but that he had never received an answer. Such a work would have proved of infinite benefit now. To-day I saw forty Turks endeavouring to draw a large hogshead out of the hold of a vessel. They had neither levers, rollers, nor pulleys. Their only tackle were two chains passing round the two ends of the hogshead, each of

which was held by twenty men who endeavoured to drag it up by main force. For some time they hardly stirred it at all. At last their united pull brought it slightly from the bottom, but the moment the strain was relaxed it rolled back, and they had then their work to begin again. At length two of the men were sent into the hold to put their backs against it as a wedge, and I was in fear and trembling for the consequences to these men in the event of a recoil. In England, two men with a crane would have hoisted out this hogshead in two minutes, though it employed these forty men half-an hour.

The walls of Constantinople suggested to Randle Blundeville the architecture of Beeston Castle. They are higher, and stronger, and thicker than the walls of Galata or of cities in England. They have parapets several yards wide at the top, and square embrasures like Chester, but as a means of defence their day, like the Turk's, is over.

As I returned through Pera and stood near one of the baths, whose dome was studded with round lights like a magnified dragon-fly's eye, I enjoyed from that height the sight of the Golden Horn and the glorious Bosphorus. Language cannot do justice to the grandeur of the scene or the transparency of the atmosphere by which it is lighted.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

HERE, as everywhere in the East, the favourite place of recreation is a cemetery, and the European burial ground, which occupies very many acres, and is covered with sepulchral memorials in every European and many an Asiatic language, is a favourite resort at Pera. It occupies a beautiful situation opposite the Law School, now the French hospital, and in the rear of the artillery barracks, and on the highest part of Pera, with no houses to interrupt the view from it. In one corner of the ground there is a kiosk, a sort of glass summer house, where coffee, and pipes, and sherbet may be had. Seated in this kiosk I had the Bosphorus before me, with its fleets of vessels "reposing on their own shadows," while Europe on the one shore and Asia on the other, stood peaceful spectators of the scene. It would not be easy to describe the beauty of this land-locked sea, which, in its repose, looked like an inland lake reflecting every object on its banks. The shores of the two continents, which it divides, are strikingly bold and varied in their outline, and look as if they had been united, until divorced by some convulsion of nature. There is scarcely an object on either shore

which has not its history. This glorious prospect of sea and land was lighted by a mellow sunlight worthy of an immortal scene. How dreadful, in contrast with this peaceful repose, must have been that hurricane which only two weeks ago overtook and overwhelmed a fleet of vessels, in a neighbouring sea only a few hours from hence. An eye-witness told me that, as he stood watching the storm of the 14th from the heights of Balaclava, he saw some vessels floating one instant in apparent security, and the next, in the twinkling of an eye, driven against the rocks and dashed to splinters; and I heard another say that one moment he discerned a vessel on the waves, which in the next was hidden in a black squall, and when he looked again the squall had passed, but the ship was gone and the sea had closed over her grave. The Bosphorus seems a more euphonious name than Oxford, and yet both names mean the same thing with a difference, and a fanciful mind, or Captain Fluellen, might find a more plausible resemblance between the two places than their names, or than between Macedon and Monmouth; for while the fabled Io, or Isis, the cow goddess, gave name to this sea, our celebrated university, called also from the cow kind, stands on the banks of the Isis.

During my stay in Constantinople I have seen several funerals of Latin Christians passing to their burial ground in Pera. They were invariably preceded by acolytes in white and priests in black robes, with lighted tapers, chanting the office for the dead in alternate parts as they passed along. To-day I saw the body of a French soldier conveyed to the grave in a hearse covered with black, trimmed with silver, and drawn by two dun coloured oxen, who moved along slowly and stately as if conscious that they were engaged in a serious and solemn occupation.

In my way home I called at the house of the American mission, and saw with interest their latest work, a triple translation of the Bible into Turkish, Armenian, and modern Greek. The Armenian is printed with Greek types, slightly altered so as to express the guttural sounds which are unknown to the Greek. Before I reached my hotel I saw one of the bazaar merchants busily batting cotton with the same implements, and in the same inartificial manner, that I saw practised in Warrington when I was a boy. If political empire has hitherto rolled westward, the reign of obsolete mechanical contrivances most certainly travels eastward.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

ISTAMBOUL, or Constantinople Proper, is said to owe its name to a corruption in the sound of three Greek words, signifying "into the city." Whether this is a correct definition or not I do not know, but "into the city" described my object, and on this rainy morning into the city I went; but as the streets were very dirty, and the pavements slippery through the rain, I chose to go on horseback. Down the steep descent of Pera, and across the wooden bridge over the Golden Horn, more particularly the centre arches, it was very difficult for my horse to keep his feet. Horses must often fall upon this bridge, but when they do the effect is like a fall on a wooden pavement in London, which, as a cabman once told me, "never broke no knees." Threading a labyrinth of narrow streets of wooden houses, which a single bombshell would light into one great blaze, I kept near the course of the north wall until I reached the seraglio, the St. James's palace of the Turkish sultan, where he receives embassies, holds occasional divans, and sets out on state ceremonies, but does not reside, and from the gateway of which, as the English court from St. James's, he receives the title of

the Sublime Porte. Strangers may freely enter and examine, as I did this morning, the two first courts of this palace, and my eye had free licence over its so-called gardens, which are little more than large grassplots planted with formal avenues of cypresses, which, however grateful for their shade in a hot sun, looked agueish and rheumatic on this rainy morning. In England, in spite of unfavouring skies, we contrive to have beautiful gardens; but here, where "boon nature wantons as in her prime," the true taste for gardening is unknown. Wherever nature is most lavish of her bounties, man is most careless to improve them—such is human perverseness. In the first court of the seraglio there was a gigantic plane tree, at least twenty yards in circumference, which, according to the attendant, was planted by Constantine more than fifteen hundred years ago. It was the largest tree I ever saw, and it formed a splendid ornament of the court. In the second court, not far from the mint, there were four ancient sarcophagi, the beauty of whose materials and workmanship had led to their being disinterred; a result very opposite to the intention of their founders when they placed them in the family tomb, in the hope that they would remain there for ever, and never be disturbed or desecrated—a faint shadowing of man's longing for

immortality. Three of these sarcophagi were of the most beautiful porphyry, very large and costly, and in their shape resembled an English cottage, with projections at each corner like the horns of a Jewish altar. The fourth was of white marble, about the shape and size of an English bath cistern, with sculptures on its sides in high relief, and in a beautiful style of art. It were to be wished that casts were taken of these sculptures, which are not as safe in these harem walls as their living beauties are.

From the seraglio I rode by the palace of the grand vizier to the great mosque of Santa Sophia, a church raised and dedicated to wisdom, made a saint, intsead of to wisdom's author, in which we trace the lingering roots of its founder's heathen prejudices. I shall forbear to describe, what has been so often described, this great wonder of ancient architecture, and shall content myself with a mere relation of what I noticed in it. Having left my horse at the door, and taken off my shoes and paid my back-sheish, I entered the church, and by a series of inclined planes, somewhat steep, but all paved, ascended to a great height near the top of the building where the women's gallery is. This gallery, which is very spacious and runs nearly round the building, is vaulted overhead, covered

everywhere with mosaics and supported by columns of almost every sort of costly marble. As I looked down from its arches upon its vast floor, the crowd of worshippers engaged at their devotions seemed diminished to the dimensions of pigmies. But their prayers came not from puny lungs or sleepy worshippers. An imaum led them, and their rich melodious voices, in strains which resembled a Gregorian chaunt, floated upwards like a cloud of embodied harmony awakening kindred echoes in every arch, and vault, and dome as it rose. It sounded very devotional, and had I not known that Santa Sophia, built by its founder with far other views, had now been diverted to a false faith—such is human blindness—I could have believed myself in a Christian place of worship. The vault which covers this vast temple is one hundred and fifteen feet broad, is unsupported save on its side walls, and is remarkable for the lowness of its spring. It spans the broad area at a height of one hundred and eighty feet like a spangled firmament. The dome, the walls, the floors, every part in short of this great building are either of rich marbles or covered with costly mosaics, representing either the effigy of our Lord or patterns of flowers and other objects, and the eye is lost in its variety. After having examined and admired the building

at leisure from the gallery, and exchanged some of my tesseræ to make me a denizen of Santa Sophia, I descended to the floor where the crowd of worshippers were engaged in prayer, with an outward solemnity and decorum which were truly striking. They seemed wholly absorbed in their solemn employment. The great doorway, in order I suppose to prevent noise, was covered by a carpet screen which was drawn aside to allow persons to enter, and above the architrave of this door-way there was a sarcophagus of brass let into the wall, and said to contain the ashes of Constantine's daughter. I am glad to have seen Santa Sophia, and in particular its truly marvellous dome, which is less remarkable for its vastness than for the beauty and harmony of its proportions; but upon the whole I was more struck with the rich prodigality of the materials and the elaborate workmanship of this wonder of Byzantine art, than with the beauty of its architecture. Mammon and Mercury encroach upon holy buildings here as in Europe; I saw to-day some of their erections placed in far too near proximity to Santa Sophia. The Turks pretend that they have in Santa Sophia the marble or porphyry cradle in which our Saviour was nursed, and the marble lavatory in which he was washed; but a Turk's oath by his father's beard and his own word would have failed to

convince me of the genuineness of those relics, and so I neither desired nor endeavoured to see them.

From the mosque of Santa Sophia, I went to the Hippodrome, a name which will be familiar to every reader of Gibbon's account of the games of Byzantium in the splendid pages of the "Decline and Fall." Here is the brazen column with the twisted serpents, supposed to have once been the tripod of the priestess of Delphi. From the temple of an oracle, where it was almost divine, to the city of Constantine, where it is only a curiosity, was a vast descent, but it has suffered still further degradation here, for its serpents have lost their heads. The beautiful Egyptian obelisk of red granite, fifty feet high, round which the chariots coursed in the ancient games, is now standing in its place with its hieroglyphics legible, but it is evidently neither appreciated nor cared for by its present owners. I contrasted it with the Luxor obelisk at Paris, greatly to the advantage of the latter.

From the Hippodrome or Atmeidan I directed my steps to the cavern of the one thousand and one columns, which was once an immense cistern, but is now dry and made into a rope walk. There are really, between three or four hundred columns, and not one thousand and one, but each column is in three heights, and each height is reckoned as

a separate column, an idea which bears a family likeness to the way of measuring a man up one side and down the other, and so making him more than ten feet high. The Corinthian column of Constantine still stands erect at no great distance, with its capital and abacus perfect, except a fragment which is broken off at one corner. And the four eagles still keep sentry at its four corners, but the power of their master over the four quarters of the old world, which the birds were meant to symbolize, is gone and their office is become a sinecure.

The aqueduct for conveying water to Constantinople, once a great and useful work, but now fast hastening to decay, must in its best days have been a splendid erection. Its walls and piers are six yards thick, fifty feet high, and its arches of two piers, rising one above the other, strike the beholder with wonder even in their decay.

From the elevated esplanade of the palace of the minister of war I had a commanding view of Constantinople, its towers, domes, and minarets, and the Bosphorus with its clouds of ships, and the classic lands beyond. There stood Chalcedon, of Bithynia, an older and once a greater city than Constantinople, which in its own day was called the city of the blind, because its builders were so short-sighted as to prefer its site to the site of Constantinople. The

history of the two places has fully justified the sobriquet, for not one stone now remains to mark the place where Chalcedon stood, while its rival is still a great city with eight hundred thousand inhabitants. It might be here, it was certainly at the capital of Bithynia, that Hannibal died the guest of king Prusias. Was it the instinct that leads animals to seek their native place to die, that brought Hannibal to die in the East from whence his family sprang? Beyond Chalcedon were the snowy ranges of the Lycian Olympus, and a thousand places known to classic fame. Byzantium the germ of the present vast capital was in strictness only that triangle which is occupied by the Seraglio and the buildings belonging to it, around and out of which the present city has grown.

The mosque of Sultan Mahmoud II., the conqueror of Constantinople, stands upon the site of a former church of the apostles, which was levelled to make way for its foundations. Within its enclosure is the founder's tomb. Upon it lies his scymetar, with his turban, in front of which is an aigrette or jewel of great value, real or pretended, and upon these are spread a number of very costly shawls, which from time to time are taken away and renewed out of funds set apart for that purpose by the founder. The mosque is built of white marble streaked with dark wavy

veins, and its interior, though built in 1469, is as fresh in every part as if it had left the mason's hands but yesterday. The mouldings, which are neither deep nor bold, bear a resemblance to the marble carving on Masada, except that they are less rounded. On the sun-dial of this mosque is this verse from the Koran, inscribed there by the founder,—"Didst thou not see thy lord how he extended thy shadow." It is of this mosque also that Murray tells the following story.

The Sultan, being enraged at his architect, Christodulos, for building it lower than Santa Sophia, and for having, as he said, wilfully sawed off two of its largest and most beautiful columns, ordered his hands be cut off as a punishment. On the following day, the architect, accompanied by his bewailing family, repaired to the court of justice, before the judge of Constantinople, and sued the Sultan for damages. The judge having ordered the Sultan to appear, the latter, to shew his respect for the law, obeyed the order, but came with a battle-axe concealed in his girdle. He was about to sit down, but the judge admonished him that, according to law, the parties must maintain their rights standing. After the architect had stated his complaint, and the Sultan had declared that the amputation of the architect's hands was

nothing more than a just punishment for his mutilation of the granite pillars, the judge observed that however low the mosque might be in consequence of such a mistake, yet it was still appropriate as a place of worship, and that whatever might be the expense of the columns, they were only stone, and not flesh and blood; that by the loss of his hands the learned architect had in a manner lost his profession; that his future life must be confined to eating, drinking, and vegetating, and that, consequently, he must be a burthen on the Sultan, unless, as an equivalent, the latter would allow his own wrists to be cut off. Upon this the Sultan agreed to settle twenty aspers a day upon him, with which the architect being contented drew up the necessary legal documents. When all was concluded the judge rose and paid the Sultan the honours due to him, and at the same time excused himself for having delayed to do so whilst he was in the performance of his judicial functions. "Thou hast done well," said the Sultan, "and mark, if thou hadst given the case against the architect and in my favour, I would have murdered thee with this axe." "And I," replied the judge, "if my all gracious Lord and Sultan had refused to abide by my decision, would have summoned to my aid this servant of justice." Thus saying he raised the carpet, and a

venomous serpent shot forth its forked tongue, but the judge soothed it and it immediately crept back beneath its covert. The Sultan kissed the judge's hand, and returned to his palace resolving henceforth to regulate his actions by the rules of justice, and more in accordance with the practice of this upright judge.

The burial place of Sultan Mahmoud II. is called a garden, as are all the other grounds attached to mosques where conquerors or their families rest. See how the desire to repose near holy places breaks forth in Mahometan lands! I went from the mosque of Mahmoud to that of Sultan Bajazet, sometimes called the dove mosque, because there that bird, dear to Mahometans from its share in preserving the prophet's life during the flight to Medina, whence his followers date their era, finds a safe asylum. Thousands of doves were sporting and flying up and down in the mosque, and among the trees in its garden enclosure. From the house of prayer to the abode of Mammon is only a step at Constantinople as elsewhere, and immediately after leaving the mosque I found myself riding through the bazaars which extend for miles, and are more celebrated for their width, extent, arrangement, protection from the weather, and cleanliness, than any other in the world. Wares of the same kind are arranged in these bazaars

geographically, and in the same neighbourhood, and you pass at one time through long streets of shawls and silks, and then through streets equally long of other sorts of merchandise. But an oriental bazaar appears nowhere to such advantage as in the Arabian Nights. Except some silks and stuffs ornamented and embroidered with silver and gold, and destined to be worn by the secluded tenants of the harem, where they will never be seen but by themselves and their husbands, I saw little in these bazaars to-day that struck me as particularly oriental.

Near the church of Theodosius, I saw a Christian sarcophagus of verde antique, of the same form as those porphyry ones which I had seen in the seraglio court. I saw also the burnt column, which seems only celebrated because little is known of it, except that it has undergone frequent martyrdoms by fire.

And then I saw a modern wonder greater and more strange in Constantinople than all its antiquities, an European steam corn mill.

At dinner at the hotel to-day we had the chief of the French hospital staff, Lord William Paulett, the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, Major Lovell, Captain Wetherall, assistant-commissary-general, Mr. M'Donald, Captain Clifton, aide-de-camp of the Duke of Cambridge,

Mr. Maxwell, Captain the baron de la Roncière of the French navy, Captain Cray, and a great number of other officers, French and English. One of the dishes at dinner was sword-fish. The fish has the shape, and its flesh the colour of a salmon, with a deeper tinge, but it eats delicately, and reminded me of sturgeon well cooked. One of the sweets after dinner was Rahatly coomb, a sort of dry confection which is made to be sucked like sugar candy, and is such a favourite here that the Turks think heaven would hardly be heaven without it.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

The curs here do not know their best friends, and are evidently infected with Moslem prejudices against the giaours, as all Franks are called. They would attack and worry them, without either fear or respect; while upon a Mahometan who cannot appreciate their noble character, and abhors the whole race, they would fawn and seek his caresses if they durst. They know an European by instinct, and would willingly abet their Mussulman masters in the crime of homicide against him. The convent of

dancing dervishes near my hotel was a handsome building, but as I did not admire either the physiognomy or the character of the inmates, I never entered it to witness their performance. No one who has not tried it can tell what it is to keep a reckoning, or to pay or receive an account in Turkish coin. The coinage of the country, whether gold, silver, or billon, is thin bracteate money, with no effigy or inscription upon it, but a Turkish scroll, which even he who made it cannot read. This coinage, again, is of all ages and sizes, and to distinguish its several kinds and values, would surpass the skill of a Cocker. Again, in their liberality or their indolence, the Turks permit the money of all nations to circulate in their dominions, which increases still further the difficulty of reckoning, and puzzles the traveller with the abundance of his money. What government but a decaying one would thus give away both the profit and the prerogative of issuing its own coinage? As I had no wish to bring away with me any of this abominable Turkish money, I contrived to leave myself with just as much as would suffice, after discharging my hotel bill, to pay the porter and boatman, and put me safe on board the French steamer "Thabor," in which I was to embark for Marseilles to-day. I had scarcely left the portal, however, and was exchanging a few parting

civilities with Mr. Godolphin Osborne in the street, when I found that the laquais de place had paid for me ten piasters which he had not been repaid. I re-paid him the money, but this unsuspected run upon my Turkish purse deranged all my nice monetary calculations, and left me only ten piasters to put me free on board; still, as the steamer was lying in the Golden Horn close to the shore, this might suffice. I paid off the porter, at the water's edge, and I then found that I had still piasters enough to pay double the boatman's fare. I therefore put off for the ship in a caique. The wind was strong, and the waves high, but we bounded over the water and soon reached the steamer. My luggage was handed up, and I emptied my pocket of piasters and dismissed my boatman, very thankful to receive double his fare; but just as I was crossing a steam tender that lay between the boat and the ship, the tender, in spite of my remonstrance, sailed back to the shore, divorced me from my baggage, and landed me without a Turkish piaster in my pocket, just where I started. But I escaped easily from my dilemma, for perceiving another steamer near, which was going to the Thabor, I got into it, and was soon afterwards safely landed on the Thabor's deck. The civil English engineer on board the tender told me his wages were £30. a month,

with two francs a day for victuals, and that next year, if heaven pleased, he meant to retire and marry, and settle in England.

I had scarcely settled myself in my berth when the other passengers began to arrive in great numbers. There were nearly fifty Arab Zouaves returning from the Crimea to Algiers — tall handsome Mussulmen, who had volunteered to serve in the East in the cause of Islam, and having lost all their horses in the campaign were now on their way home. They wore large scarlet cloaks and had a very soldier like air, and one of them was a decoré. Then there were draughts of wounded French soldiers of the line, on their return home. To these deck passengers succeeded a number of French officers of various regiments of the line, chasseurs, cavalry, and infantry, twelve in number, of whom six were decorated with the legion of honour. Several of these officers were wounded, and two of them were seriously ill and had to be carried on board, and one of them who had received a musket ball which could not be extracted, screamed with agony as he was lifted into his berth. These wounds detract terribly from the romance of war. I do not know how many fine fellows I have seen since I came here crippled for life. How many more have been snatched in a moment from the eyes of sorrowing

friends the mourning hearths of England best can tell. Some noble young Highlanders going to the Crimea to make their first campaign were at church on Sunday, with hopes as bright and brilliant as their spotless scarlet uniforms. Already, if I could see them now, I daresay blackness has gathered upon those hopes and those uniforms.

The French officers and myself soon became friends, and I learnt many of their stories. Some of them were returning to France with broken limbs, to receive rewards and a pension; others, with neither wounds nor broken limbs, were going to try the effect of the air of France in restoring their health which was impaired; and one with a wound in the *heart* was returning to France to be *re-paired*, for he was a widower, who had received a shaft from cupid's bow, and was going home to be married to another wife.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Our ship, which has been detained for despatches, is still lying in the Golden Horn. The sky scowls and is lowering, and the wind is boisterous, so that I dare say our

captain, whatever his passengers may think, is not sorry to be detained still in the harbour. I wonder whether we shall carry all our sick men home without having a death on board. If we had a Turkish leech to attend them this would certainly not be the case. Not long ago a gentleman entering the bazaar of a merchant in Constantinople found him sleeping heavily, and breathing in a manner which was not natural. He ran, therefore, for the next native doctor, who, as soon as he came, laid the patient on his back and pulled his nose, which brought on a fit of apoplexy, of which the man instantly died. If, instead of using these rough means, he had immediately bled his patient, his life might have been saved.*

All day the sea birds on the Golden Horn have been sporting about our vessel. Nobody molests them here, and the wildest birds become comparatively tame, where they enjoy an immunity from harm. Instinct soon teaches even the lowest animals to know their friends.

At sunset there was a great firing of ordnance from the

* Such a practitioner would be qualified to teach the lesson ascribed to a doctor in the Irish epitaph—

"Here lies the body of Pat M'Arty,
Who from this earth is gone to glory;
His doctor's name was Moriarty,
Who quickly taught him *Arte mori.*"

forts surrounding the bay, and the hope quickly arose not only that our despatches had arrived and that we should soon be off, but that their news was good, and that we should be the first to carry the joyful tidings home. The firing was succeeded by an illumination, and the domes, mosques, and minarets of the city, dark and gloomy one instant, came out the next moment in the shape of crescents, circlets, crowns, and pillars of light, like so many new constellations. After this, hope became certainty, and I no longer doubted that good news had really arrived. Just at that moment, however, I heard one of the Arabs say that the first day of Moharrem, the first month of the Mahometan new year began at this hour, and it flashed upon me that this was the cause of the noise and the blaze. If the song is true that in the West

> "The best of all ways,
> To lengthen our days,
> Is to steal a few hours from the night,"

the best way to multiply our *years* must be to come to the East, for I shall at least have seen two New Years in one month, and by going to Greece where the year begins eleven days later than ours, I might easily see another, or in the whole three New Year's days in less than six weeks.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

At sunrise this morning we had crossed the Sea of Marmora, and were off Gallipoli, famous of old for its oil, and more famous recently as the rendezvous of the allied troops when the present war began. It is situated on the slope of a long hill, has two harbours, the one north and the other south, a once strong but now ruined castle, and looks a picturesque and imposing place. At Gallipoli, which was taken by them in 1357, near a century before the fall of Constantinople, the Ottomans first obtained a footing in Europe, and in 1391 Bajazet I. built here its now ruined castle. South of the city, I believe that I saw the tombs which Mr. Murray says are the sepulchres of the ancient Thracian kings. As I was looking towards Gallipoli the sun rose, and threw a glorious light over the Hellespont and the surrounding scene.

Opposite Tenedos I saw the snowy top of Mount Ida, looking fairer than the three beauties who there unveiled themselves to Paris. I saw also the range of the Mysian Olympus, and the Scamander, which the snows of Olympus still help to fill as they did in the days of Priam, Hector, and Achilles.

The morning was very sunny, and the vessel's paddles left two broad bands of foam behind her, white at first, but changing each instant like the hues of a dying dolphin, until the sea resumed its original azure. So long as the track remained, the sea birds, balancing themselves beautifully on the wing, skimmed after the ship to catch a surprised fish, or pick up any stray morsel that might have been thrown overboard.

The shores now before me are connected with some of our earliest classic associations. Here Miltiades planted his colony of the Thracian Chersonese. Here Xerxes advancing to subdue Europe to Asia, spanned the Hellespont with his bridge of boats, and here, from a vastly inferior force, he met his first repulse. Here Xenophon and the ten thousand Greeks consummated their immortal retreat; and here Alexander rolled back upon Asia the dominion which she had threatened to inflict upon Europe. Here Leander ennobled the constancy of love, and here were enacted the scenes which have inspired the oldest and the greatest of epic poets. I gazed on these scenes until the sun went down and clothed the south in purple, and the west in crimson. But bye-and-bye, the moon rising serenely tipped the lower hills with light, and silvered the clouds which lay like fleeces of wool above them, while the west,

catching the sun's receding rays, still retained some streaks of day-light. And it was amid this scene of mild and softened beauty that I bade adieu to the shores of Asia.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3.

We have been sailing during the night among the islands of the Ægean. Andros, where Themistocles demanding tribute in the name of two powerful deities — Persuasion and Necessity — was answered in the same fashion by the inhabitants, who told him that they had on their side two deities still more powerful — Want and Poverty.*

We also passed the island of Ios, Immortal by its connexion with the name of Homer, who though he had seven birthplaces had only one place of burial, and that was at Ios. On looking from my cabin window this morning my

* I am afraid the tax gatherer's law as laid down for Mr. Winter, in our English epigram, was not well understood in the days of Themistocles, or he had not been so easily repulsed—

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he *axes*;
So down with your dust without any flummery,
For tho' his name 's Winter, his process is *summary*."

eye rested on that classic promontory of Sunium, which fired the muse of Byron; and soon afterwards upon Athens, where Minerva reigned and every muse had a home. The sun, which was just rising, shone on Attic hills and plains with beams as bright as their history, and I should in vain attempt to describe the enchantment which hung on Sunium, Hymettus, and Athens, as we coasted by them, and anchored at length in the Piræus, the port of Athens and the scene of a thousand glories. Two towers, with lights which burn when the sun is down, stand sentry on each side the harbour, and numbers of shallops, each containing one sailor, dressed in a red cap with a tassel, a showy vest, an immense white petticoat, called a fustan, and boots, and who guided and turned his tiny vessel at pleasure by a single sail, just as I have seen Cupid represented in a cockle shell, were skimming about in all directions on the peaceful waters of the bay. Some quarantine regulations forbade us to land, because, as I then understood it, we had come from Turkey, and the Greeks have just now no dealings with that country. But I regretted this restraint the less recollecting that to-day it was Sunday, and that to be allowed to skirt the walls of Athens for no more than one hour would be only to excite longings, and not to gratify them.

I saw from the ship the site of those great walls, broad enough for two chariots to drive abreast, between the city and the Piræus. I saw also the ruins of the monument to Themistocles, standing upon a promontory, and looking towards Salamis, the scene of his fame. At a distance, too, I saw the Parthenon, shrouded in its mist of years and haze. In the harbour were six steamers, of which five were French and one English. On board one of the former, mass was solemnized this morning, and I saw the boats' crews assemble to attend it. A large boom extended from each side the steamer with a number of ropes hanging from it to the bay; to one of these ropes each boat was made fast, and by it the crews as they arrived swarmed up to the ship, and returned in the same manner when the service was over. The music was performed by the ship's band, and "Partant pour la Syrie," and many lively airs, not to say some polkas and quadrilles followed the service.

MONDAY, DECEMBER, 4.

After leaving the Piræus we coasted at no very great distance from the little kingdoms of Agamemnon and Menelaus. If, when the Grecian fleet hoisted sail for Troy, our vessel had joined them, the siege of Troy had been unsung, for their enemies had feared such a chimera more than the mighty horse. The horse of Troy has been sung by Virgil, and the horse of Hippocrene by a thousand poets, but who shall sing the horse of steam which careers over the waves swifter than Neptune's car, and flies with yet fleeter speed over the land?

We passed near Cerigo, the once favoured abode of Venus, and sailing a little to the south of Cape Matapan, the most southerly point of Europe, we heard the outcry of its stormy sea as it rolled around the cape. We left at a great distance Corfu, which was visited by our Richard Cœur de Lion, whom we trace everywhere from England to the East, at Oleron, in Sicily, in Cyprus, in Rhodes, and at Acre. He was at Corfu in 1193, shortly before his treacherous seizure and imprisonment by the Duke of Austria.

Near Corfu is Ithaca, that little kingdom which will be

known through the Odyssey when larger kingdoms are forgotten, and Chiarenza on the mainland, which gives title to our dukes of Clarence. Once a principality of Greece, it came by marriage to the house of Hainault, and devolved to the English crown by the marriage of our Edward III. with queen Philippa, who was of that family. To-day we have "been driven up and down in Adria," with no object but a billowy sea and an angry sky to be seen. The historian Josephus was wrecked in this sea, and saved himself by swimming for his life, and his far more illustrious countryman St. Paul, also after being tossed up and down in it, was shipwrecked at Malta.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5.

The wind which had tossed us about yesterday evening and last night, freshened nearly to a gale this morning, and blowing right in our teeth, considerably retarded our progress. At night when it had somewhat moderated, and the vessel had ceased to reel so much, I went to bed and fell asleep. But my berth which was in the weather bow of the vessel had a window in it which looked like her

eye, and after I had been asleep a short time and was dreaming pleasantly, the wind got up again, when the sea began to beat violently against the ship, and awakened me. Again however I fell asleep, but no sooner was I asleep than I was awakened again, for surge after surge struck the vessel on her bow, with such force that I expected every minute to see her weather eye either knocked out or knocked in, either of which would have been attended with similar consequences to me. Again I tried to catch sleep and for a minute I again succeeded, but presently a louder thump at my window, and a heavier lurch awakened me, until at length my slumbers became like that of the self denying philosopher who never slept without his arm extended and his hand grasping a metal ball over a brazen vessel at his side. The moment sleep relaxed his grasp the ball fell into the vessel and awakened him with its noise. This kind of rest or unrest neither sleeping nor awaking but something between both, and not as good as either, had disagreeable visions, of evil genii who were lifting up the ship out of the water, turning it bodily over, keel upwards, or taking it up into the air by its masts and letting it drop plump down, as the eagle in the fable let the tortoise fall from a height. Daylight brought no alleviation of the weather, but I found that the

deck passengers had had worse discomforts to endure than even mine, for every disappointed billow that had struck and been repulsed from my window, had taken its revenge by flying over the ship's side, and drenching the tenants of the deck with its spray.

At two o'clock an accident, occasioned by the rough weather, befel our machinery, and the ship lay like a wounded sea bird upon the water for an hour, until it was repaired. Fortunately the wind moderating at this juncture we afterwards made fair progress, and at night, with the moon shining upon the snowy top of Etna, we entered the straits which separate Sicily from Calabria, and soon afterwards cast anchor in the harbour of Messina.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6.

At Messina there are lighthouses to guide the mariner into the harbour at night. These shields against the dangers of darkness the sign and symbol of commercial and maritime comity, are never seen in Turkey. They had occurred for the first time on my homeward voyage at the Piræus, and I had then congratulated myself, as I again did here on having

arrived in regions more civilized and enlightened than the East. The harbour of Messina shaped like an overlapping ring, which leaves a narrow opening where it overlaps, affords shelter from every wind that blows. It was moonlight when I came on deck this morning, but the pale queen of heaven gave unusual brightness to every object on shore, and they could hardly have been more distinct in the most brilliant sunlight. The city stretching round the bay with its more distant portions climbing as it were to some height up the bold serrated ridge of mountains behind it, and its clear white buildings many of them with just pretensions to architecture, showed to great advantage in contrast with the sombre livery of their mountain background. But while I watched, the mountain tips caught a rosy hue, which, as the sun arose, descended lower and lower by degrees, and at length clothed both city and mountains in hues of glory. The prospect was beautiful, and I was the more tantalized to find that here also the demon quarantine stood sentinel to prevent our going on shore. The straits of Messina are here not more than two miles broad, and I could see Rhegium, at which St. Paul touched on the opposite coast of Calabria, with the hills at its back cultivated to their very summits.

In the evening we weighed anchor and leaving the

harbour steamed on our way. In half an hour we passed safe between the whirlpool of *Charybdis* on the Sicilian and the rock of Scylla on the Italian shore. Both these dangers of the old mariners have lost their terrors, and I saw nothing more fearful about them than their name. Both of them were probably more dangerous to mariners whose vessels were small and whose practice it was to hug the shore. But Mr. Seymour will have it that the scene of the 10th, 11th and 12th books of the Odyssey, which up to our day were supposed to be on the shores of Italy and Sicily were really in the Black Sea.* Just when darkness had set in we were in sight of Stromboli, a real wonder in these seas. As we passed to-night, it shot up a sullen flame like a giant holding aloft a mighty torch, and threw a glare over the sea for miles on every side. The ruddy flame not being continuous but fitful, reminded me of some great furnace, which smoulders and burns heavily, except when it is blown to a redder heat by the blast, or of a natural lighthouse which shows and intermits its light at intervals. This is the country of Volcanoes. Besides Etna and Vesuvius, and Stromboli, Vulcan has many minor establishments here, some of which, not being found to answer, are closed again almost as soon as they

* Russia and the Black Sea, p. 185.

are opened. This was the case with Graham's island, which in 1831 rose from the sea in a single night, and which the American who saw it rise claimed as its first discoverer. What might have been the decision between this claimant by discovery and the King of Naples, who claimed it as having risen on his shore I do not know; for nature thought proper to take the cause into her own hands, and one day, while the dispute was still pending, the island vanished as suddenly as it arose, and left the litigants like the parties in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, with no longer a stake to contend for.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7.

But Stromboli was that island where of old Juno excited Æolus to scatter the ships of Æneas, on the Tyrrhene sea and he cannot forget his old habits still, for we had scarcely passed before he extended both his cheeks and blew another blast which tossed us about last night, and all to-day, just as yesterday. The billows thumped and dashed against the vessel till she reeled and staggered like a drunken man. The spray flew over her without ceasing,

and every now and then a wave more enraged than the rest struck her until she quivered from end to end. In the afternoon when matters were at the worst, the machinery again became deranged, and we had again to stop to repair it, when the ten thousand white waves that but a moment before were clamouring to swallow us up, as if too generous to harm us while we were disabled seemed at once to relent, and in two hours afterwards we were under way, with a prospect of fairer weather. At night when we were to enter the straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia, the gale came on again, and the young lively French officer who had always before been the life of the dinner table, had no longer any jokes to tell, but put on a grave look and appeared very serious about the matter. On these French ships we have two dinners a day, with no difference between the two, except that at the last you have always soup. At ten we are served with dejeuner, consisting of several courses of meat and fish, French wine, and a single cup of coffee, and at five the same meal, commencing with soup, is repeated. With every meal a bill of fare was laid on the table, and I subjoin a literatim copy of that of our second dinner to-day.*

* Potage au sagou; Bœuf au naturel; Poisson a la Tartare; Veaux aux racines; Choux fleurs au beurre; Gigot aux pommes de terre; Salade: Compote; Dessert.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8,

When Dr. Johnson in epigrammatic terms defined a ship to be a prison with the chance of being drowned, he left out of his estimate one principal element of the dangers of modern navigation. We have two passengers, both foreigners, one of them a French officer who, I am sorry to say, are sometimes unsteady when the ship is not. I have often seen them, after lighting their cigars with lucifers, throw the latter in full flame on the cabin floor or into their berths without caring or attempting to extinguish them; and since we left Constantinople, whenever I have happened to awake in the night, I have always perceived in my berth a smell like the smoke of English tobacco, which I thought came through a crevice in the forecastle where some of the sailors might be smoking. But last night, just as I awaked in the usual way, a bright light flashed in my face, and putting out my head to discover the cause, I perceived two officers, one on the bed below me and another opposite, each igniting a lucifer and lighting a cigar behind and within an inch of their musquito curtains, which a single spark would have fired like gun cotton.

All last night the wind continued blowing a gale, and

the pilot could not see the rocks he had to avoid in the straits of Bonifacio, and this state of things continued during the day. At times the vessel was stunned by the strokes of the waves, the passengers in the cabin thrown off their seats, and the poor deck passengers drenched by the spray which dashed without ceasing over the ship. Still we continued making progress until the afternoon, when just as we had arrived within about twenty miles of the coast of France, and were entering the gulf of Lyons, the engine snapped in two places, and we lay to for five hours to repair it, when we started again; but from the jerking, thumping sound of one of the paddles, resembling more the strokes of a churn staff than a wheel revolving, I soon perceived that we were destined very shortly to receive another check, and so it happened; for after labouring on for half an hour the engine again came to a stand, and it was now necessary to remove entirely one of the paddle boards, a work which occupied the hands until past midnight. All this while the wind whistled through the rigging with a sound very unlike harmony, and not at all cheering or comfortable, to us who lay thus helpless on the water.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

THE repair of our last accident was completed, and we were again under way at one o'clock this morning. At six, at which hour I awaked, we were sailing in smooth water near the French coast, which I could see quite close to my cabin window, and at eight, when I went on deck, we were very near the Chateau d'If, a striking castle occupying the whole of a rocky islet, which rises abruptly out of the sea near the entrance to the harbour of Marseilles. Buildings have their reverses like their owners. This chateau, which was originally a feudal castle, and afterwards a fortress, is now degraded to a prison. Its clean masonry, bright as the white rock it stands on, shewed very agreeably in my eyes this morning after my late tossing on the stormy seas. The harbour of Marseilles was crowded with vessels, amongst which I saw the Ganges, the Nubia, and a number of other English steamers, and the most active preparations were going on to fit many of them for the conveyance of troops to the East. Later in the day I saw six regiments of the troops embark. The mistraille, a northerly wind peculiar to this neighbourhood, which though it had spent some of its force upon us, was not

exhausted, blew with great violence, and the air was exceedingly raw and piercing. It was a day, indeed, to kill anything but the fire of enthusiasm. These troops, however, I suppose, had that within "which, where it comes, makes summer," for they marched on board very cheerfully with no strains of music playing, no shouts and huzzas of the spectators, no popular demonstration, and none of the pomp and circumstance of war. A single drum for each regiment beat a roll to mark time, and a few of the men sang as they marched. Each man had a large flat loaf strapped outside his knapsack, and carried in his hand a long pole like a brush handle for future use in the tent, and his person was hung round with tin cans like a travelling tinker for his cooking and camp purposes. One poor wife followed her husband, and parted from him at the ship. Will they ever meet again, I wonder?

Marseilles was founded by the Phocæans, 539 B.C., which is a very ancient date for a city of western Europe. In the way to my hotel I passed a picturesque building, which, if it be not as old as the foundation of the city, yet probably occupies the site of its ancient citadel. It crowns the apex of a lofty hill, half of which has been cut away to make way for modern improvements, and the gateway of the building now stands whimsically perched on the summit of the hill with no approach to it on that side.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10.

As the bells of Marseilles were chiming, (they do not ring musically like ours,) I walked to the English church where I attended divine service this morning. I asked a Frenchman, whom I met, the way to "Silva bella," the name of the street where the church is situated, upon which he inquired what number I wanted, and upon my saying number one hundred, he said "Oh, it is the English church," and immediately shewed me the way. Mr. Mayers, the chaplain, performed the service most devoutly, and preached a good sermon from Isaiah v., 4, a parable of the Old Testament, which is repeated in the New, and prayers were offered for some persons present who were about to encounter the perils of the sea. In the afternoon, Mr. Butler, a young clergyman who, as I heard from the doorkeeper, had just lost a brother at the battle of Inkerman, pursued the subject begun in the morning, and preached admirably from John xv., 4. The church was well filled, and everybody joined in the responses, the English consul leading them, and acting as clerk.

It was dusk when I returned from the evening service, but I found numbers of shops still open brilliantly lighted

with gas and inviting customers. Mammon gives his votaries but little rest in all countries

There was a noble marble fountain of a large size in the street, of which the figure of the brazen laver in Solomon's temple might have been the model; and in the cursaal, an open place near my hotel, I saw a colossal bronze figure of Monsieur Bon Luce, set up in 1726 to commemorate that good man's charity and devotedness during a time of pestilence. When a thousand other memorials were swept away by the fury of the first French revolution, this monument to charity was spared.

The mistraille blew almost a hurricane all day, so that at times I could hardly keep my feet as I walked along the streets. This wind has its source in an avenne of mountains, the Ligurian Alps with Mount Cenis on the one hand, and the mountains of Catalonia on the other. These two ranges form a sort of bag from which the wind blows with great force. Its power is again confined and concentrated in Marseilles, as it blows between the rows of lofty, clean looking, and handsome houses that border the streets and public places. The latter, which are numerous, are planted at the sides with trees. All the streets and places are well paved and watered. The sweeper of a London street-crossing is said to finish his day's work by

brushing back upon it the dirt which he has been all day long sweeping from its surface, but in Marseilles this artifice must be unknown, for I saw no crossings to sweep. The lowest storey of the houses in Marseilles has always grilles and jalousies like the houses in Spain.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11.

No contrast can be greater than between an Eastern city and this queen of southern France at night. In the former every body is in bed at an early hour, and after night fall scarcely a human sound is heard; but at Marseilles people seem to awake up afresh at midnight, and the streets are then almost as talkative and noisy as at mid-day.

At seven o'clock this morning I was on my way to the railway station, which stands upon a height above the city, and commands a beautiful view of its hills and bay. For many miles the country is cultivated down to the water's edge, and in many places planted with olives, which are here dwarfish and diminutive compared with their kindred trees in the East. The hills are of picturesque forms, and the views over land and sea very beautiful.

The view of the fine old town of Arles was tantalizing to one who had only a few moments to remain there. It had a bridge of boats in Roman times, and near it there is a fine suspension bridge now. At Avignon the Rhone is joined by the Durance (Livy's and Hannibal's Durance), here meandering through peaceful plains, and not through the wilds which form his mountain home—

> "The very path for them that list to choose
> Where best to plant a monumental cross,
> And live in story like Empedocles,
> A track for heroes."

At Montdragon there is a bold and fantastic looking castle, standing very romantically, as its name implies, upon a hill.

At Chateauneuf, a bold rock crowned with another castle, we came upon the Rhone, which is here a rapid and magnificent stream, flowing majestically along and filling its banks to the brink—

> "Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Here the mountains on our left were covered with a grey

mantle of snow. The night closed upon us as we entered the diligence to prosecute our journey to Lyons, for this portion of the railway was not yet complete.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

THE day was breaking as our diligence deposited us this morning at the messagerie of the city of Lyons. As we rolled into the city I was greatly struck with its lofty houses, its squares planted with trees, its magnificent bridges, its mighty river flowing beneath them, the occasional boldness of the hills which border the stream on one side, and the clean and cheerful appearance of the whole scene. St. Jerome tells us that Archelaus the son of Herod, and who reigned in Judea after his father's death, was banished to this place for making an ill use of his power, and died at the neighbouring city of Vienne. Near Lyons, the Saone, (the *Arar* which Cæsar bridged in one day), and which still preserves its old character of a sluggish stream, falls into the Rhone, and great numbers of barges were floating on the united river to-day. Like Bellerophon of old the stream was freighted with the means

of its own destruction, for the barges were laden with locomotives and other materials for that modern invention which is destined not only to outstrip the speed of the arrowy Rhone, but to supplant both it and its tardy bride the Saone.

The mountains of Beaujolais on the right bank of the river looked very pretty like their name. At Anse the river Azergue flows into the Saone.

Dijon, one of the stations, is well known as a very interesting city, and it was under its walls that Clovis defeated the Burgundians.

Soon afterwards both darkness and a snow storm coming on, the night became very cold, and the prospect did not look inviting for my night journey to Calais or Boulogne.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13.

On arriving in Paris last night, I hastened with all speed to the Northern Railway hoping to catch the mail train to Calais, but arriving too late, I determined to take the next train to Boulogne, and by it I left Paris at half-past ten. We had gone steadily forward for thirty miles when

the train came to a sudden stop, in a place where there was no station. Here we were detained twenty minutes in consequence of the road being under repair, and then the train again went forward, and very shortly afterwards I began to feel it rock very uneasily, as if we were going at express speed. Notwithstanding this motion, my long journey had so wearied me that I fell asleep, and slept until I was awaked by a sudden shock and felt the carriage drop as if a spring or an axle had broken under it. My seat was in the right hand corner of the carriage nearest to the van, which was next to the engine, and though I was conscious that some accident had happened there was hardly time to become alarmed before I began to feel the train slacken speed, and soon afterwards come to a stand still. On getting out I found that the carriages had run off the line on my side, and embedded themselves fast in the earth, and that the engine had broken its shackles and gone on ahead. It was this last providential circumstance which saved us from serious injury, for had the carriages continued attached to the engine after they were off the line they would probably have been knocked to pieces. After waiting six hours in the neighbouring station house while the necessary repairs were done to the train and the line, we got under way again, and after passing Amiens and Abbeville,

and the Somme, so well known in the annals of our Edward III. and Henry V., and over which the renegade Frenchman Gobin d'Agace guided the former monarch before the battle of Cressy, we reached Boulogne without further accident or adventure. On enquiring for my luggage, however, I found that it was left behind. At Paris, instead of allowing me to bestow it under my seat as I wished, they had insisted in spite of my remonstrances, on my giving it up to be ticketed and placed in the van, and now for aught I knew my clothes and the sheets of this Diary might be making a carpet for that part of the iron road where the accident had occurred. Leaving my address with the conductor, however, I went on board the Folkestone steamer, which had no sooner left her moorings than she began to bound and skip like a young roe or a fawn at play, or like a dolphin which loving deep water suddenly finds itself in the shallows. On the first deep plunge the vessel scoured the bottom of the harbour with her keel, and then she reeled to and fro for five or ten minutes amongst the billows, which was quite long enough to make all my fellow-passengers feel so-so, or as the Latins have it *sic-sic*. In due time we made the harbour of Folkestone, which even in the dark, had a more welcome aspect than any place that I had seen since leaving England.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14.

This morning was occupied in fulfilling some promises which I had made to my friends in the East, and in the afternoon I attended divine service at St. Paul's. Only a few days ago I was in the mosque of Santa Sophia, that great wonder of architecture which was raised when art was in its decline; to-day I am in a more wonderful structure raised when art had been restored. In Santa Sophia I had been amazed with the richness of its materials and the brilliancy of its mosaics. Here there is an absence of colour, but there is instead a beauty, a grandeur, and a sublimity of form which more than compensate for that defect. The dome of Santa Sophia spans it like a firmament, but when day had almost ceased around St. Paul's on this winter evening, its lofty lanthorn still caught the light of brighter regions, and sent it streaming down through its magnificent vault upon the floor of the marble pavement below. In Santa Sophia there was a worship which ascribed honour to the false prophet in which therefore I could not join. In St. Paul's there was a beautiful ritual, and a service, varied and exalted by strains of vocal and instrumental harmony that might help to lift

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